erica's Lure · Vine Center Vignettes · The Power of Beau

me V
29

May
25 Cer

The Golden Book Magazine

ne
ne
ther
dson
nistler
pardi
ackeray
F. Whitman
rjorie Pickthall
Maupassant
nes Stephens
ra Kelly
dermann
Maurier

1/6

The Southern States are using their prosperity to bestow upon young men and women those educational advantages which make life broader and happier.

The Southern Railway System pays school taxes in the states it serves amounting to three million dollars per year.

The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.

"The wealth of a nation is men

—not silk, and cotton, and gold."

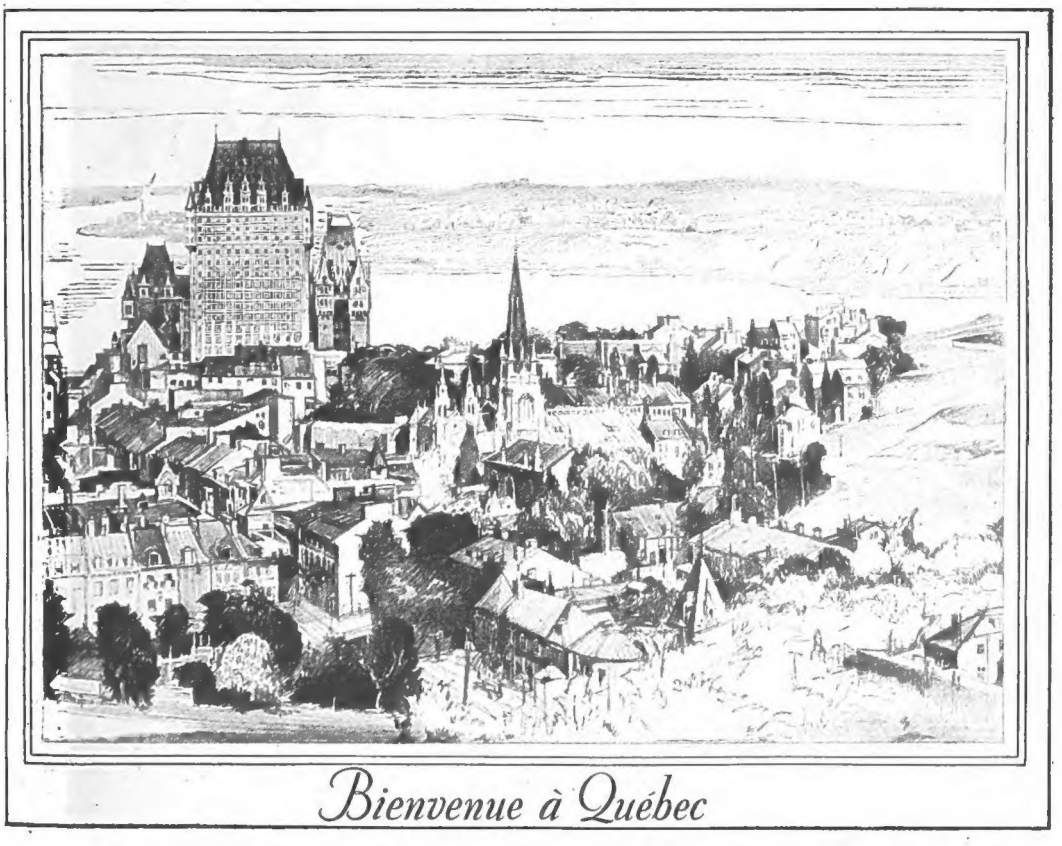
Such is the spirit of the South.

In 1900 there were 73,000 school teachers in the states of the South served by Southern Railway System, and the appropriation for education amounted to only 90 cents per inhabitant. But in 1924, the appropriation was $8.00 per inhabitant, and the number of trained teachers had increased to 143,000.

In 1900 only 64.8 per cent of the children of school age in these states attended school. But in 1924, the latest year for which complete figures are available, 81.6 per cent of them attended school.

SOUTHERN
RAILWAY *SYSTEM*

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH



Bienvenue à Québec

FESTIVALS AND FETES OF SPRING

May 20-21-22, the Canadian Folk Song and Handicraft Festival. Under the auspices of the National Museum of Canada. It centers in Chateau Frontenac, that stately Norman castle perched atop of Québec town. Spinners and weavers, embroiderers and basket-makers will ply their crafts. Handsome young voyageurs will sing the *habitant* chansons. Dark-eyed demoiselles will give the rhythm to the weavers. Musicians of note will render concert programmes.

June 24, the Fête de St. Jean Ba'tiste. A pageant of Québec history—which is really North American history. Floats depicting the early explorations, the colonial wars. Squadrons of chasseurs in historic costume. Cartier, Champlain, Montcalm, Wolfe—all living again their dramatic parts.

Québec is lovely and interesting in spring. Apple blossoms, violets, sweet cool air with a tang of the sea. You may golf on the championship course at Montmorency . . . prowl through the three-century-old Norman town . . . drive in quaint caleches . . . visit L'Ile d'Orleans, where life has not varied in three hundred years . . . and be back amidst the Chateau's modern luxury for tea. Information at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Ave., at 44th, New York; 405 Boylston St., Boston, or Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Canada.

Chateau Frontenac

VOLUME V
Number 29

MAY
1927

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

(*With which is combined "Famous Story Magazine"*)

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:

JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

CONTENTS *for* MAY

		PAGE
COVER DESIGN	George M. Richards	
SOME PERSONS OF IMPORTANCE	The Editor	*Advertising* 4
HORS-D'ŒUVRES FROM THE NEWEST BOOKS		*Advertising* 12
ANTS, ETC. Illustration by E. W. Kemble	Josh Billings	577
THE BOOKLOVER'S CALENDAR Decorations by C. B. Falls		578
THE INVASION OF MONTE VANCO	Stephen F. Whitman	581
THE PIECE OF STRING	Guy de Maupassant	589
THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE (and REPLY). Poems	Christopher Marlowe / Sir Walter Raleigh	592
THE BLUE HOTEL	Stephen Crane	593
MOONLIGHT. Poem	John V. A. Weaver	606
SO THEY SAY.		607
THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN	James Stephens	611
SONG FOR "THE JACQUERIE"	Sidney Lanier	612
THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.	Myra Kelly	613
CLOWN'S SONG (from "Twelfth Night").	William Shakespeare	619
BEAUTY'S IMPACT.		620
THE FAR-AWAY PRINCESS. Play Translated by Grace Frank	Hermann Sudermann	625
CHEAP	Marjorie L. C. Pickthall	634
THE AHKOOND OF SWAT. Poem	George T. Lanigan	638
THEIR PATH Translated by Wilson O. Clough	Henri Barbusse	639
PHILOSOPHY. Poem Translated by A. P. L.	Rubén Darío	640
EXPLAINING IT TO THE JUDGE		641
THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MIKE, "THE VAGABONE"	Peter B. Kyne	642
THE ARTIST	Oscar Wilde	657
VINE CENTER VIGNETTES	James Gordon Fraser	658
THE CITY AS A SUMMER RESORT	Finley Peter Dunne	662
HERCULES AND ATLAS Translated by Leslie Cross	Giacomo Leopardi	664
LIFE. Poem	Mildred Masson	665
"TEN O'CLOCK"	James A. McNeill Whistler	666
SONG Translated by A. Pauline Locklin	Francis Viélé-Griffin	672
DIMOND CUT DIMOND	William Makepeace Thackeray	673
THE TENTH MUSE: *ADVERTISA*		680
PAUL'S CASE	Willa Cather	681
REMEMBERED FROM THE PLAY		691
"THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL"	W. H. Hudson	692
AMERICA'S FIRST LURE		693
TRILBY. Part Eighth (Conclusion) Illustrated by the Author	George du Maurier	698

Copyrighted, 1927, by The Review of Reviews Corporation. Trade-mark registered in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. (For further notices see Copyright Title-page, p. 10 adv.)
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TERMS:—Issued monthly, 25 cents a number, $3.00 a year in advance in the United States and Canada. Elsewhere $4.00. Entered at New York Post Office as second-class matter. Subscribers may remit to us by post-office or express money orders or by bank checks, drafts, or registered letters. Money in letters is sent at sender's risk. Renew as early as possible in order to avoid a break in the receipt of the numbers. Bookdealers, Postmasters and Newsdealers receive subscriptions.

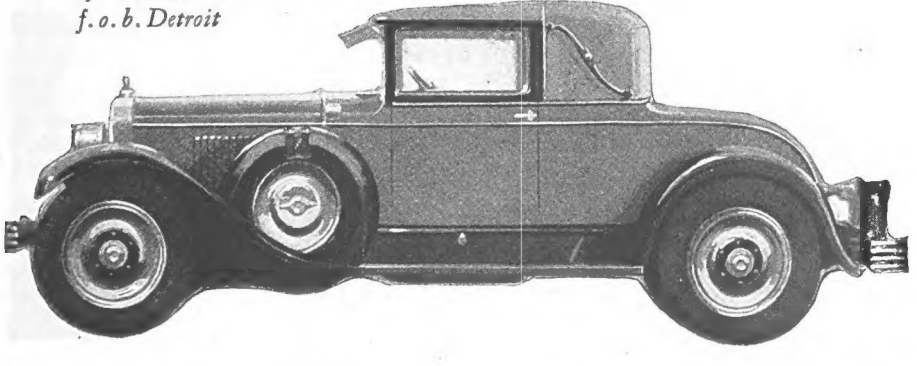
THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ALBERT SHAW, Pres. CHAS. D. LANIER, Sec. and Treas.

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE, MAY, 1927.
Vol V No 29 Issued monthly Entered as second-class matter, December 6, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879 Price 25 cents. $3.00 a year. The Review of Reviews Corporation, New York.
Printed by THE SCHWEINLER PRESS, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

EVERY car owner wearied of those roughnesses in riding and performance which are always inseparable from attempts to bargain with quality, is keenly aware that in the Cadillac there awaits him the unalloyed satisfaction upon which he has learned to insist. ✠ His experience has taught him that any automobile which today affords less than complete satisfaction is too costly at any price—and that no price is too high for the car which approaches perfection. ✠ He is doubly pleased, therefore, that Cadillac enables him to enjoy, for only a few hundred dollars more, its utter and complete responsibility and reliability of performance and undeviating ease and rest to mind and body alike. ✠ Thanks to the fact that it produces fully half of all the really fine cars built in America, Cadillac provides its owners with these priceless characteristics at prices which would be doubled if its sales volume were less.

Priced from $2995 to $9000
f. o. b. Detroit



CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Some Persons of Importance

One of Don Marquis's more racy stories which I recollect is of a loafer in a country town who had the habit of dropping into the store every day at the time the free cheese was set on the counter, and buying very little in return. When the time came for the privilege to be withdrawn, the loafer was outraged and aghast. Addressing the storekeeper (his friend for years), he summed up his ungenerosity in these terms: "Your soul, Henry," he said, "is so mean, that if there were a million souls like it in the belly of a flea, they'd be so far apart they couldn't hear each other holler." E. V. LUCAS.

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS comes about as close to continuing the Charles Lamb tradition as anyone now writing. After some journalistic work in Sussex, back in the eighties, he made connections with the London *Globe*, the *Academy*, and *Punch;* and between this and his position as reader for the publishing house of Methuen & Co., a great deal of his effort has gone into editorial labour. But since he published "The Open Road" in 1899, he has put out fully forty volumes—anthologies, biography, travel stories, light fiction and essays; and there are few writers to-day with so light a touch. In biography he has done Edwin A. Abbey, Constable, Vermeer of Delft, and Lamb—beside preparing a notable edition of the works of Charles and Mary Lamb.

Mr. Lucas celebrated his sixtieth birthday in 1925 by becoming head of the Methuen firm where he had been for so long literary adviser.

In these days of universal facile authorship, when a single popular magazine announces that it received 40,000 manuscripts in a year, not one of them available (and published some hundreds, which speak for themselves)—one feels more than ever impressed by de Maupassant's account of his literary training.

Louis Bouilhet (1824-69) dramatist and poet, was a life-long friend of the young man's family; and for years he taught his protégé that quality and originality were the only things which counted—and that the full measure of these arrive only by hard work and study. Then, in the early seventies, de Maupassant came under the close influence of Flaubert, who had presented to the world "Madame Bovary," "Salammbo," and "The Sentimental Education" as the result of fifteen or twenty years' toil. Few aspirants have ever had a more relentless taskmaster:

> For seven years I wrote verse, tales, even a wretched drama. Naught of all this work has survived. The Master read every word, then on the following Sunday, during luncheon, he criticized at length and drove into my mind, little by little, two or three principles which sum up his long and patient teaching.
>
> "If a man possesses any originality," he would say, "he must first and foremost bring that out; if he has none, he must acquire it. Talent is sustained patience. One must look at whatever one desires to express long enough and attentively enough to discover some aspect of it which no one has yet seen or described. In everything there is a proportion of unknown, because we are accustomed to use our eyes only with the remembrance of what others before us have thought about what we are looking at. The minutest thing contains something yet unknown. Let us find it. In order to describe a blazing fire or a tree standing in a plain, we must remain in front of that fire or that tree until, so far as we are concerned, they no longer resemble any other tree or any other fire.
>
> "In that way does a man become an original writer."

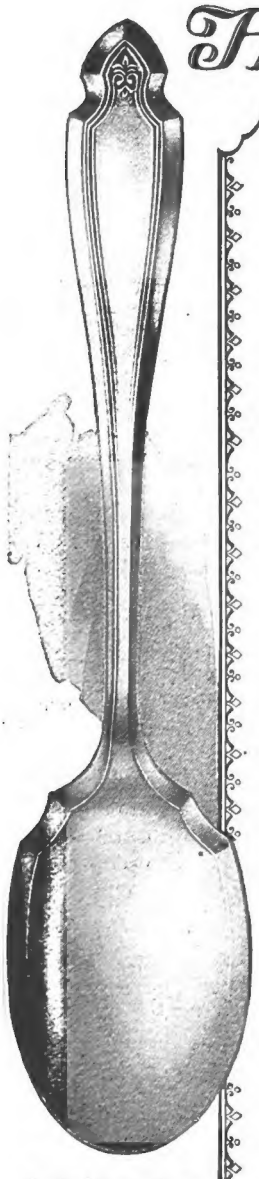
To one who has read some tens of thousands of MSS. and some thousands of contemporary books since 1895, those sentences contain more for the young writer than all the school and college courses of writing ever devised.

Many critics consider that "The Piece of String" is de Maupassant at his very best—

(*Continued on page 6*)

Heirloom Plate

From Generation to Generation



Cardinal Pattern Sugar Shell. In lined box $1.25

What Gift Can Compare?

YOU may give the sweetest flowers and their perfume has vanished in a few hours; jewels that endure and you give only an additional ornament to beauty. Give Heirloom Plate, and to all other attributes that gifts possess is added the quality of happy daily usefulness.

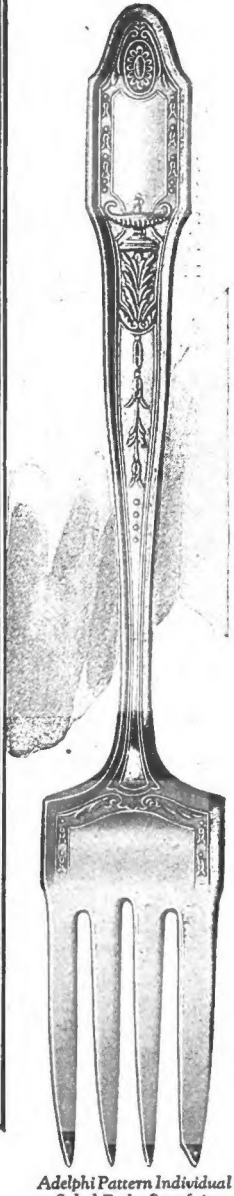
Heirloom Plate has a charm above commonplace silverware. Its lasting qualities of worth carry through for generations all the joyous memories of the day it was given.

Give Heirloom Plate to others—to yourself. At the better shops. Write us for illustrated folders, prices and names of nearest dealers.

WM. A. ROGERS, LTD.
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
New York Chicago San Francisco Toronto

Silvermaid Cabinets, holding from 160 to 234 pieces of Heirloom Plate —$305 to $389.

A charming addition to the dining room. The Silvermaid is as useful as it is beautiful.



Adelphi Pattern Individual Salad Fork. Set of six in lined box $6.80

YEARS ONLY GLORIFY IT AND MAKE IT DEARER

(*Continued from page 4*)

placing it even ahead of "Ball of Tallow," the first-published tale which brought him instant recognition. As one grows older, one becomes rather shy of that sweeping term "best"; but certainly de Maupassant reached a peak in his little stories of the Norman peasant. He understood them enough to draw them in all their humourous reality, yet he saw them from the perspective of a completely different nature and training.

The close resemblance between the "plot" of the tale and Chekhov's "The Slanderer" (published in the March, 1925, issue) is probably just a coincidence; they may have been written at about the same time, since de Maupassant's "Ball of Tallow" appeared in 1880, just as Chekhov, then twenty years old, had begun to produce.

Ever since the production of "Honour" (*Ehre*) in Berlin, November, 1889, Hermann Sudermann has occupied a commanding position among European dramatists. His father was a Mennonite brewer of East Prussia, and the young man had to assist in his own education by serving as an apothecary's apprentice. But he passed through the *Realschule* of Elbing, the *Realgymnasium* in Tilsit, and the University of Königsberg, graduating from the last at the age of twenty, in 1877. Some years of tutoring in Berlin were followed by an experience on the editorial staff of the *Deutsches Reichsblatt;* and a little later he published a volume of short stories, "In the Twilight," and a novel, "Dame Care," which reached its 125th edition by 1912.

Two more works of fiction followed speedily. Then *Ehre*—originally planned as a tragedy, but given a "happy ending" through a friend's advice—proved conclusively that his main future was on the stage. His next venture, the sensational "Sodom's End," was not successful; but in 1893 "Magda" (*Heimat*) carried his name all over the Western world as a master of social satire. "Every great actress considers 'Magda,' the heroine of *Heimat*, to be one of the touchstones of her profession."

There has been a long list of plays and novels since then; and the distinguished author divides his time between a villa at Grunewald (a Berlin suburb) and his Castle of Blankensee, near Trebbin.

"The Far-away Princess" is one of a group of four one-act plays, published about twenty years ago under the title of "Roses."

Marjorie Lowry Christie Pickthall, who died in 1922, was born in England in 1883, her father being a half-brother of Marmaduke Pickthall, who has written such intimate tales of the East, and who has an official position in the educational service of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

Her family moved to Canada when she was six, settling in Toronto, and the girl grew up there. She began her literary efforts early; at thirteen she presented her father with a 24-page booklet, "Cocky, and Other Tales, by M. Pickthall," illustrated with water-colours; and she was only fifteen when the Toronto *Globe* bought her story "Two-Ears."

Much stimulated by this success, and the $3 payment, she entered a Story and Poem Competition—and won both prizes. The thrill of seeing her picture and her double prize efforts in print definitely settled what she was to do in life.

Her work began to appear in the Canadian monthlies, but her first story in an American magazine was in 1905, after which she became a steady contributor. Three books for younger readers appeared in Canada by 1908.

Returning to England in 1912, Miss Pickthall issued two volumes of poems; later on, some of her tales were collected into two volumes, "Angel's Shoes and Other Stories" and "Little Hearts"; and she also wrote a novel "The Bridge." A recent memorial volume lists nearly 400 magazine items by her in the twenty years. There is a splendid dramatic sense in her best work.

You may take your stand, according to temperament and art appreciativeness, with the Pennells, to whom James A. McNeill Whistler was "the greatest artist and most striking personality of the nineteenth century," or with John Ruskin who, after viewing the

(*Continued on page 8*)

Manila, Church of San Augustin, with market scene

Strange Playgrounds
across the Pacific

Discover the Orient. A new field for play awaits you in the Far East. Quickly and comfortably reached on great President Liners.

You may stop over at Honolulu, Yokohama and Kobe, then Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila. Or sail direct to Japan from Seattle. These ports of call are gateways to the fascinating lands beyond.

From your first glimpse of mighty Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, as your ship enters Yokohama harbor, Japan will enchant you. A country of festivals, gay but ceremonious, modern and progressive.

Let China cast her spell upon you—here is the real East. And here you will shop in quaint bazars for ivories, laces and jade; for silks and batiks and rare embroideries.

Manila has the flavor of old Spain. And visit Baguio, lovely mountain resort, so easily accessible from Manila.

Palatial President Liners take you in complete comfort. All rooms are outside. Beds not berths. Spacious decks. A world-famous cuisine. Liberal stopovers at any port. Tickets interchangeable between the two lines.

A Dollar Liner sails every week from Los Angeles and San Francisco for the Orient and Round the World. Fortnightly sailings from Boston and New York for the Orient via Havana, Panama and California.

An American Mail Liner sails every fourteen days from Seattle for Japan, China and Manila.

Fortnightly sailings from Naples, Genoa and Marseilles for Boston and New York.

For complete information communicate with any ticket or tourist agent or

Dollar Steamship Line
American Mail Line
Admiral Oriental Line

32 Broadway . . . . . New York	Dime Bank Building, ... Detroit
25 Broadway, ... New York	112 W. Adams Street . . Chicago, Ill.
604 Fifth Ave. . . . . New York	101 Bourse Bldg. . . Philadelphia, Pa.
177 State Street . . . . Boston, Mass.	514 W. Sixth Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
Robert Dollar Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.	1519 Railroad Ave. So., Seattle, Wash.

(*Continued from page 6*)

"Nocturne, Black and Gold" ("The Falling Rocket") at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, penned his pontifical disapproval: "I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." (Only don't let any artist friend hear you, if you fail in appreciation!) But there can be no two opinions about the wit and brilliance of the artist's ventures into literature—generally stimulated by an attack, or that willingness to attack some alien spirit, which was so prominent a quality of his make-up.

Thus, the above slur by the High Priest of British art criticism produced not only a lawsuit (netting Whistler damages of a farthing, which he wore thereafter on his watch-chain) but also the biting pamphlet *Whistler vs. Ruskin; Art vs. Art-Critics*. Another famous quarrel resulted in "The Baronet and the Butterfly"; and in "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" he gathered together a record of all his choicest enmities.

The "Ten o'Clock" lecture was included in this last volume because it was the cause (not the effect, this time) of his break with Swinburne, who scored it in the *Fortnightly*, dismissing it as "the thrust of a tongue in a smiling cheek." In point of fact, the talk contained the artist's most earnest, reasoned beliefs concerning his art—and very sound beliefs they seem, nearly half a century later. Personally, I never met an artist who would not exchange all of Ruskin's prodigious output, in the cause to which he devoted his life, for these few pages of inspiration from a man whose reputation has grown steadily since those days when the public knew him chiefly as a perpetual storm-center.

After a reproachful public reply to Swinburne, *Et tu, Brute!* Whistler ended the friendship with this letter, "Freeing a Last Friend":

> Bravo! Bard! and exquisitely written, I suppose, as becomes your state.
>
> The scientific irrelevancies and solemn popularities, less elaborately embodied, I seem to have met with before—in papers signed by more than one serious and unqualified sage, whose mind also was not narrowed by knowledge.
>
> I have been "personal," you say; and, faith! you prove it!
>
> Thank you, my dear! I have lost a *confrère*, but then I have gained an acquaintance—one Algernon Swinburne—"outsider"—Putney.

"Dimond Cut Dimond" is the opening incident in Thackeray's "Amours of Mr. Deuceace." His daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, says of it:

> The history of Mr. Deuceace was written from life during a very early period of my father's career. Nor can one wonder that his views were somewhat grim at that particular time, and still bore the impress of an experience lately and very dearly bought.
>
> He was naturally trustful, and even enthusiastic, about people who were kind to him; but, as it seems hardly necessary to say, the author of "Vanity Fair" had a great deal of common-sense, and a very rapid perception of facts when they finally shaped themselves.
>
> As a boy he had lost money at cards to some card-sharpers who scraped acquaintance with him. He has told us that they came and took lodgings opposite to his, on purpose to get hold of him. He never blinked at the truth, or spared himself; but neither did he blind himself as to the real characters of the people in question, when once he had discovered them. His villains became curious studies in human nature; he turned them over in his mind, and he caused Deuceace, Barry Lyndon, and Ikey Solomons, Esq., to pay back some of their ill-gotten spoils, in an involuntary but very legitimate fashion, when he put them into print and made them the heroes of these grim early tales.

W. H. Hudson (1841-1922) was one of those strongly individualized men who put their very selves on record in their writings—often for only a few during their lifetimes, but who build a personal following which keeps on growing.

His father was a Marblehead (Massachusetts) man, the son of English parents, who migrated to South America. William Henry was born in 1841, at Quilmes, near Buenos Aires, and all of his youth was spent among the wild surroundings which he described so memorably.

For thirty years in London, where he had come in 1870, he struggled with poverty and

(*Continued on page 10*)

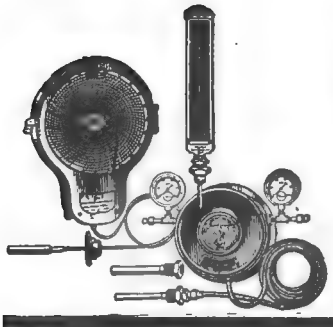
PENN'S THRIFTY SONS *bargained with the Delaware Indians for land extending back as far as a man might walk in a day and half, the Red Skins figuring this would amount to a stretch of about thirty miles. However, the white men had carefully surveyed the ground, figured short cuts and were not above extending the walk into a run. Result — sixty-eight and three-quarter miles. Today property rights are matters of exact measurement*

In instruments of scientific measurement there is no place for EQUIVOCATION

The world is past its childhood days. Whether it is right or wrong to dupe people is not the question. Today you cannot dupe them and hope to stay in business.

Added to this business essential of honesty comes the still greater obligation for accuracy in instruments of scientific measurement. For even a slight error may mean life or death in the sick room, may mean success or failure in the intricate processes of modern industry.

The Taylor Instrument Companies are inheritors of a sacred trust, for the early developers of the thermometer were men satisfied with nothing short of the truth. How they meet that trust is indicated by the fact that men of science, of medicine, of industry prefer *Tycos* wherever temperature is measured, recorded or controlled. There are over eight thousand styles of *Tycos* Instruments today telling the world facts—accurately.



Taylor Instrument Companies

ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

CANADIAN PLANT
TYCOS BUILDING, TORONTO

MANUFACTURING DISTRIBUTORS IN GREAT BRITAIN, SHORT & MASON, LTD., LONDON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *Tycos* ROCHESTER, N.Y.

THE SIXTH SENSE OF INDUSTRY

Tycos Temperature Instruments

INDICATING - RECORDING - CONTROLLING

(*Continued from page 8*)

sickness, his wife keeping a boarding-house. But during this period he wrote "The Purple Land," a romantic tale of wandering adventure in Uruguay, which showed a wonderful intimacy of nature knowledge and a comprehension of South American character; also a highly imaginative picture of a Utopia ("The Crystal Age") where all bodily appetites, including sex, were sublimated into a new kind of social relation; and a splendid work on British Birds, full of first-hand observation. These volumes brought him friends, but little in the way of financial return; it was not till 1901, when he was granted a small civil list pension (afterwards relinquished, when his books were more successful), that he had any ease.

Quite a list of publications followed: "El Ombú," that stark tale of grim happenings on the pampas of a century ago; "Green Mansions," a poetic, dreamy story of the Venezuelan jungle, and the mysterious woods-girl with the gift of bird voices; "Far Away and Long Ago," "A Shepherd's Life," "Dead Man's Plack," the posthumous "A Hind in Richmond Park," and so on.

A bird sanctuary, erected to his memory, now stands in Hyde Park, London, designed by Jacob Epstein.

It seems that the Golden Book of the aristocrats of Venice, from which this magazine drew its title, has a successor in modern Berlin.

A request for information concerning this record has brought the following from a friend there:

> This Book, which is in charge of the librarian of the City Archives in the *Rathaus*, is a volume of some three hundred pages of the best quality white manila paper, bound in dark red sheepskin, with plates at its corners and clasps in a manner reminiscent of an old family hymnal or prayer-book. It is four inches thick, about twenty-four inches long, and eighteen wide; and the Seal of the City of Berlin is imposed on the center of the cover.
>
> There is no print in the Book: it consists of just one blank page after another, without even a title page. The first signature in the volume is that of the Prince of Bavaria, inscribed in 1913; and since the German *Golden Book's* purpose is to preserve for posterity the names of other outstanding benefactors of the *Reich*, one finds also the names of the great princes, of the Kaiser—and of Hindenburg. I counted about a hundred names as I turned the pages of the very heavy volume; and President Hindenburg's, which is the latest to be inscribed, is scrawled across the top of a page, and seems to be about five times as large as that of anyone else. It is apparent that a page is given to each year, for I noticed that some of the pages were not filled.
>
> The Book is kept in a large cardboard box; and while it was impossible for me to procure photographs, I hope that the description I've given you will enable you to see it in your mind's eye. On account of lack of time on my part and the custodian's, I was unable to get from the latter the interesting tales that he must have to tell concerning it. H. W. L.

Copyright Title Page

578.—"The Dog Violets," by E. V. Lucas. Copyright, 1916, by George H. Doran Company.

581.—"The Invasion of Monte Vanco," by Stephen F. Whitman. Copyright, 1909, by P. F. Collier & Son; permission of the author.

593.—"The Blue Hotel," by Stephen Crane. Copyright, 1923, by William H. Crane; 1899, 1926, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

606.—"Moonlight," by John V. A. Weaver. Copyright, 1921, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

611.—"There is a Tavern in the Town," by James Stephens. Copyright, 1913, by The Macmillan Company.

612.—"Son for 'The Jacquerie'," by Sidney Lanier. Copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

613.—"The Land of Heart's Desire," by Myra Kelly. Copyright, 1904, by The S. S. McClure Company; 1904, 1925, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

625.—"The Far-away Princess," by Hermann Sudermann; translated by Grace Frank. Copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

634.—"Cheap," by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. Copyright, 1914, by Harper & Brothers.

642.—"The Strange Adventures of Mike, 'The Vagabone'," by Peter B. Kyne. Copyright, 1914, by P. F. Collier & Son; permission of the author.

662.—"The City as a Summer Resort," by Finley Peter Dunne. Copyright, 1901, by R. H. Russell.

666.—"Ten o'Clock," by James A. McNeill Whistler. Copyright, 1916, by Thomas Bird Mosher.

681.—"Paul's Case," by Willa Cather. Copyright, 1905, by The S. S. McClure Company; 1920, by Willa Cather; permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

691.—"Remembered from the Play." Compiled by George Halasz.

698.—"Trilby," by George du Maurier. Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers; 1922, by Gerald du Maurier and Mrs. May du Maurier Coles.

"I Wonder How He Knows So Much!"

Addison is a wonder! He can always be depended upon o make a corking good speech. I wonder how he knows o much? He is always there with the facts!"

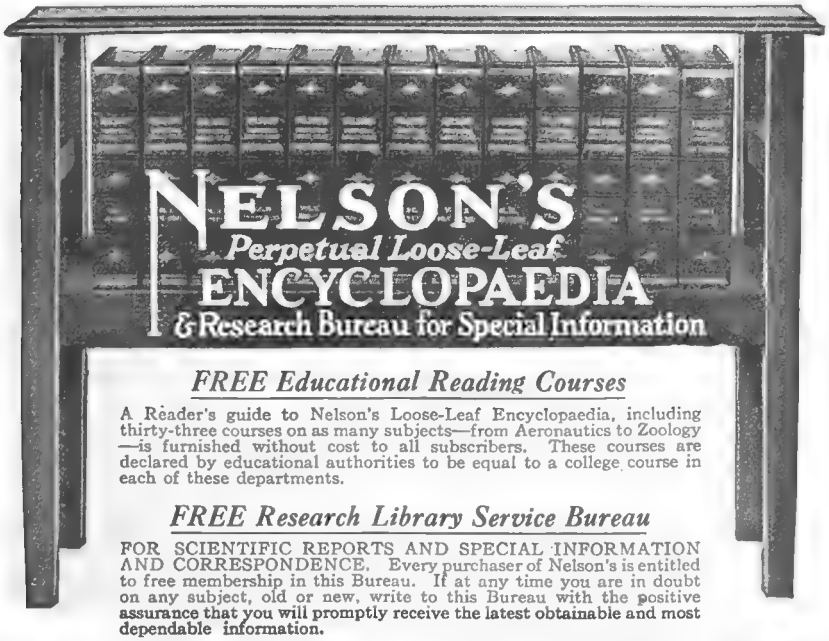
I'll tell you his secret, Bill. He's a Nelson Graduate. le never had much schooling. His University is Nel-on's Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia; he uses it daily; he alls Nelson's his deferred College Education. You now, Bill, you don't have to go to College to get an ducation!"

low many men do *you* know who surprise you by the wealth f their general knowledge and information on all sorts of ubjects? If you were to ask, you would find that these en make a habit of consulting an *up-to-date* encyclopaedia. lere they have the knowledge of the centuries concisely and plainly stated; easy to grasp and remember.

Get YOUR facts from Nelson's

Because of its patented loose-leaf device, Nelson's Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia is always new and up-to-date. It covers the entire field of knowledge from the dawn of vilization to 1927. Every six months new pages (250 or more) are sent to every subscriber to take the place of those that ave become out-of-date. This keeps Nelson's accurate, reliable, and the information always dependable. ine times out of ten the information you want is the information of today. With the exception of Nelson's Loose-Leaf ncyclopaedia, all encyclopaedias are deficient in this respect.

THE GREAT AMERICAN ENCYCLOPAEDIA



FREE Educational Reading Courses

A Reader's guide to Nelson's Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia, including thirty-three courses on as many subjects—from Aeronautics to Zoology—is furnished without cost to all subscribers. These courses are declared by educational authorities to be equal to a college course in each of these departments.

FREE Research Library Service Bureau

FOR SCIENTIFIC REPORTS AND SPECIAL INFORMATION AND CORRESPONDENCE. Every purchaser of Nelson's is entitled to free membership in this Bureau. If at any time you are in doubt on any subject, old or new, write to this Bureau with the positive assurance that you will promptly receive the latest obtainable and most dependable information.

There are no "new editions" to buy

By the time a permanently bound encyclopaedia is delivered to you, it is anywhere from five to fifteen years out of date! Supplementary volumes are issued occasionally in an endeavor to keep the work new. The reader has to struggle through these supplements. This old cumbersome method has given so much dissatisfaction that frequently two volumes are bound in one, but this only adds to the complexity. The New Encyclopaedia—with no dead wood, brought up to date every six months—saves you money, time, patience. Nelson's is the only really new and up-to-date Encyclopaedia obtainable at any price.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS G.B. MAY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Without any obligation or expense, please send me your portfolio of sample pages, beautifully illustrated, and full information how, by the budget plan, I can own Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia with Free Membership in Nelson's Research Library Service Bureau for Special Information and Nelson's Reader's Guide Free.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Adv. Copyright, 1927, by Thomas Nelson & Sons.)

Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

"Sin Needs Runnin' Water"

The road to the Quarters, strewn with fallen leaves that almost hid its ruts and holes, ran past sugar-cane patches where green blades rustled noisily over purple stalks. Sweet potatoes cracked the earth under vines shading the long rows. Pindars were blooming. Okra bushes were full of creamy red-hearted blossoms and pointed green pods. Butter-bean vines clambered over the hand-split clapboard garden fences that kept pigs and chickens out of small enclosures, where wide-leaved collards waited for frost to make them crisp, and scarlet tomatoes spotted straggly broken-down bushes.

Birds chirruped everywhere. The fields murmured in the soft wind. The Quarters, although made up of houses that tottered and leaned crank-sided, seethed with noise and life.

A large wagon drawn by two mules, and with new planks laid across its high body for seats, rolled by, filled with church-goers. A flutter of hand-waves and a chorus of "good mawnin's" greeted Big Sue as she stopped to let it pass.

"How come you ain' gwine to church to-day, Big Sue?" somebody called out.

"I ain' no Still-water Baptist, gal! I wouldn' go to hear no Still-water preacher. No, ma'am!" she answered. "Jedus was baptized in de River Jurdan, an' dat's runnin' water. Still water gets stale an' scummy too quick. It can' wash away sin! No! Sin needs runnin' water."

Black April. Julia Peterkin.

The Conservative's Last Stronghold

"The sermon was outrageous. Perfectly outrageous," she went on speaking, through Miss Maria. "I can't think how that man ever got a call to St. Jude's. But probably he's no worse than most. None of them are doctrinally sound, these days. Well, Maria, we might as well recognize it. Your dear mother knew it before she died. We are done for. It's a new world. A world with no standards. Heresy in the pulpit and rich nobodies in the pews! We are done for, we conservatives."

"No. No." There was something almost passionate in Miss Maria's negative. Mrs. Armistead looked at her; really looked at her for the first time in years.

"No," Miss Maria reiterated. Colour had crept into her gray cheeks and her eyes flashed.

"They have taken everything from us," she almost sobbed, "but they can't, they *can't* take away our aristocracy or our Apostolic succession."

The Painted City. Mary Badger Wilson.

(*Continued on page 14*)

MACMILLAN

The Rise of American Civilization

by Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard

Here is a new book on new lines—It is a synthesis of American history rather than an outline—It is an illumination of the growth of American culture rather than a popularization of orthodox political history—It is an interpretation of American life unlike any yet written. Decorations by Wilfred Jones. *2 vols.* $12.50

NEW FICTION

Helen Hull

Islanders
by Helen Hull

There emerges in this novel a heroine who will take her place among the notable characters of American literature. $2.50

ving Bacheller

Dawn
by Irving Bacheller

A lost romance of the time of Christ—vivid and thrilling, with all the sweep of "Ben Hur". $2.50

he Allinghams
May Sinclair

y Sinclair returns to the mood and thod of "Anne Severn" in this delightstudy of children growing up. $2.50

ear Old Templeton
Alice Brown

ce Brown has never been more gently norous or more artful in character wing than in this novel. $2.50

Reporter for Lincoln
Ida M. Tarbell

is story of a newspaper man in the Civil ar gives a new picture of Lincoln and nes behind the fighting front. $1.60

Getting Your Dollar's Worth
by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink

A book for the consumers of America, written with the pungency and penetration which made "The Tragedy of Waste" such a notable study in economics. Here are revealed the wiles of the super-salesman and the high-pressure advertiser and the effect on your pocketbook. $2.00

The Logic of Modern Physics
by P. W. Bridgman

This noted physicist examines contemporary physical thought and science in a manner which will interest all readers of A. N. Whitehead's "Science and the Modern World." $3.00

BIOGRAPHY

Autobiographies *by* W. B. Yeats

Elinor Wylie says in the *New York Herald Tribune:* "One of the great poetic romances of the world... You must not deny yourself the joy of this book by one unnecessary moment." $3.50

Washington
by Joseph Sawyer

A new biographical study of Washington, illustrated with more than 1,800 pictures. *2 vols.* $20.00

James Bryce
by H. A. L. Fisher

The former British ambassador at Washington is sketched full-length in this new biography. *2 vols.* $8.00

The Early Life & Letters of John Morley
by Francis W. Hirst

"We all owe a debt of gratitude to his biographer for these... pictures, presented to us in so fair a setting."—*New York Times.* *2 vols.* $10.50

POETRY

Edwin Arlington Robinson: Tristram

One of America's great poets has written a long narrative poem in which he brings a new immortality to long-famous lovers. Also in a limited autographed edition $15.00. $1.75

Prices subject to change on publication; write for complete descriptive catalogue of spring books.

The Macmillan Company, New York

(*Continued from page 12*)

The Wise Man from the South

There were lesser things that she learned from him. For instance, that it was a crime against a noble foodstuff to put sweetening in corn bread; that it was an even worse offense to the palate when one ate boiled rice with sugar and milk on it; that a cantaloup should never be regarded as a dessert but always as an appetizer; that hot biscuit should be served while hot, not after the cold clamminess of *rigor mortis* had set in; that Robert E. Lee was the noblest figure American life ever had produced or conceivably ever would.

Ladies and Gentlemen. Irvin S. Cobb.

The Peace of God

But Andrina did not cry long. Mastering her emotion she touched his arm and said "Oom Hans! It was right for him to go to the woman that he loved."

"Surely," agreed the old man. "But you also loved him, Andrintje—is it not so?"

"How could I help but love him?" cried Andrina. "How could I help but love him?

For a long time they were silent, then again the girl spoke. "Oom Hans," she said her voice low and troubled, "look how it is. I cannot help it, but even if it is a sin as Mevrouw Cornelius said, I am glad that it is as it is with me! Oom Hans, Oom Hans Look how it was. . . . At first I could not give him up in my heart to the woman that he loved. Full of hate and bitterness was my heart towards her and nowhere could I fl from it . . . nowhere could I fly from it! Oom Hans, Oom Hans, that was my sin. That was my sin! And always it was there till the night that I knew how it was with me. But that night I could no longer hate her. That night it was as if she must also be dear t me. . . . Tell me now . . . to be glad, even if it be a sin as Mevrouw Cornelius says, fo that which brought peace to my heart . . . is this also a sin?"

The old man, taking off his wide-brimmed hat, peered into the crown of it as if h might find there the answer to Andrina's riddle. "Look now," he said at last, "for ever sin there is pain, and for every sin there is sorrow. But when one comes at last throug the pain and the sorrow to peace, surely that peace is the peace of God. Surely it is so my child. Surely it is so."

This was all his wisdom. This was all his comfort. But for Andrina it sufficed.

The Beadle. Pauline Smith.

Wail

Love has gone a-rocketing.
That is not the worst;
I could do without the thing,
And not be the first.

Joy has gone the way it came.
That is nothing new;
I could get along the same,—
Many people do.

Dig for me the narrow bed,
Now I am bereft.
All my pretty hates are dead,
And what have I left?

Enough Rope. Dorothy Parker.

The Best Book by Charles Dickens

You will be perceiving, as the Scotch minister said after eliminating all other fish i favour of the whale—you will be perceiving that "The Pickwick Papers" is the book mos after my own heart. In that book Dickens attacks no abuses. There can be nothing bu praise for the reforms he so nobly initiated in schools and courts and prisons. But fo every reform his art suffered. In "Pickwick" there are no dark emotions, except in th incidental stories, which don't count; no love making, save as burlesque; no wallowing i

(*Continued on page 16*)

from Boston *to* Singapore

Not only is "The Story of Philosophy," by Will Durant, being read from Boston to Singapore and back again around the other side of the globe, but the number of pages in the *sold* copies alone, if placed end to end, would reach from the famous T wharf in Boston to the spice-scented docks of Singapore.

This is all the more astonishing when one considers that "The Story of Philosophy" is not a tale of fancy or imagination, but the supposedly "dry-as-dust" lives and teachings of philosophers of all ages. Far from being "dry-as-dust," this volume is a clear, convincing—and exciting—exposition of "the art of arts and science of sciences." Read it yourself, and see why the measured judgment of America's foremost critics on this amazing book by Will Durant has been summed up in this four-fold tribute:

"a delight for the heart" . . . . .
"an adventure for the mind" . . . . .
"a best-seller for the years" . . . . .
"a liberal education in itself" . . . . .

The Story *of* Philosophy

At all bookshops $5.00

20th large printing—157th thousand

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC., *Publishers*
37 West 57th Street New York

(*Continued from page 14*)

pathos, and, happily, no plot to speak of. Whenever Dickens made a poor plot it hur his book; whenever he made a good one it hurt him.

The very era of "Pickwick," "the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty seven," was one of its good fortunes. Close to us in spirit, it is incredibly far from us in time. As regards the material and mechanical side of life Mr. Pickwick is æons from us and almost synchronous with Julius Cæsar. Railroads not having come to spoil whatever of "Merry England" was left by the Protestant Reformation, Mr. Pickwick moved about the island as Cæsar did, with horses and wheels. Compare Carker's frantic railway trip with the flight of the Muggleton coach and you will see that Dickens himself was a man of stage coaches, not a man of railroads. Franklin had played a Yankee Prometheus on the cowshed, but electricity was still mainly confined to lightning rods. You cannot "call up" the Pickwickians at their club, or even telegraph to them. Telepathy is your only hope. Railroads won't bring you to Dingley Dell—there's no station within a thousand miles of it. Nor murder-wagons—"automobiles not allowed on this estate." Write first, and seal your letter (wafers are vulgar); then follow it in the coach, or in a postchaise or in your own curricle. *The Copeland Reader.* CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND.

PILGRIMAGE

These Hajjis, Fleming reflected, had been pestering heaven for thousands of years now with ecstacies for a successful Haj, now with wailings because they failed to "get through." And really the whole virtue of their Haj, as distinct from his, had lain in the journey itself—the tests that it put on the Hajji's mettle. The end was illusory—a prostration before an inanimate black stone.

The end of his own Haj would not be illusory. A Westerner, when he put all his strength into a Haj, not only refused to be turned back by danger or by the defection of providence itself, but made sure that there would be a definite and permanent advantage for him when he arrived. There was his difference from the Oriental. The Oriental made his long pilgrimage, to bathe in the Ganges, if a Hindu; to visit the deer-park of Sarnath, if a Buddhist; to kneel in front of a black stone, if a Moslem; to eat paschal lamb and unleavened bread, if a Hebrew. But the Occidental calls his Haj a Crusade, and at the end of it he sets up for himself a Kingdom of Jerusalem or a Principality of Antioch. And when he turns heaven and earth to get to London, he does it for the lasting benefit, material and spiritual, called Respectability. *Black Ships.* R. S. THOMAS.

SHORTCOMINGS OF THE CORSET TRADE

In the library Mr. Piggott was reading Gibbon's *Rome*. He had not had much education in his youth, owing to the pressure of the corset business; he would be willing to tell any one so. But now he was "fixed" for the rest of his life, no more need to worry. He looked forward to Rome, wanted to see the Coliseum, particularly by moonlight. "It must have been wonderful to have lived in the time of Gibbon's Rome," he thought. The way men dealt with women then seemed to Mr. Piggott so much more effective. Businesslike—that really described them. He liked to think that there had been men who could have said "Enough, woman!" when Mrs. Piggott flirted with T. Lawrence Atwater. Those flirtations happened all the time now. They hurt so one couldn't sleep or eat or be really comfortable. He felt that he ought to be more like Cæsar, himself, but he had just thought about corsets, corsets, all his life. He was a quiet man, wanting peace; so he read on. But underneath this quiet Mr. Piggott, there was another Mr. Piggott, a Mr. Piggott made up of disillusions, of a forced childlessness, of snubs from Mrs. Piggott, entirely unknown to the man who read Gibbon's *Rome*, turning the pages so carefully. A Mr. Piggott in a toga and with a dagger, perhaps, who would have frightened the man in the library to death. There would have been no place for him in the trade.

Green Forest. NATHALIE SEDGWICK COLBY.

(*Continued on page 22*)

"No one could make Stradivarius violins by mass production.."

Thomas A. Edison now answers a questionnaire

FROM his laboratories Thomas A. Edison has from time to time issued questionnaires. Now, he has consented to become the interrogated—has agreed to lay bare his half-century of effort to give the world perfect Re-Creation of music.

In plain, untechnical words, Mr. Edison here tells how he has made a marvelous musical instrument with all the painstaking care and individual detail of a Stradivarius Violin.

The questions asked Mr. Edison were:

Ques. Do you take advantage of the economies of mass production in the making of your phonograph?

Ans. I consider the New Edison Phonograph a musical instrument and not a machine to be made in the manner of cheap furniture or other things in which the highest uniform quality is not a prime essential.

Ques. Isn't it possible to make instruments of Edison quality by mass production?

Ans. No greater proof of the fallacy of this, as far as phonographs and other musical instruments are concerned, can be offered than the vain efforts of violin manufacturers to make violins of Stradivarius quality by mass production. For although every part of the instrument may be exactly alike as to size, unless there is the individual human touch, there is bound to be a variation in tone quality.

Ques. How can the layman tell the difference between a phonograph made by mass production and one made by craftsmen?

Ans. Anyone is apt to be satisfied with existing conditions until he hears something better; may even excuse distorted tone for want of a superior instrument. But when an ordinary phonograph turned out in quantity is compared side by side with one in which human hand work has played its part, the glaring difference instantly is apparent.

Like a Craftsman of some old world guild; like Stradivarius in his workshop, Edison craftsmen individually make each New Edison Phonograph.

Ques. What do you consider the truest test of phonograph quality?

Ans. There is no measure of tone quality like the human ear. For this reason I urge comparison between the New Edison and other phonographs. To this end, I have advised every Edison dealer to place—without obligation to the prospective buyer—the New Edison in any home where comparison with other types of phonographs is desired.

Ques. How would you describe the tone of the New Edison Phonograph?

Ans. It is sheer nonsense to speak of the *tone* of a *phonograph* or of its resonance. A phonograph should have no tone of its own. The instrument should be *only* a medium of Re-Creation. Obviously you should be unconscious of it and hear only the beautiful music it Re-Creates.

I worked for five years and spent more than $3,000,000 in experimental work to remove any false tone from the New Edison. Even when I, myself, was satisfied with the results I did not stop there. I insisted that the New Edison be submitted publicly to the test of side by side comparison with living artists whose performances had been recorded. Exacting music critics could detect no difference between living and Re-Created performance. ★

Why There NEVER Can Be a Better Phonograph

After all, the phonograph serves but one purpose—to Re-Create voice or instrument with human reality. When a phonograph does this, nothing more can be asked—it has reached perfection.

That the New Edison Phonograph achieves this is fact—not theory nor hopeful expectation. During more than 5,000 tests in Carnegie Hall, New York, Symphony Hall, Boston and in other noted music centers, side by side tests were made with living artists who sang or played before a critical public in direct comparison with the New Edison Phonograph.

Eminent musical critics who attended these tests found it impossible to detect the living voices or instrumental performances, from the New Edison Re-Creation. Thus it was proved that the New Edison Re-Creates with literal fidelity and in a way that baffles the keenest ear in the effort to detect the living performance from the Edison Record.

Hear the New Edison Phonograph today at your nearest Edison dealer's—also get him to play one of the Edison 40-minute records—the inventor's latest achievement—a record no larger than the usual short playing record which permits you to enjoy without interruption a complete concert on one double-faced record.

The New Edison has always sold by comparison—compare it yourself with any other phonograph and let your own ears decide.

The NEW
EDISON PHONOGRAPH

OK Thos. A. Edison

★

WATCH FOR OTHER QUESTIONNAIRES BY MR. EDISON

Going up in smoke!

This is no case against tobacco, skillfully prepared for the pleasure and satisfaction of mankind. Only the smoker is to blame when destruction follows hard upon enjoyment of a "smoke".

Lives are sacrificed, fortunes wiped out, many millions of dollars worth of property destroyed each year —lives and fortunes literally "going up in smoke" —because smokers are careless. Be careful of the "butts".

It's so easy to be careful! More than half the fires that take lives and tax resources are preventable and all Fire Prevention precautions are easy to observe. The North America Agent can secure for you practical advice and assistance in the control of every fire hazard.

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Insurance Company of North America

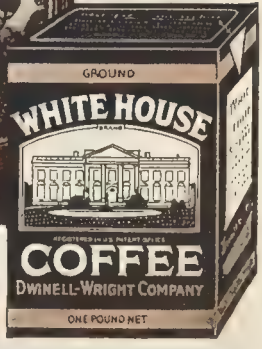
PHILADELPHIA

and the

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE



JUST as White House Coffee warmed the hearts of particular people years ago, it will win your family and guests today. Because it is a blend of the choicest coffees grown, rich with aroma and flavor. Count on calls for a second cup when you serve White House Coffee.

The Flavor is Roasted In!

© 1926, D-W Co.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY

Boston, Mass. *Chicago, Ill.* *Portsmouth, Va.*

For the day's work there's a business-like look about Shur-on Shelltex rimmed spectacles.

Shur-on rimless spectacles, mounted in white gold, are a proper choice for formal evening functions.

Shur-on white gold spectacles provide the necessary comfort and security for outdoor sports and recreation

The glasses of an active man

THEY must stand unusual racket—fit so comfortably you're not conscious of them—look appropriate whatever you're doing.

Shur-ons—expertly made, with superior lenses, specially tempered metal—hold their original alignment, lessen risk of breakage, insure comfort. They set the style in what's smart, too.

Have yourself fitted with styles of Shur-ons to suit *your* features, *your* activities. You'll find the extra glasses a perfect boon.

Let us send you the authoritative booklet, "Style in Glasses."

Shur-on Twintex spectacles have a patented double-strength joint that maintains the delicate original adjustment and thus saves eyestrain.

All types of SPECTACLES *and*

Shur-on EYEGLASSES

SHUR-ON STANDARD OPTICAL COMPANY, *Geneva,* N. Y

YOU CAN NOW SUBSCRIBE TO THE BEST NEW BOOKS

—selected from the books of all publishers and with a guarantee against dissatisfaction

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

HEYWOOD BROUN

DOROTHY CANFIELD

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WM. ALLEN WHITE

THINK over the last few years. How often have outstanding books appeared, widely discussed and widely recommended—books you were anxious to read and fully intended to read, when you "got around to it," *but which nevertheless you missed!* This need be true no longer.

The Book-of-the-Month Club will deliver to you every month, just like a magazine, *the outstanding book of that month*, with a guarantee against dissatisfaction.

The outstanding book each month is chosen impartially *from all the important new books, whoever the author and whoever the publisher.* The choice is made by a group of unbiassed critics, listed here, who have no business connection with the enterprise. The theory is—and it works!—that any book appealing strongly to a majority of five individuals (of such good judgment and such varying taste) is *likely* to be a book few people will care to miss.

But you are not obliged to accept the judgment of this committee. Their choice is simply a practical method at arriving at one outstanding book a month. Tastes vary. You are not expected, willy-nilly, to like and keep the books you receive.

Before the book-of-the-month comes to you, you receive a carefully written report *describing what sort of book it is.* If you think you will like it, you let it come to you. If not, you specify *that some other book you prefer be sent instead.* You make your choice of a substitute from a list of other worth-while new books, *which are also described carefully*, to guide you in your decision. However, if you let the chosen "book-of-the-month" come, and find you are disappointed, *even then you may exchange it for some other book you may prefer.*

Thus you can be absolutely sure that you will never again, through oversight, miss books you are anxious to read; you keep informed about all the best books; *you choose your reading with more discrimination than ever before;* and you *do* obtain the outstanding books you are anxious not to miss.

The cost of this unique service is —nothing. You pay the same price for the books as if you got them from the publisher himself, by mail. Send for our prospectus which explains how simply the service operates. It is working smoothly and satisfactorily for over 40,000 discriminating people. Your request for our prospectus will involve you in no obligation to subscribe.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. 24E
218 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your prospectus outlining the details of the Book-of-the-Month Club Plan. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... .....State.....

(*Continued from page 16*)

Adapting a Great English Dictionary to Americans

The so-called "American spellings," unrecognized in the English edition, are here introduced and given precedence. Thus the reader will find *center*, *defense*, *honor*, *plow*, and *traveler*, as well as *centre*, *defence*, *honour*, *plough*, and *traveller*. Similarly *connexion*, *gaol*, and *storey* have yielded precedence to *connection*, *jail*, and *story*.

Pronunciation has been revised in accordance with American standards, British usage being noted only when the variation is of particular interest (e. g. *clerk*, *lieutenant*). A distinctive phonetic symbol (å) has been introduced to represent the vowel sound in words like *ask* and *path*. In the standard speech of the south of England and in some parts of the United States and Canada these words are pronounced *ahsk* and *pahth*. In America generally *ăsk* and *păth* are far more prevalent. Some American speakers attempt to pursue a course midway between these extremes, and though their "intermediate a" is often criticized as self-conscious and artificial it is widely used and is recognized in most American dictionaries. It has therefore been admitted here. . . .

Many words and phrases have been added. Some peculiarly American terms like *squash* and *woodchuck* were listed in the "C. O. D." and are here restored. Others have been gathered from the Oxford Dictionary and are classified as Americanisms and labeled "U. S." on its authority. Many more like *jitney*, *moron* and *escadrille* have come into use very recently from such sources as commercial and scientific life and the experience of the World War.

The Pocket Oxford Dictionary of Current English. Compiled by F. G. Fowler and H. W. Fowler. Preface by George Van Santvoord.

A Medallion of Henry James

Miss Winifred Stephens asked him to write an article for the *Book of France* and Madame Duclaux would translate it. It would appear here in English, too. He said to me, shyly:

"I want you to let me read you something I have written. Perhaps you would be kind enough to tell me if I am comprehensible? They tell me"—he turned his head away—"that I am obscure. . . ."

A pause. He was preparing apologies . . . for the immense compliment he was going to pay me . . . sweetly clumsy. "You must not think that I am preparing to experiment on a vile body . yours . . . I just remembered that you were one of my oldest friends."

He read . standing . . . walking up and down in the front part of the room a long way from where I sat. But I heard. His voice, strong, resonant—the wonderful voice that old invalid men can muster when put to it—trembled, not from feebleness, but from emotion. Emotion in Henry James! It was all perfectly clear and of a poignancy! That was because he was in love with his subject. France,—*la belle France* . . . intensely feminine, a bit of a cat, as I always see her. She stood there personified. No real woman could have resisted a real lover pleading in such a voice as that for *le don de l'amoureuse Merci*. Listening, I was stimulated to actual impertinence, it seemed to me ten minutes afterwards. But he was not angry; he knew that his reading had provoked the boldness that had borne me on the wave of enthusiasm which must earn me forgiveness. It was an old man's slinky triumph. One for me, too, for twice this day I had succeeded in making Henry shy.

I said, "Mr. James! . . . I did not know you could be so—*passionate.*" I had sought and found *le mot juste*.

He turned and glared a little . . . a frown that was really a smile . . . he was gratified on the tremendous effect he had produced on a woman he always persisted in calling a frivolous *mondaine*. He walked towards a bookcase at the other end of the room to give himself a countenance . . . and time. . . . He also had to find *le mot juste!*

He found it. He turned on me an eye, *narquois*, reflective, stork-like, a little devilish,

(*Continued on page 24*)

Houghton Mifflin Company

HARVEST OF THE YEARS

Luther Burbank with Wilbur Hall

The life story and ripe wisdom of the famous "plant wizard," selected from his journals and notebooks. It would be hard to find a more interesting, helpful and inspiring book. Illus. $4.00

THE BEHIND LEGS OF THE 'ORSE

Ellis Parker Butler

One of America's best known humorists, the author of "Pigs is Pigs," "Philo Gubb" and others, has written eight delightful stories that will reach the funny spot of the most hardened grouch. $2.00

THE OLD COUNTESS

A NEW NOVEL OF ABSORBING INTEREST

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

"A swift and beautiful story . . . surely one of the best novels of the Spring." *Esther Forbes in the Book Review.* $2.50

ONCE IN THE SADDLE

Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Two thrilling stories redolent of the old West. Dramatic in action, authentic in character, romantic in the telling. $2.00

HONOR BOUND

Jack Bethea

Readers of "Bed Rock" and "The Deep Seam" will welcome this dramatic and exciting story—one of Jack Bethea's finest. $2.00

THE TALE OF GENJI

Part 3: A Wreath of Cloud
Lady Murasaki

The further adventures of Genji, the resplendent and amorous prince of mediæval Japan. $3.50

SUNNY MATEEL

Henry Herbert Knibbs

A swiftly moving tale of the Northern Wilderness by the author of "Overland Red" and "The Ridin' Kid from Powder River." $2.00

RIVERS TO CROSS

Roland Pertwee

"Lively, exciting adventures, ingenious complications, unexpected thrills and climaxes."—New York Times.

$2.00

"The ideal tale of adventure . . . breezy, happy, thrilling. Put the book down before you finish, if you can." — Philadelphia Ledger.

RITA AND SPURS

Charles A. Siringo

Charlie Siringo was cowboy, range detective and terror of outlaws. Here is the true story of a life more adventurous than any fiction hero's and an honest picture of the old lawless border. Illus. $3.00

BREAD AND FIRE

Charles R. Walker

The old story of love, curiosity and youth's passionate adventure has never been told with greater sensitiveness to its new and chaotic setting, with a deeper intensity, or greater truth. (May 6) $2.50

ISLANDERS

A New Novel by

Helen Hull

"ONE of the best books of the year, a thoughtful book, beautifully written ... It is a thoroughly fine piece of work".—*William Allen White.*

Macmillan ~ **$2.50**

(*Continued from page 22*)

calmly wise—the Henry James eye, in fact—and, with a little pompous laugh . . . the male warding off any attack that the persevering female might possibly be contemplating against his supreme bachelordom:

"Ah, madam, you must not forget that in this article I am addressing—not a Woman, but a Nation!"

I Have This To Say. VIOLET HUNT.

A FAMOUS MOTION PICTURE OF 1896

The *Kiss* picture won wide attention for the Vitascope and became a fertile text for that persistent race of people who make a career of writing letters to the newspapers. . . .

The *Kiss* continued to flourish until the negative was worn to tatters. A screen examination of the sole surviving print to-day reveals it as a mere quaint commonplace, by present standards. Its daring of 1896 is lost in its archaic humour of 1926.

The picture being in high demand was the subject of much feverish communication from Vitascope exhibitors. One pleasantly ambiguous telegram from the old Vitascope company files reads:

Saratoga, N. Y.

Raff & Gammon
43 West 28th Street, N. Y.

Alternating current don't penetrate heavy films. Can you send thin kiss?

ANNETTE REYNOLDS.

A Million and One Nights. A History of the Motion Picture. TERRY RAMSAYE.

A SOCIAL CLIMBER BECOMES NATURAL

"I've cut my hair," Aloysia said.

"I'd noticed. They all do."

"I hope we're going to see a great deal of each other."

"I doubt it," Josephine Harper said.

The thing had to be brought to an issue.

"You mean you don't want to?"

"I don't believe I do. You see, you've made yourself into a perfectly commonplace thing. The smart American woman. My heavens! I know dozens of them. They all look, and talk, and smoke exactly as you do. They're the most standardized products of a country which specializes in standardization. I never waste my time on them. You used to have charm. I thought you had yesterday. You used to be different. That's why I took you up."

It was too much.

"And who are you to have taken me up?" Aloysia cried. "I won't be spoken to like that."

"I should think you'd be able to remember," Miss Harper answered. "I was not only your first rung but practically your whole ladder. Oh, I expected you to be angry. People are when they're told the truth; think it over, though."

"I have no need to think it over." Aloysia McCarthy was trembling with rage.

"And have Nora come to my flat to-morrow about one. Yes, I'm leaving. It won't be necessary to fling me out."

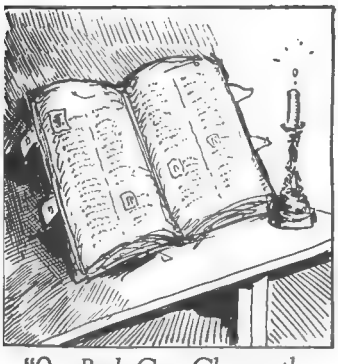
Aloysia had to think of something to say. She would have died without that relief.

"At least," she proclaimed shrilly, "I don't have to shave the back of my neck."

"No," Josephine Harper replied, "but you did have to be taught how to refer to your own son-in-law."

That Last Infirmity. CHARLES BRACKETT.

SO SIMPLE— and so obvious



"One Book Can Change the History of the World"

Why has no one done it before?

These words have greeted every new inevitable thought, every invention, every new movement. That is because no idea, no matter how fine or obvious, can come into existence before it is needed. In answer to a great need for good, new contemporary books at lower prices, and greeted by these same words, has come this revolutionary innovation—the

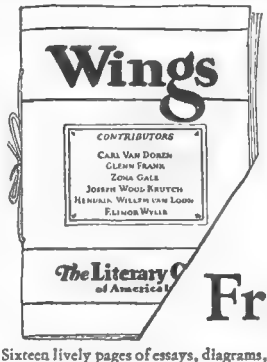
LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA

Ask any intelligent person why he does not buy more books and he will say: "Because I can't tell which are good before I read them, and because they are too high-priced." And the average person is right. Americans who have bought books in Europe at low prices, have wondered why they had to pay so much at home for new books.

It is no one's fault. It is due to an outgrown system, risks of publishers and booksellers, to few bookstores.

The Literary Guild of America abolishes the risk of uncertain editions and helter-skelter distribution. Its plan is to publish for an organized body of subscribers in advance. These will receive twelve books—one each month—as they would a magazine.

The Guild plan follows logically on the yearly subscription idea of magazines.



Free

Sixteen lively pages of essays, diagrams, illustrations, cartoons, telling why books used to cost more and why they are going to cost less.

Partial Contents of "Wings"

1. The Wall between Writer and Reader.
2. "The University of One Student," by Glenn Frank.
3. "Literature in Small Towns," by Zona Gale.
4. "Special Value of the Literary Guild," by Joseph Wood Krutch.
5. "The Reading Years," by Elinor Wylie.
6. Cartoon, by Hendrik Willem van Loon.
7. Why the Low Price?

The next book of the Literary Guild is exciting and important. Send the coupon now, so that you will be a member in time to get it.

7 PRIVILEGES TO MEMBERS

1. **Discrimination**—Your books are chosen for you by an Editorial Board of distinguished critics
2. **Width of Choice**—The books are chosen from original manuscripts—not from books already published.
3. **Special Guild Edition.**
4. **Convenience**—Once a month the postman will hand you a book. All postage will be prepaid.
5. **Promptness**—You do not receive your copy three or four months late. It will reach you on the same day that the bookseller receives his copy at the regular price.
6. **Reduced Price.**
7. **The Present Low Price Experimental**—Whether or not we can keep it so low depends upon conditions. Send the coupon at once and make sure of the low price for yourself.

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc.
55 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Send me free of charge and without obligation to me,—*Wings*—with essays and portraits of your distinguished Editors.

G.B.-5-27

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Every Woman Finds That Her Moral Standards Change

THE PENDULUM

By

Mrs. Burnett Smith

RIGHT

Conventional Romance. A woman finds love, marriage, children and the niceties of a strict social and religious code parallel to her husband's success in the business world.

BALANCE

Read and discover what is the extraordinary equilibrium between these extraordinary forces. It may be your own.

LEFT

Passion. The cataclysm of war. Sons fight, and the woman's daughter plunges into an unconventionality which is terrifying; but no more so than the temptation which comes to the woman and to her husband.

IN this shrewd, friendly novel of life and its minor and major passions, for the first time a woman who herself has lived intensively through the period of 1900-1927, writes a dramatic and challenging story of her own swing between social and moral extremes.

WERE the early days of this century golden ones? Did we loose or gain by the social transformation?

Net, $2.00

George H. Doran Company • Publishers • New York

DORAN BOOKS

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

Lawrence of Arabia—by Himself!

"The most important book written by anyone of my generation"

From David Garnett's London Letter to The New York Evening Post.

The most mysterious and spectacular figure of modern times, "uncrowned king of three nations," Lawrence of Arabia at last tells his own thrilling story. Amazing as an Arabian Nights' tale, yet desperately true, it is the account of an adventure which had for its stake not only the lives of thousands but great kingdoms of the east as well.

"No book in modern times has been so eagerly awaited as this one. You must read Lawrence's book, for you will never see the like of it again. It is a great book by a great man. Our era has produced no more fascinating figure."

Lowell Thomas in The New York Evening Post.

"A great epic of deeds. Lawrence triumphs over everything."

Henry James Forman in The New York Times.

REVOLT·IN THE·DESERT

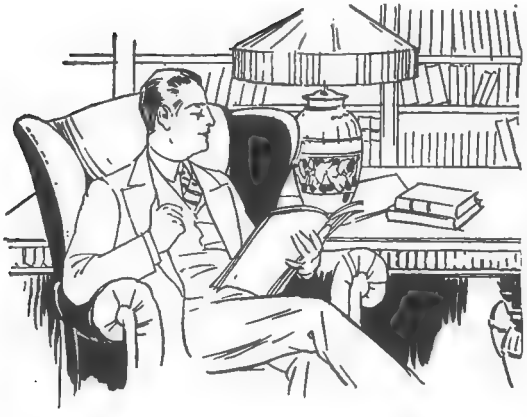
by T. E. Lawrence

NOW READY:

Large octavo, over 140,000 words, 360 pages, with 16 monotone portraits by famous artists. . . . . . Net, 3.00

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY · *Publishers* · NEW YORK

DORAN BOOKS



Make your *Good Taste* count for something!

The fact that you read *The Golden Book* implies discriminating taste in literature.

That discrimination is at once an asset and a liability to you.

An asset—because *appreciation is only one step removed from creation.* The logical preparation for successful authorship is good reading and plenty of it.

A liability—because the very discrimination which leads you to seek out the masterpieces of literature makes you keenly aware of the faults in your own efforts.

Cross off that liability. You can—easily. It's all a matter of training.

The way great writers learned to write

Today most of our successful authors, dramatists, and scenario writers are recruited from the newspaper profession. Why? Because these men have learned to write *by writing.* Writing under expert criticism from the editors at the copy desk.

Today you can acquire practical New York newspaper training right in your own home. The Newspaper Institute of America (an organization of newspaper men approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York) brings New York copy desk methods within your easy reach. Week by week, you are given actual assignments—just as if you were being broken in on a great metropolitan daily. Your work is individually edited and constructively corrected by a group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience back of them. Academic methods and tiresome technicalities have been discarded. You learn to write by writing.

Find out now if it's in you!

Obviously, not everybody has the makings of a writer. To insure prospective students against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells us (and we tell you) whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. No charge or obligation. The coupon is for your convenience.

Newspaper Institute of America
25 West 45th Street, New York

Send me your Free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on Writing for Profit.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.)
12E77

The Art of Hand Weaving

Become a member of the nation-wide Shuttle-Craft Guild

THERE'S profit and pleasure for you in weaving articles like portieres, rugs, baby blankets, curtains, scarfs and runners.

No previous experience is necessary to learn just how to weave these and other pretty things, for your home.

We offer a complete course in handweaving with convenient payments scheduled over eight months. Special instruction by letter criticism of work and answers to questions, in addition to the regular Guild Bulletin and Service.

There are many other desirable features of this most delightful home industry. *Write us for our Catalog.*

MARY M. ATWATER
The Shuttle-Craft Company, Inc.
G-14 Ash St. Cambridge, Mass.

The Books You *Can't Get* Elsewhere May Be *Rented* For A Nominal Fee

Members throughout the United States have access to a collection of rare, scarce, unusual, out-of-print and curious books chosen largely by themselves.

Limited editions, privately printed items, unexpurgated translations and exceptional reprints may be had through this entirely unique service.

You may now *read without buying,* at moderate cost, both the quaint old books and the extraordinary new ones.

Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists.

ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY, Inc., *Dept. T-2*
45 West 45th Street New York City

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER
Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 13 EAST FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK

"Heaven and Hell"

The most startling of the **profound writings of SWEDENBORG** the renowned theologian, philosopher and scientist. 632 page book treating of the Life after Death, sent without further cost or obligation on receipt of **5c**

Write for complete list of publications
THE AMERICAN SWEDENBORG PRINTING & PUBLISHING SOCIETY
Room 314, 16 East 41st St., New York

Are You Keeping Your Back Numbers of the GOLDEN BOOK?

More than any other magazine, a complete file of the Golden Book is worthy of a permanent place on the library shelves, because only the enduring writings of the world's Greatest Masters are selected for preservation in this convenient form.

Plan I $2.50 Send us your back numbers of the six issues, July to December, with check for $2.50. We will exchange them for a bound volume from new sheets containing the same issues. The binding is a high-grade green cloth with dignified gold stamping.

Plan II $3.00 We have made an adjustable binder suitable for holding six numbers. You can place them in the binder yourself, remove them and change them from time to time. The device is simple and easy to handle. The material used for this binder is more durable than cloth, looks like leather and harmonizes with your most costly bindings.

GOLDEN BOOK BOUND VOLUME DEPT.
55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Complete Romances of

VOLTAIRE

All in *One* Volume!

VOLTAIRE is the greatest example in history of the freedom and power of the press. The kings of France summoned his literary genius to their aid—and their own heads fell at one stroke of his liberty-loving pen. As a writer of satirical romances he ranks first in the world's literature.

Think of having Voltaire's complete Romances, *Zadig, Candide, The Princess of Babylon,* and twenty others and his complete *Philosophy of History, The Ignorant Philosopher* and *Dialogues* and philosophic criticism, all within the covers of a single beautiful volume.

His Eastern Romances have the charm of the *Arabian Nights*, the wisdom of the Orient, and the satire of—Voltaire. You are seized in a whirl of Oriental characters, desert passion—fanatic love and super-thrilling adventures. His was a daring pen of flashing romance. And in this one book are his *complete* romances!

In addition there are included Voltaire's greatest philosophical works. '*The Philosophy of History*, for instance, which can be understood by a child and finished in one reading. Yet it is the deepest philosophic treatment of the knowledge and history of all times.

Famous Voltaire Titles
Included in this edition.

Zadig
Candide
The Princess of Babylon
The White Bull
Micromegas
Jeannot and Colin
An Adventure in India
Philosophy of History
Ignorant Philosopher
Chinese Catechism
Mysteries of the Egyptians
and many other romances, dialogues and philosophic criticism.

Read it ON APPROVAL!

Within the covers of one slender beautiful volume, printed on the Warren's paper and bound in the highest grade Dupont Book Fabricoid, has been placed enough of the immortal work of Voltaire *to fill an eight volume set!* We know you will want to own this new, single volume edition of the works of Voltaire, but to utterly convince *you* we ask you to examine it for a week. See it—*read* it, and if you like it, pay only the small price mentioned in the coupon below. If you do not like it, return it at our expense.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
WALTER J. BLACK CO.
171 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

375

WALTER J. BLACK CO.,
171 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Send me for free examination the works of Voltaire in one volume printed on Library Text paper, bound in flexible Fabricoid. I will either return the book at your expense or will remit $5.45 in full payment within a week.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ Mark X here if you prefer your copy bound in Persian Morocco at only $1.50 more.

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

STAMMERING

If the stammerer can talk with ease when alone, and most of them can, but stammers in the presence of others, it must be that in the presence of others he does something that interferes with Nature in the speech process. If then we know what it is that interferes, and the stammerer be taught how to avoid that, it must be that he is getting rid of the thing that makes him stammer. That's the philosophy of our method of cure. Let us tell you about it. SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS, Tyler, Texas.

RIDER College

ACCREDITED. Diploma and B. C. S. degree courses; Prepares for C. P. A. Business Executive, Secretarial and Commercial Teaching positions. Free Placement. Ex-President Wilson and General Pershing chose Rider Graduates. Enter any Monday. 62d year. Co-ed. FOR CATALOG, ADDRESS ASS'T SEC., RIDER COLLEGE, TRENTON, N. J.

DO YOU WANT TO WRITE FOR PROFIT?

"I'd have started ten years sooner on a literary career."

Katharine Newlin Burt

"There was no Palmer Institute then," says Katharine Newlin Burt, writer of "Quest" and of stories in *Harper's, McCall's, Country Gentleman, Cosmopolitan.* "Given a natural ability, some perseverance and the necessary power to understand instructions, any writer—would-be or experienced—would certainly find help in your course. The instruction ought to prevent a hundred false starts and years of delay."

In the Palmer Courses, the so-called "professional touch"—that elusive something that makes the difference between stories that sell and those that don't sell—is actually taught. If you have imagination and want to write, you can learn it.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Cal. 78-S

CLAYTON HAMILTON - - - - *President*
FREDERICK PALMER - - - - - *Vice-President*

Please send me, without any obligation, details about the course I have checked.

☐ Short Story Writing ☐ English and Self-Expression ☐ Photoplay Writing

Name.....

Address.....

All correspondence strictly confidential
No salesman will call upon you

EDGEWOOD

A UNIQUE boarding and day school for boys and girls from kindergarten to preparation for college examination. Each child is a special study, and is developed rather than instructed. The stress is laid on teaching pupils rather than subjects—with a remarkably successful record in stimulating the natural potentiality of every child in an exceptionally rich, safe, and inspiring environment.

The Edgewood School is an educational laboratory, based on the conditions of life in good homes, where health, happiness, and freedom are developed while the student is prompted to actively seek instruction rather than passively wait for it to be "pounded into him." Edgewood is fully equipped as a thoroughly modern school, with every facility for the enrichment of a child's mental, physical, and spiritual life along sound lines.

Imagination and initiative are developed through correlation of study and play, in craft shops, pageantry, plays, nature study, music, and folk dancing. The high school offers two courses: one, an excellent preparation for college; the other, for students not wishing to conform to college requirements, gives a chance to specialize in subjects of interest to the individual.

The grounds are twenty acres in extent in the most attractive part of Greenwich, affording unusual opportunity for sports and outdoor life.

Send for the illustrated catalog which fully describes the aims of the school, and gives a list of trustees and references.

Box 400 GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

School Information FREE

ALL BOYS' or GIRLS' Schools and Camps in U. S.
Free Catalogs, ratings and advice. **State your wants**
Write or call at American Schools Association, 1212-G Times Bldg., New York; or 1204-G Stevents Bldg., Chicago

---

NEW YORK, Saratoga Springs.

Our Lady of the Star

A select boarding school for girls. Located in a region noted for the salubrity of its climate and its mineral springs. Although a Catholic school, girls from six to fourteen years old of any Christian denomination accepted. A six-year elementary course followed by an intermediate course of two years in which some subjects formerly given in the high school are taught. Rates reasonable.

"I would not exchange *it*"

—*said Andrew Carnegie*

"for all the millions ever amassed by man"

WHAT IS "IT"?

CARNEGIE knew the value of millions, but there was one thing which he valued even more.

As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot, for forty years President of Harvard University, has done for busy men and women everywhere. The free book offered below gives the secret by which any one may acquire a real taste for literature; it gives the scope and purpose of the most famous library in the world,

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

You know something about this great library already, but you owe it to yourself to read the whole story in Dr. Eliot's own words. The story is printed in a free book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day."

This handsome and famous book tells how Dr. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study and teaching, selected for *you* the few really great books that every one must know to be well read, and how in only fifteen minutes a day you can gain from this *wasteless* library the broad viewpoint and the culture that are the tools of success in modern life.

But let the free book tell the story. There's no obligation—just mail this coupon *today*, and it will come to you by return mail.

Send for the Famous Free Booklet

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children. 5114—HCT-L

You can enjoy these good books while you are paying for them. P. F. Collier and Son Company, since 1875 has brought good books within reach of all. Act today!

"You Must Have Spent *Years* on Shorthand"

"No: *I Learned it in 6 WEEKS!*"

HER employer laughed aloud. "Six weeks! You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks. You have been with us about a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why—a great many of our stenographers have studied shorthand for ten months or a year or more and still they make a great many errors."

"That isn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. Old-fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I—"

"Speedwriting? What's that?"

For answer the girl handed the big business man her notebook.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A, B, C's!"

"Yes, surely. That's how I learned it so quickly. *Anyone* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. You can write it rapidly too!"

"One boy I know who studied Speedwriting *in his own home*, took *court testimony* at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

Two months later Mr. Chapman and all his stenographers were *Speedwriters!*

Speedwriting
The NATURAL SHORTHAND

Tens of thousands have been freed from the drudgery of the old-fashioned methods of learning and writing shorthand by this marvelous new system, which may be written with a pencil or on a typewriter; can be learned in a third the time needed to master any other system; is more accurate, and can be written with amazing rapidity.

Mail the coupon tonight. It will bring you an illustrated book full of examples and stories of successful Speedwriters all over the world. No matter *what* your need for shorthand may be—you can fill that need *better* with Speedwriting.

BRIEF ENGLISH SYSTEMS, Inc.
200 Madison Ave., Dept. 895, New York City

1415 Royal Bank Building, Toronto, Ontario — *Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster, London, England*

Brief English Systems, Inc.,
200 Madison Ave., Dept. 895, New York City.

I *do* want to know more about Speedwriting. You may send me the free book without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

GET OUT OF YOUR RUT

Make your dreams come true! Increase your income. Better your position. Restore the joy of living and doing. Tear yourself free from the fetters of the past. Strike for a new and brighter future! Membership with us shows you how. Full information on request. No obligation. It's free. Just write your name and address on a postal and send to us. NOW!

Self Improvement League of America
Suite 210, 75 Westland Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices smashed to almost half.

$2 and it's yours

Free Trial

All late models, completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. *Limited time, so write today.*
International Typewriter Ex., 186 W. Lake St. Dept. 586 Chicago

---

THE SERVICE BUREAU FOR WRITERS

[*James Knapp Reeve—Agnes M. Reeve, Editors.] offers competent editorial assistance in the criticism, revision, and marketing of manuscripts. Book Mss. a specialty, correctly typed and prepared for publication. Manuscripts Marketed. Explanatory leaflets. Correspondence Invited.

ALSO TEXT BOOKS FOR WRITERS:

1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts (Reeve)	$2.50
Art of Inventing Characters (Polti)	2.50
The Writer's Book	2.50
Technique of Fiction Writing (Dowst)	1.75
36 Dramatic Situations (Polti)	1.50
Figurative Language (Reibold)	1.50
Plotting the Short Story (Chunn)	1.00
Rhymes & Meters (Winslow)	.75
How to Write a Short Story (Quirk)	.65
The Way Into Print	.50

Twenty other titles. Catalogue.

THE SERVICE BUREAU FOR WRITERS
FRANKLIN, OHIO, U. S. A.

*Foundor of the Editor.

TEACHERS *SEND FOR FREE LESSON PLAN*

Last year the GOLDEN BOOK was used in the classroom by thousands of teachers who have become enthusiasts.

We make special rates for this purpose and supply the teachers with a Monthly Lesson Plan. We should be glad to send a sample copy if you will send in the coupon.

Educational Dept. G B-5-27
The Review of Reviews Corp.
55 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me sample Golden Book Lesson Plan, together with information as to your special rates to Teachers and Students.

Name.....

Address.....

School.....

'I Was Never So Embarrassed!

Just when I wanted to be so proud of you, you sat there all evening without saying a single word"

AREN'T you a bit harsh?"

"Not in the slightest. Couldn't ou think of *anything* to say?"

"No, I couldn't. How was I to t in on that kind of conversation?"

"And what did you expect them talk about—business?"

"Really, Ja——"

"Oh, I'm so ashamed! I wanted be proud of you, Ted. You are everer than any man at that dinner night — but you acted as though ou were afraid to open your mouth."

"I was, dear! What do I know out that philosopher they were talk- g about—what was his name— ietzsche. I couldn't even follow their nversation, half the time. . . ."

"You should read more Why you idn't contribute one idea or opinion l evening. I was so embarrassed!"

"You know how much time I have read!" He helped her into the cab, ien turned to her with a smile. "But ou made up for both of us tonight, ane. You were wonderful!"

Busy People Enjoy This Way of Becoming Well-Informed

Jane glowed, "Do you really think made a good impression, Ted?"

"I should say you did!" he laughed. You seemed to know about every- hing. Well, you have plenty of time b read."

"Is that so!" she retorted. "I have ven less time to read than you. I found all that information in Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book."

"What's that?"

"You must have heard about it. It's quite famous. Now don't tell me you don't know who Elbert Hubbard was! One of the most versatile men America has ever known—a many-sided genius. He began keeping a scrap book when he was quite young and he kept it throughout life. He put into it only the things that inspired him most, choice bits from the best minds."

"Great idea! Tell me more about it."

ELBERT HUBBARD'S SCRAP BOOK

All the way home, she told him about Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book, and urged him to use it as she had.

"Imagine, Ted! In that one great Scrap Book are all the ideas that helped Hubbard most, all the wonderful bits of wisdom that inspired him—the greatest thoughts of the last four thousand years! Promise me you'll read in it every day for five or ten minutes, dear! It will make you so well-informed."

"Why didn't you tell me about it long ago!" he said, as the cab drew up at their door.

Sent FREE for Examination

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book is a unique volume made up of ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. Selected by *Elbert Hubbard*, himself a master thinker

This Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft bookmaking. The type is set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape.

The coupon entitles you to special free examination privilege. Send it off today, and the Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will go forward to you promptly. If you aren't inspired, enchanted—simply return the Scrap Book within five days and the examination will cost you nothing. Otherwise send only $2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.

Mail this coupon TODAY to Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 135, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Wm. H. Wise & Co.,
Roycroft Distributors,
Dept. 135, 50 West 47th Street,
New York City.

You may send me for five days' free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book in cloth-lined butcher paper binding. Within the five-day period I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation, or keep it for my own and send only $2.90, plus few cents postage in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ **A few copies are available in a sturdy binding of semi-flexible basket-weave buckram for only $1 additional. Please check in this square if you want this de luxe binding, with the same return privilege.**

Mazo de la Roche

whose story JALNA receives the

ATLANTIC MONTHLY $10,000 PRIZE

offered for the most interesting novel

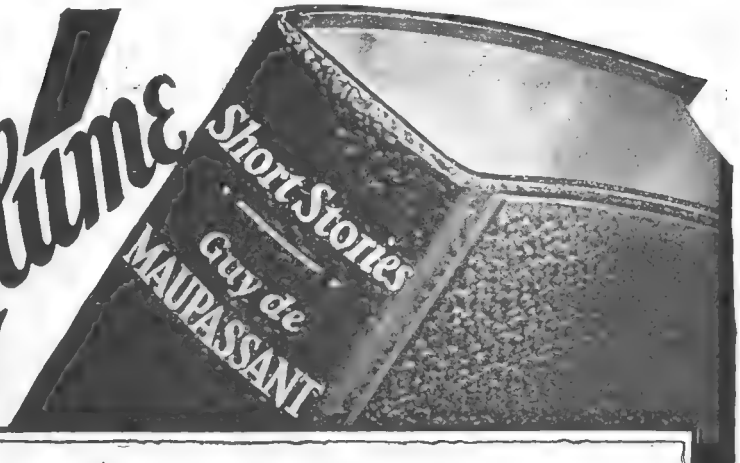
MISS DE LA ROCHE is a Canadian living in Toronto. She is the author of three previous novels, of several successful one-act plays, and has been contributing to American magazines since the age of eighteen. The descendant of French royalists she was privately educated, and studied painting for a time. She especially enjoys country life and delights in dogs and horses and the sea. In a foreword to a previous novel Christopher Morley described her writing as "delicate in fancy, refreshing and happy in expression, so truly charming, so felicitous in subtle touches of humor."

JALNA is the story of a family, the Whiteoaks, on a British country estate in an American forest. The name derives from the British military station in India where the founders of the family met and fell in love; they give the name to their manor house in the Canadian wilds. *Jalna* becomes thus the symbol as well as the setting for the strange family, whose members, from little Wakefield, precocious in the instinctive wiles of childhood, through the tyrannical grandmother, ambitious to round out a century of avid life, Miss de la Roche presents with abounding vigor and clearness.

JALNA begins in the May ATLANTIC MONTHLY

40 cents a copy on all newsstands

All in One Volume!



The Complete Short Stories of

MAUPASSANT

"AMUSE me." "Thrill me." "Make me dream." "Make me laugh." "Make me shudder." "Make me weep." "Make me think." Thus Guy de Maupassant defined the cry the public raises to the writer.

Witty, ironic, unsparingly frank and whimsical; this unapproached master of the short story produced 222 immortal masterpieces; daringly colorful short stories to suit every mood—every hour!

The seething passions of French life and love, of Parisian intrigues, crowd the pages of these sparkling stories—portrayed in the dramatic, throbbing, intensely vivid style of Maupassant!

At last—you can possess *all* of the impassioned, glittering gems of Guy de Maupassant, every word translated exactly as it was written in the original French. Every translation faithful, complete and unabridged.

Read it FREE!

Fine bookmaking reaches new heights in this volume of Maupassant. Fine quality India paper made to our order by the S. D. Warren Co.; large, clear type and the highest grade Du Pont Book Fabricoid, richly grained binding, stamped with 22 kt. gold. Your home—your library table boasts of no finer volume. Simply mail the coupon *now* for a copy. Examine it for a week. Then decide if you want it. The examination privilege costs you absolutely nothing. Send no money—just the coupon.

222 Immortal Masterpieces

Virtue
In the Moonlight
Mlle. Fifi
The Inn
The Devil
The Venus of Braniza
The Sequel of Divorce
Mademoiselle
The Charm Dispelled
A Little Walk
A Dead Woman's Secret
Bed No. 29
Room No. 11
A Passion
Regret
Was It a Dream?
Boule de Suif
The Diamond Necklace
The Story of a Farm Girl

Love
A Family
Berthe
A Mesalliance
The Carter's Wench
The Bed
Forbidden Fruit
Madame Parisse
A Wife's Confession
Love's Awakening
Woman's Wiles
The Wedding Night
One Phase of Love
A Poor Girl
Countess Satan
The New Sensation
The Diary of a Madman
In His Sweetheart's Livery
Lost

Margot's Tapers
The Mad Woman
Virtue in the Ballet
Fecundity
Words of Love
The Impolite Sex
The Farmer's Wife
The Artist's Wife
The Rendezvous
A Fashionable Woman
An Old Maid

A Queer Night in Paris
The Love of Long Ago

(375)

And 171 more thrilling tales—all in this golden book

WALTER J. BLACK COMPANY
171 Madison Avenue, Dept. 375
New York, N. Y.

Walter J. Black Co.
171 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Send me for free examination a copy of Guy de Maupassants' Complete Short Stories, 1000 pages, printed in large, clear type on Warren's India Paper, limp, maroon, highest grade Du Pont Book Fabricoid Binding. I will return the book to you or remit $5.45 in full payment within one week.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ Mark X here if you prefer your copy bound in Persian Morocco. Add $1.50 to the price. Same approval privilege

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

Treat Mother like a Sweetheart

Give her Whitman's Sampler

The charm and traditions of the Sampler make it the most significant and expressive gift for Mother's Day. Its variety adapts it to the infinite variety of mothers. Its sweetness and purity are symbolic. It gathers goodness from the ends of the earth and its goodness is genuine. Every mother responds to the sentiment expressed in Whitman's Sampler.

For those who wish it, the Sampler is covered with a special wrap for Mother's Day — a cross-stitch design with Lincoln's famous tribute to his mother. All Whitman agencies take care of mailing and advance orders as well as your current needs of all Whitman packages. Look for the Whitman sign on the leading drug store nearby.

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

Ants, etc.

By JOSH BILLINGS

ANTS are older than Adam.

Man (*for very wise reasons*) want bilt untill all other things were finished, and pronounced good.

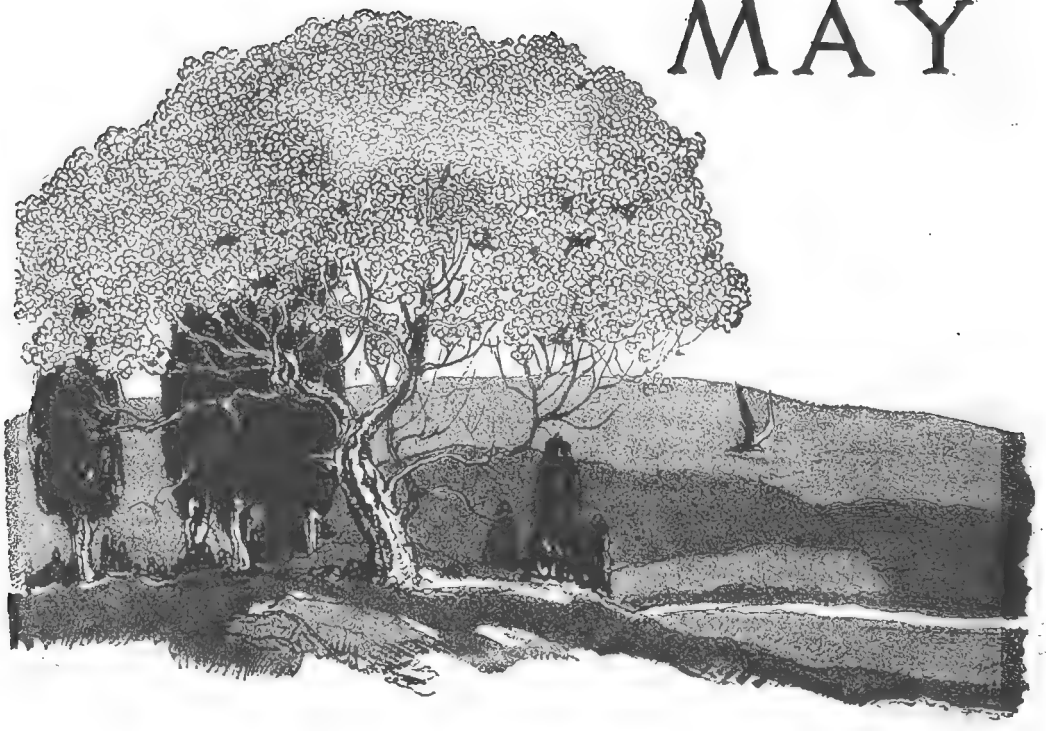
If man had been made fust, he would hav insisted upon bossing the rest of the job.

He probably would hav objekted to having enny little bizzy aunts at all, and various other objekshuns would have bin offered, equally green.

I am glad that man waz the last thing made.

If man hadn't hav bin made at all, you would never hav heard me find enny fault about it.

MAY



The Dog Violets

By E. V. LUCAS

ONCE upon a time there was a patch of dog violets growing on a bank in March. They were very beautiful but they had no scent, and the country people, knowing this, passed them by.

Day after day the flowers heard scornful remarks about themselves. "They're only dog violets," said one of the knowing country people. "Don't bother about them," said another. "I know where there's real violets," said a third; "come on!"

And since no one likes to be overlooked and despised, even though attention should mean destruction, the dog violets were very unhappy. "As if perfume was everything!" they said; while one of them went so far as to declare that she always found the scent of the other kind of violets overpowering. "A strong scent is so vulgar," she added. "Yes," said another, "and so are rich colours. Pale tints are much more distinguished."

One day the princess came driving along from the royal city in her gold coach, and seeing the patch of flowers on the bank she gave orders for the carriage to stop. "Oh, how beautiful!" she said, for, being a princess, she had never seen violets growing before; she had seen only tiger-lilies and camellias and smilax and Maréchal Niels. "How beautiful!" she cried, and she bade her lord chamberlain bring her a great bunch.

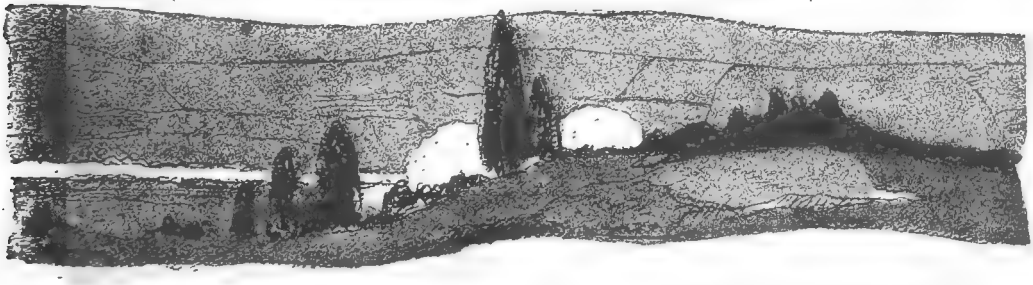
"Those!" he replied in surprise. "Does not your Royal Highness know that they are only dog violets; they have no scent."

"The darlings!" she cried. "It wouldn't matter if they had, I've got such an awful cold"; and she pressed them to her white bosom, where in an ineffable rapture of pride and content they swooned away.

1 'Tis no wonder, therefore, that upon the Jollities on the first of May formerly the custom of blowing with, and drinking in, Horns so much prevailed, which, though it be now generally disus'd, yet the custom of blowing them prevails at this season, even to this day, at Oxford, to remind people of the pleasantness of that part of the year, which ought to create mirth and gayety.

THOMAS HEARNE (1724).

2 Mery time it is in May;
The foules syngeth her lay;
The Knighttes loveth the tornay;



Maydens so dauncen and thay play!

Romance of Kyng Alisaunder
(*14th Century*).

3 But the Monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of Monks. For how shall I be able (said he) to rule over others, that have not full power and command of my self. RABELAIS.

4 Wait not for spring to pass away,—
Love's summer months begin with May!

HOLMES.

5 "I can pass off the veriest screw as a flying drummedary—by putting a small live eel down his throat; as long as the eel remained in his stomach the horse would appear brisk and lively in a surprising degree." BORROW.

6 The wind's way in the deep sky hollow
None may measure, as none can say
How the heart in her shows the swallow
The wind's way. SWINBURNE.

7 It hath been as it were especially rendered unto mee, and made plaine and legible to my understandynge, that a great worshipp is going on among the thyngs of God. GRALT.

8 It is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairyland.

STEVENSON.

9 I am not so good as my Geneva reputation, but better than my Paris reputation. MME. D'EPINAY.

10 For half our Mays so awfully like May 'n't,
'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint;
Though I own up I like our back'ard springs,
That kind o' haggle with their greens and things. LOWELL.

11 It is an excellent cure for love to kiss the aunt of the person beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp the fiercest flame. POPE.

12 Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and fond desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

MILTON.

13 I love long passions which traverse patiently and in a straight line all the currents of life, like good swimmers, without deviating. FLAUBERT.

14 And by and by Mr. North and Dr. Clerke went to kiss the Queen of Bohemia's hands, from my Lord, with twelve attendants from on board to wait on them, among which I sent my boy, who, like myself, is with child to see any strange thing. PEPYS.

15 Venetia Stanley (wife of Sir Kenelm Digby) dyed in her bed suddenly. . . . When her head was opened there was found but little braine, which her husband imputed to her drinking of viper-wine.

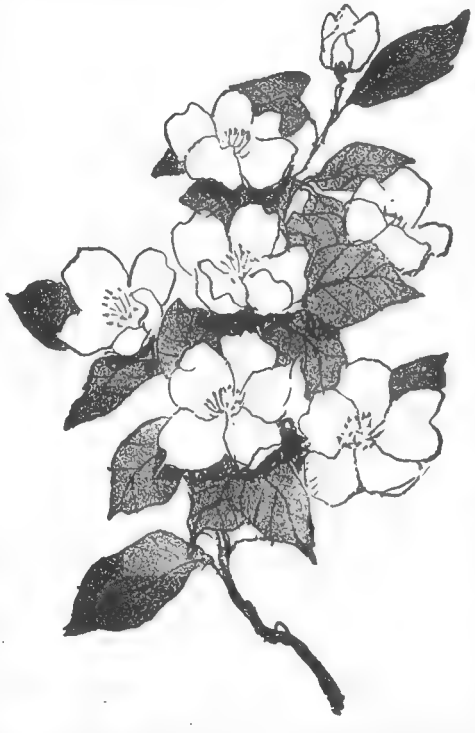
JOHN AUBREY.

16 Do you believe shrimps are happy? Great naturalists attribute their incessant skippings to the vulgar mode of expressing rapture commonly called "jumping for joy," but the new school of philosophy will rather have it that they are out of breath, and trying to reach the water! On which side are you? MRS. NORTON.

17 Three things alone
Prevent her black eyes saying yes;
Fear of the unknown, and horror of the known,
And her own loveliness.
Thousand Nights (MATHERS).

18 *Barber, Peri-wig Maker, Surgeon, Parish Clerk, Scool Master, and man Midwife.*

Shaves for a penne, cuts hare for toopense. Young Ladys genteely edicated, Lamps lighted by the year or quarter. Young Gentlemen also taut their Grammer Langwage in the neatest maner, and great cear takin of their Morels and Spelin. *Advertisement, London "Morning Post," 1788.*



19 Nature is too good a legislator to pass any act without annexing a smart penalty to the violation of it. SYDNEY SMITH.

20 He who says liberty of thought implies a violent desire to talk.
MADAME NECKER.

21 Sunbeams through twinkling pine-woods cast
Their shadows on my window screen.
A night of clouds and rain is past
And, newly blue and freshly green,
The Dawn rebuilds my world at last.
WEN T'UNG (CRANMER-BYNG).

22 For an ague take a Spider alive, cover it with soft crummy Bread without bruising it; let the Patient swallow it fasting. This is an effectual Cure, but many are set against it. It has been frequently given to People, who did not know the Contents, and has had the desired Effect. *Housekeeper's Pocketbook, 1740.*

23 The true laws of God are the laws of our own well-being. SAMUEL BUTLER.

24 Everything which the old cannot enjoy is forbidden or considered wrong. CHEKHOV.

25 There is no curing a sick man who believes himself in health. AMIEL.

26 All obstinacy is an excrescence of the mind, a grandchild of passion which never did anything right. GRACIAN.

27 There's something in a woman beyond all human delight; a magnetic virtue, a charming quality, an occult and powerful motive. The husband rules her as head, but she again commands his heart, he is her servant, she is only joy and content: no happiness is like unto it.
ROBERT BURTON.

28 Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own. THOREAU.

29 *Inscription over an Inn in Cibyra.* Native alike and foreigner are ever dear to me, for it is not the business of hospitality to enquire who, whence, and whose son. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL.

30 To confound love with youth is a great absurdity. . . . Before the age of fifty let no man talk of love.
ANATOLE FRANCE.

31 It is very fortunate for the human race that all men do not have exactly a correct taste in the matter of female beauty, for if they had, a fatal degree of strife would be likely to ensue.
LOLA MONTEZ.

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME V MAY, 1927 NUMBER 29

The Invasion of Monte Vanco

By STEPHEN F. WHITMAN

Stephen F Whitman

THE principality of Monte Vanco, that assiduously worshiped shrine of the twin goddesses *Rouge* and *Noir*, appeared on the map like the back of a fat hand, its contour on three sides defined by the French boundary line, its knuckles the rocky declivity of the Azure Coast, its stubby fore-finger a promontory plunging into the Mediterranean Sea. On the point of this headland stood the castle of the Prince, a gentleman famous for his large fortune and fine instincts, at the moment engaged in augmenting his collection of orchids by means of an aeroplane voyage over the jungles of Babwende, in equatorial Africa. From the gates of the castle there dribbled down the promontory the neat little village of Monte Vanco—one crooked street lined with houses of white walls and red roofs. On the back of the hand, as it were, the gardens lay, with flower beds, palm trees, and a band-stand. To the south, all white against the rich blue of the sea, stood the gambling casino, a-glisten with classic pillars and noticeably pagan statuary. To the north, all pink against the purple of the Maritime Alps rose the façade of the Hôtel des Deux Hémisphères, looking like a poor relation of the Château de Versailles. To the west lay the arcade, containing the shops of the hairdresser, the confectioner, the jeweler, and the Grand Magasin de Paris. To the east there filled the eye the rococco architecture, striped awnings, and profuse fern-pots of the Café Superbe.

On the terrace of this last resort, at a round table decorated with two empty glasses, sat two American young men of engaging visage, elegantly arrayed against the evening. It was that hour of serenity and gold which precedes sunset. Indeed, twilight was already hovering tentatively on the rim of the world; and its first, almost imperceptible softnesses, its vague promises

Copyrighted, 1927, by THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION

of tender melancholy, seemed to find subtle reflection in the faces of those silent youths, their eyes at vacant gaze, the corners of their mouths adroop. Now and then one of them sighed or pessimistically smiled.

Finally, the tall, slender one, whose name was Mr. Pengwynne, uttered, with an intonation of sadness:

"See, Tubby, how our beautiful day begins to fade. It steals from the gardens—mauve shadows invade all the shrubbery; it slips from the tips of palm trees and the roofs—a dun haze takes its place; from the far-off mountain summits gently it withdraws—and dusk descends between us and the snow peaks. Drop a tear, Tubby: we are losing our fair world.

"Just as the day departs, so pleasure passes. Ah, the sapphire sea, the amethystine peaks, the dazzling ether intervening like a sun-drenched fluid! Dark falls on them, as the sad twilight of monotony is always falling at the end of gaiety. Why can not lovely hours last? How evanescent are all the truly golden moments! How soon is everything delectable used up! Waiter, duplicate these orders."

Mr. Tuebal, the short, chubby one—by all this rendered so despondent that he had sunk gradually lower and lower till chin rested upon breast and the woe of the whole world seemed piled up on his shoulders—huskily replied:

"How true! What is there here in Monte Vanco, for example, after a month of it, that can give a fillip to the hearts of two poor disenchanted ones? Gwynnie, I can prognosticate every movement that every soul in this principality will make to-night. The dinner hour approaches; this café and the Restaurant des Deux Hémisphères will fill; the *maître d'hôtel* will smirk and mince among the tables; ladies will preen themselves and condescend to flirt with you and me; the orchestra will dish up, in a goulash of blares, the march from *Aïda;* coffee and cigars will make their familiar incense on the terraces; and soon, with unexcited eyes, we shall see the strings of coloured lights ripple forth throughout the gardens. Then on to the casino—the monotonous croaking of the *croupiers*, the perpetual chink and shiver of *louis d'or*. So on, *ad infinitum.* The commonplace, the stale, the wearisome! Ah, to burst through it with a desperate rush, to bring it crashing down in ruins, to be able to cry out, exultantly: 'I have settled your business for you, Monsieur Ennui!'" With a threatening gesture, Mr. Tuebal relapsed into his mournful attitude, at last adding, in a bitter voice:

"For my part, I confess that I can see no more in life to-night. The motor-car to Marseilles, say I; the first boat home; and, for the rest, a decent, quiet corner by the club window, where I may end my days contemplating, on the foggy avenue at nightfall, the foolish, fond young people pattering by in search of that *ignis fatuus* they call pleasure." He stopped; something glistened in his eye.

Mr. Pengwynne, after serious reflection, calmly made answer:

"Tubby, I admire much that you have said, but to one idea of yours I take exception. The situation is our fault. At the heart of everything there lurks the possibility of anything—I mean, that corner of the world apparently the dullest contains as many germs of frenetic excitement as of ennui. This evening Monte Vanco bores us both to groans; yet, believe me, if I could lay tongue to the talismanic word, I should transform this place beyond the dreams of the most hairbrained sigher after novelty. Alas, if I but knew that word!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Mr. Tuebal, lifting his plump chin. Through the still air floated the sweet call of a bugle. In the failing gold of the sunset, beyond the northern edge of the gardens, upon a stretch of lawn that reached to the French boundary line, two dusty companies of soldiers in dark-blue uniforms and tam-o'-shanters were stacking arms.

"No! Yes! By George, it is French mountain artillery!" cried Mr. Tuebal. "See, they were on the march; poor fellows, they saw the pretty lawn, and now they are going to eat their little suppers off of it. I am right; mark them rummaging their knapsacks. There—they are at it. Shall we stroll up and watch them?"

Mr. Pengwynne, a young man who took small pleasure in the sort of thought which might occur to any one, paid not the slightest heed to that proposal. His eyes were shrewdly squinted, his lips were compressed, his nostrils were expanded—he was thinking.

"Look here, do you not see what they have done? They have stepped over the boundary-line. They have marched off the French road, under arms, into this principality. They have invaded Monte Vanco!"

Each gentleman, rising slowly to his feet, stared at the other—Mr. Pengwynne with intense, grim significance, and Mr. Tuebal with a look in which incredulity was

struggling with rapture. Then Mr. Pengwynne, with that calmness which comes to all great personages in momentous crises, pronounced solemnly:

"Sir, this means war."

"Great Heavens!" gasped Mr. Tuebal, falling back. "What genius!"

Mr. Pengwynne, finger on chin, eyes shut, considered rapidly. Slowly a bright light filled his face. He beamed on his companion.

"Tubby," said he, confidently, "come with me." Descending from the terrace of the Café Superbe, they walked rapidly through the gardens to the casino. In the marble portico, Mr. Pengwynne seized Mr. Tuebal by the arm and urgently exhorted him:

"Large events demand large manners; think, I pray you, of some famous man—say, Bismarck—and look as much like him as possible. Ponderous dignity is the word. I wish you had put on your tail-coat; you appear so violently cherubic in a dinner-jacket. Well, well, at least look the weeniest bit truculent, if it is in you." Mr. Tuebal obediently put on the resentful expression of an infant deprived of its bottle, and followed Mr. Pengwynne into the casino.

At the door of the director's private office they met, as he was issuing forth, Monsieur Fripponet, a stout, dark, oily little man in top hat, frock coat, pearl-coloured trousers, gold watch chain, and buttonhole bouquet. This was the *bourgeois* regent, as it were, and business manager of Monte Vanco.

"Good evening," this personage vouchsafed genially, while lighting a cigar. Alas, he was, perhaps, on his way to a good dinner.

"Monsieur Fripponet, a word with you!" said Mr. Pengwynne, in a tone which caused the regent to stop short. A spasm of anxiety crossed his face. Stepping back into his office, beckoning to his two visitors, he softly closed the door.

"What is it?" he inquired in a whisper. "You have not come across another suicide?"

"I wish it were no worse," replied Mr. Pengwynne heavily. "Come sir; you are a man of courage; prepare yourself. The blow has fallen!" And he pointed out of the window.

Monsieur Fripponet managed, by placing his nose on a level with the window-sill, to perceive through the fading palm trees of the gardens a far-off haze of dark-blue uniforms.

"*Tiens!* That is droll. Soldiers, eh?"

"French soldiers, Monsieur Fripponet."

"Well, *parbleu*, this is not the first time that I have seen French soldiers. What do they effect? Except that they undoubtedly have an independence to be trampling that lawn without a permit."

Mr. Pengwynne shook his head at Mr. Tuebal with a pitying smile, whereat the latter immediately removed the look which he had worn into the office, cast up his eyes, and likewise expressed pity.

"You see," quoth Mr. Pengwynne to his confrère, "the surprise is complete. Even now they do not realize that they are lost!"

Removing the cigar from his astonished mouth, Monsieur Fripponet said:

"Who is lost, if I may ask?"

"You, sir. All hereabout. Your casino, your strong-boxes full of *louis d'or*, your pretty town, your noble castle, your whole principality. It is done; you are invaded. Henceforth, Monte Vanco belongs to France." And Mr. Pengwynne made such a gesture as might be employed in pronouncing the obsequies of a nation.

As for Monsieur Fripponet, he could not help looking startled. He considered. He peered cunningly at Messrs. Pengwynne and Tuebal, but, seeing on both faces the same commiseration, uttered an uncertain giggle.

"Come, now, what imagination!"

"You think?" cried Mr. Pengwynne, at that note of weakness instantaneously on the offensive. "Is it, then, imagination that armed troops are on your soil? Is it imagination that this is just the psychological moment for such a coup, when your prince is gallivanting after orchids in the middle of Africa? And am I and my colleague only imagining that we were told, a month ago, by our august superior, the Secretary of State at Washington, to hasten to Monte Vanco, and, since we had no ambassador or consul there, be prepared to act for our traveling compatriots in any possible catastrophe——"

Mr. Tuebal, in the company of Mr. Pengwynne a very chameleon of the emotions, stepped forward with raised hand, threw his friend a burning glance of reproach, and cried out:

"Ah, sir, what have you done? You have destroyed our incognito! You have blurted out a grave governmental secret!"

Mr. Pengwynne shrugged his shoulders precisely like a diplomat.

"Well, it was the proper time anyway, since the invasion has occurred. Yes, my poor Fripponet," said he, laying a hand

kindly on that astounded person's shoulder; "yes, my poor fellow, it is all true, and I shall prove it to you. Allow me; my papers—Wait, that is a hotel bill. Ah, here they are! No—the deuce! I have left them in the despatch box. But what difference? See for yourself, it has happened. And shall I tell you why?"

Mr. Tuebal, discovering a decanter of cognac on the mantel-shelf, had humanely poured out a glassful for Monsieur Fripponet, and was himself, for politeness' sake, just emptying a second, when his air of intelligence increased prodigiously. He remonstrated with his friend, the while scattering covert and imploring winks:

"Gwynnie, your throat is getting tired; rest it for a moment. I feel quite capable of acquainting Monsieur Fripponet with the causes leading up to this calamity."

Mr. Pengwynne hesitated, looked keenly at Mr. Tuebal, seemed reassured, and said generously:

"Pray do so, then, my dear sir."

And Monsieur Fripponet, who had begun to weaken at the knees, was rapidly informed by Mr. Tuebal:

"All Europe has been calm these six months, has it not? It was the calm before the storm. Was France asleep? Observe, now, what she has been plotting with her eyes shut. She seizes Monte Vanco. How easy! Austria, inflamed by France's deed, not to be outdone, seizes Serbia. And Germany—is she to have nothing? She looks round. She sees Switzerland. No time to pick and choose: she seizes Switzerland. Aha, we have some trouble here—Switzerland objects. And, while Germany is so engaged, France is at her. So! But can it be stopped there? Hardly. Germany calls in Russia. This is England's chance. Russia's back turned, perfidious Albion is into Turkestan by way of India. No one is looking—Japan pounces upon China. Shall I go on? Armageddon? *Hélas*, Monsieur Fripponet, you will hear to-night, in Monte Vanco, the first gun of Armageddon. The fair map of the world is blackened; all continents are drenched in blood; and, with a great sigh that reaches to the Red Star, five hundred million brave men give up their lives!"

"*Nom de Dieu!*" moaned Monsieur Fripponet, reeling, saved from the floor only by Mr. Tuebal's arm. Mr. Pengwynne, behind the collapsed regent's back, grasped his friend's free hand.

"I did not think you had it in you!" he ejaculated, *sotto voce*, in generous admiration.

"I didn't have it in me," answered Mr. Tuebal, frankly, "till a moment ago."

"What are you saying?" groaned Monsieur Fripponet, struggling free of Mr. Tuebal's arm. "A moment ago? A moment ago I was happy, I was contented, I was thinking of a good cauliflower soup and a rare filet. Ah, misery! Pinch me. It is some ghastly dream."

Said Mr. Pengwynne: "Yes, I grant you that it is horrible. But all is not yet lost."

"You believe?" sobbed Monsieur Fripponet, electrified, so to speak, clutching Mr. Pengwynne by his silk lapels and peering up wildly into that diplomat's calm face.

"Sir, I believe that the United States of America can and will save you. What, do we not love liberty, we brothers of the free-roaming redskins? Do we not boil with all our blood at the encroachments and insolences of the tyrannical? Besides, between you and me, if this grabbing game once begins, suppose Japan, instead of picking out China, chose the Philippines? No, no, to preserve herself, America should nip all in the bud, and save you now.

"But," he added quickly, "to excite my country there must be some sort of defense, a shout of resistance, heroism. What national tenderness for a gallant struggle in vain—a losing cause! Monsieur, you must meet blow with blow. To arms!"

Upon Monsieur Fripponet's pallid countenance there was exhibited, at last, the courage of despair. Suddenly, slapping his forehead, he waddled to the door.

"Come!" he bellowed. He rushed out. The others followed.

They skipped across the flower-beds, rapidly they left the purlieus of pleasure; they made for the promontory and the village street. It was a pretty little street, winding, ascending—at its top, against the almost extinguished old rose of the sky, the steep, black castle walls. The tiny windows of the cottages sent luminous beams of candle-light into the dusk that was already thickening here; the half-open doors exuded odours of good homely dinners. Midway of this charming alley, Monsieur Fripponet delivered upon a certain door some furious kicks.

"Baudet!" he bawled.

There rushed forth instantly an elderly, bald-headed, long-nosed, vacuous-looking, dumfounded individual in his shirt-sleeves, a napkin tucked under his chin, fork in

hand, and his mouth full of food. This was the commandant of the police—in fine, the official military man of Monte Vanco.

"Excellency!" gulped this honest creature.

"Baudet, we are invaded! The French! Run to the castle! Ring the alarm! Gather the gendarmes and the fire department! Warn the inhabitants! What, imbecile, you still stand there? Off with you!"

In five minutes the tocsin was uttering from the citadel a crazy clamour; through the village street doors were banging, shouts, screams, and oaths were echoing; everywhere mad, shadowy figures were skimming over the ground. On the steps of the Café Superbe all the waiters were huddled together; from the back windows of the casino the *croupiers* were nimbly jumping; in the arcade the hairdresser, the confectioner, the jeweler, and the proprietor of the Grand Magasin de Paris were frantically clapping up their shutters. And on the lawn at the northern end of the principality a large audience, composed of mystified amateurs from every pleasure-loving nation, in evening dress, surrounded in a great circle the two companies of French mountain artillery, who, abashed by the interest they excited, mildly curious at the distant uproar, feeling instinctively, perhaps, that everything was not as it should be, were making haste to conclude their modest meal and take the road again.

II

In the twilight, before the crumbling castle gates, amid a huddle of horror-stricken non-combatants, the army of Monte Vanco stood under arms.

There was, for heavy infantry, the *gendarmerie*—a force of nine, in patent-leather cocked hats, tailcoats of tender azure, white cross-belts, duck trousers, and small, ornate swords meant for the beating of juvenile trespassers' pantaloons. Beside them, in the office of artillery, so to speak, were grouped the fire department—six fathers of families, their natural air of humble domesticity disguised by their brass helmets. They had brought out—with foresight admirable midst such confusion—their chemical engine. On either side of these uniformed forces was arranged perhaps a score of full-grown male inhabitants armed with various interesting utensils of offense. Foremost stood Baudet, the commandant, as well off for splendid trappings as a brigadier-general of the great Napoleon. But his features, like the features of his entire command, were disfigured with profound anxiety.

Monsieur Fripponet, contemplating the array, was not himself quite free from that expression. In the faces of Mr. Pengwynne and Mr. Tuebal, who leaned together, arm in arm, beside him, were exhibited—on the contrary—the most intense confidence, courage, and high purpose.

"Sir," said Mr. Pengwynne to Monsieur Fripponet, "just as it stands, this is a stirring sight. But can you afford to wait here longer? Kingdoms have been lost before this by a moment's vacillation. Action, quick action, is what the hour requires!"

Mr. Tuebal, waking from blissful reveries with a somewhat startled look, instinctively buttoned up his dinner jacket.

Monsieur Fripponet responded, in a hollow voice:

"Baudet!"

Baudet started violently.

"Excellency!"

"Let us advance."

But Mr. Pengwynne gracefully interposed.

"A moment, Monsieur, General, and soldiers of Monte Vanco. May I so far presume?

"In warfare we consider the opponent carefully before engaging him, and suit our tactics to his vulnerable points. Strength overwhelms weakness; but the weak, through guile, insidiously overcome the strong. All of you will at once recall the words of that great Chinese military expert, Tze-su, who said: 'First surround the camp of the enemy with voluptuous music, so as to soften his heart.' Can we do better than to take and amplify that hint, since we have here an enemy than whom none in the known world is more notoriously susceptible to pleasure? Suppose that, instead of hurling ourselves bloodthirstily upon him, we approached him with a smile, as if we expected none but an amiable intention in his visit? Suppose we bade him welcome as would an honoured host; suppose we disarmed his bluster with a fine counterfeit of tenderness, threw open the wineshops, set music throbbing, hung garlands around his neck, linked a pretty girl on his arm, and made the whole principality blaze out *en fête?* What result? He is bewildered, enchanted, seduced into unexpected frolic. His weapons slip from his hands, his brain grows dizzy, his legs refuse to bear his

freebooter's carcass longer. He sinks to earth, he sleeps! Behold, he is your prisoner, and you are all still alive!"

Quoth Mr. Tuebal to himself, while turning up his eyes:

"When they are putting up statues to this fellow in the Mall of Central Park, I shall be able to say I was the companion of his youth."

As for Monsieur Fripponet, hurling himself into Mr. Pengwynne's arms, he tried to kiss that gentleman. The faithful army of Monte Vanco gave forth a great groan of relief. Their regent, foiled in his osculatory attempt, completed their satisfaction by crying out, to the most competent and dependable personage that they had ever seen:

"Ah, inestimable plenipotentiary of that great land of freedom! *Carte blanche!* I leave it all to you!"

To the two companies of French, their arms resumed, their ranks drawn up, their officers on the very point of leading them away, came through the twilight the sound of trampling feet, the jingle of haphazard accoutrements, the clanking of a chemical engine. The shadows midway of the gardens were resolved into a dark mass, which gave forth little silvery gleams. The army of Monte Vanco emerged cautiously from among the palms, debouched upon the lawn, halted with alacrity while still a considerable distance off, and, in distrustful attitudes, gazed on the enemy. The encircling audience of amateurs in evening dress, their dinner appetites forgotten, pressed closer. Mr. Pengwynne, Monsieur Fripponet, and Mr. Tuebal advanced toward the French ranks.

The dusty mountain artillery, smothered in blanket-rolls and cartridge-boxes, leaning on their rifles in the jaunty attitudes of comic-opera brigands, cast, from under their flat tam-o'-shanters of blue flannel, glances of amiable curiosity. They had, to a man, that imminent look of good little dogs waiting but for a smile to burst into friendly barks and wag their tails.

Before each company stood a captain, and, before all, stood a major—a middle-aged, gray-mustached, distinguished-looking gentleman in dark blue, with wasplike waist, slender legs encased in puttees blue beneath the dust, excellently upholstered chest, gloves thrust between two buttons, a sword, a monocle, and a cigaret. His countenance was distinguished with that aplomb worn in perfection by Gallic veterans of many successfully waged wars of bullets and *billets doux*. Of this personage Mr. Pengwynne, with a bow, calmly inquired:

"Monsieur is the commander of this splendid force?"

The Major, looking attentively at Mr. Pengwynne, and at the phalanx behind him, said:

"Monsieur has reason."

"Then, sir, permit me, in the name of Monte Vanco, to welcome France, that dear neighbour, that kind elder sister, to the soil of this principality."

The Major was struck rigid by a sudden thought. He peered round him like a person just waking up: he cast over his shoulder a startled glance toward the French highway, a hundred yards away, across the border; he stared down at the lawn; gingerly he raised one foot and then the other, as if the ground were hot.

"*Sapristi!*" he ejaculated. It was borne upon him that he had invaded Monte Vanco.

Shrugging his shoulders remorsefully, he stammered:

"Messieurs, what shall I say? You see in me Major Houppé-Houblonnière, commanding two companies of the 623d Maritimes, on a practise march from Fort Mont Agel to Fort de la Révère. The way was long and dusty, my little fellows tired and hungry, the lovely lawns——"

But all the while Mr. Pengwynne was drowning out his voice in tones of oratorical rotundity:

"This signal honour gives excuse for the delay: what proper reception could have been prepared in less time? Not in another century, perhaps, will such a chance occur for national hospitality. Soldiers of France, Monte Vanco will see to it that you remember this so generous visit. Come, let the flags bend forward: let cordial bugle answer bugle, let the game-cock of Gaul approach in amity and lie down beside the—er—national bird, or animal, of Monte Vanco!"

"But—a thousand pardons, Monsieur—my duties——"

At these ominous words a chill ran through the army of defense. His duties! Seizure and occupation, pillage and destruction, the tricolour waving over ruin! Ah, cruel, polished, barefaced tyrant! All cast on Mr. Pengwynne an imploring look. He calmed them with a glance. He answered firmly:

"Sir, all other duties grow pale and small beside this larger one—the proffer of hospitality by one nation, the acceptance by

another. To-night the very stars shall note great doings hereabouts. Lights, music, wine——"

A quiver, at that last word, ran through the dusty Gallic ranks.

"Mars doffs his brass, and—speaking metaphorically—sinks into the lap of Venus."

Major Houppé-Houblonnière pricked up his ears. Gazing round him, in the dusk, at the great circle of interested amateurs, he discerned, here and there, light, shimmering stuffs (like spangled shoulder veils and corsages of golden tissue) that twinkled in vague beauty. Perhaps he remembered the celibatic, craggy fastnesses of Fort Mont Agel and Fort de la Révère. At any rate, he became swiftly and in some subtle manner changed: surely his puttees took on a romantic curve, his long mustaches seemed more killingly curled up, his cap appeared to sit on his head more jauntily, no one could have expanded in a uniform more debonairly than did he. With a glance at his wrist-watch, tenderly he said:

"Monsieur, gentlemen of Monte Vanco, I have not the heart to deny you or ourselves. On this charming occasion let us spare an hour from business to festivity. But—a thousand pardons—allow me. Captain Mésembryanthème!"

A short, burly, bullet-headed young man, wearing mustaches like an inky toothbrush, bounced forward with a clatter, and saluted.

"And Captain Zagaie!"

A lean, melancholy, poetical-looking young man, his chin embellished with a blond virgin beard cut swallowtail, floating toward them made a graceful and languid gesture of acknowledgment.

Then cried Major Houppé-Houblonnière, to the two companies, in a voice like the rasp of a tough plank at the saw-mill:

"Ahumph! Brrumph! Stack arms! Break ranks!"

And, finally, to Mr. Pengwynne, with a total change of manner—that is, ever so gently:

"Sir, France is in your hands."

"Trapped!" hissed Mr. Tuebal in the ear of Monsieur Fripponet. And the two forces, like unacquainted, awkward children smitten with bashfulness, sidling together, mingled warily. A prolonged patter of applause ran round the circle of spectators.

At the bottom of the village street stood the homely but commodious Taverne des Bons Garçons. In a twinkling this retreat was hardly to be seen, for the Maritimes and Monte Vancoans that swarmed round it. While they were struggling in by doors and windows, the coloured lights rippled forth throughout the gardens, and a brass band, occupying the band-stand, with scarcely a preliminary squeak or toot, servilely burst forth with the "Marseillaise." Into the blue velvet sky, rockets thrust graceful lines of fire and flowered gorgeously. The Tzigannes, on the terrace of the Café Superbe, sent forth a Hungarian rhapsody. The palm groves were full of laughter, melody, and handclapping; the Hôtel des Deux Hémisphères buzzed with delighted comment and echoed with the pop of corks; Mr. Pengwynne and Mr. Tuebal were ordering a wonderful dinner for a major and two captains; and, on the deserted lawn, Monsieur Fripponet was feverishly directing the larceny of sixscore stacked rifles.

The air in the Café des Bons Garçons became oppressive; invaders and defenders, clutching bottles and plates, sallied into the open. On the ground, with forks and cups half-raised, they gaped at the fireworks. A concourse of feminine inhabitants, lured out by the uniforms, drew near with the fluttering indecision of inquisitive squirrels. Compliments began to rattle round them. Could these pretty, witty little artillerymen be ogres? Who could preserve a frown or keep a straight face before such cunning rascals?

"*Nom d'un chat*, it was time we came to Monte Vanco!"

"The reason there are no good stars to be seen in these parts, the girls steal them for eyes."

"This is good wine; it lacks just one thing—a kiss between every two sups."

"What tiny waists: you could put your arm round them twice!"

"That music makes one want to shake his heels! What do you say, little pigeon?"

"That's it! A dance!"

And they made a ballroom of the tavern yard. There were not enough girls: part of the artillery danced with the gendarmes and the fire department.

The army of defense now bombarded the invaders with cognac. But, in the exercise of guile, it was necessary to respond to challenges of brandished glasses. The inhabitants of Monte Vanco felt their apprehensions slipping from them; the foreigners appeared each moment more like brothers; embraces became a common spectacle. Excitement banishing, at last, all hereditary

reverence for the well-kept landscape, the principality of Monte Vanco was filled with wild processions—gendarmes (those customary minions of propriety) stamping arm in arm with their foes across the grass, bumping into trees, losing themselves in shrubbery, beyond such obstructions falling into their companions' arms again with the glad cries of long-lost friends, and, locked in some good comrade's embrace, tumbling, with amiable oaths, into the pretty flower-beds. The brass band stuck bravely to its post: the visitors, encouraged by the inhabitants, stormed the band-stand and desired to play all the instruments. A party of artillerymen assumed control of the fireworks; but their technical skill was in some way grievously impaired. With a rocket they set fire to the awnings of the Café Superbe. The fire department, beside itself at finding a genuine cause for being, amid frantic enthusiasm put out the flames, at the same time covering the Tzigannes with a curious chemical solution that turned their red jackets green. Violent words ensued; a slap was delivered; without ado, the 623d Maritimes chased the musicians across the border. The uproar was borne through the windows of the dinner-room in the Hôtel des Deux Hémisphères. That place was in a twitter; excitement had agitated every heart; the waiters ran round like rabbits; even the dishes trembled. Mr. Pengwynne looked attentively at Major Houppé-Houblonnière.

That gallant officer heard nothing; or, rather, all he could hear was a lady in a marvelous pea-green dress, at the next table, who was saying in an aside—but not in too much of an aside:

"Heavens, but that officer is of a distinction!"

At nine o'clock precisely Captain Mésembryanthème perceived at a table across the room a gentleman whose mustache suggested Prussia. Captain Mésembryanthème was with the utmost difficulty dissuaded from crossing the room and pulling this person's nose.

At nine-twenty Captain Zagaie began to recite the poetry of Verlaine. On reaching the line—

"Et, o ces voix d'enfants chantent dans la coupole!"

his face was suddenly convulsed, tears ran down his blond beard cut swallowtail, and he could not by any means be persuaded to continue.

At nine-thirty, Major Houppé-Houblonnière remembered that he had met the lady in the pea-green dress years before, while on a furlough at Trouville.

The noise without was, by this time, like the clamour of a pitched battle. Ruddy lights, invading the dinner-room, made the table candles pale. One would have said that Monte Vanco was in flames.

Mr. Pengwynne touched Mr. Tuebal on the arm. Unobtrusively they rose, and, strolling to the doorway, gazed out for a moment.

The gardens were shot with myriad-coloured sparks; fireworks exploded amid the tall silhouettes of palm trees; the flower-beds blazed out with Bengal lights, and everywhere, against the glare, black figures in long strings were leaping, prancing, twisting. The din rose to the placid firmament.

"Tubby," said Mr. Pengwynne, with a sigh of rapture, "what do you see? I see the rout of Dionysus amid primeval woods. I see the archaic mysteries of Bacchus in old glens, the secret rites of Siva, the dissolute phantasmagoria of all paganry. Those blood-red, deep, infernal fires! What creatures caper round them? And those green sprays of rockets, dropping overhead—are they not like jewels hung on the robes of some vast divinity of overwrought senses, stooping to listen to the ritual of his crazy creatures? That is what I see, Tubby. What do you see?"

"I see to-morrow morning," answered Mr. Tuebal, "and explanations."

Mr. Pengwynne sighed again, and this time sadly.

"Too bad, too bad! Why should there be to-morrows?" Raising his voice he called into the dark, where a huddle of hotel domestics were attentive on the pandemonium:

"Dennis!"

"Sir?"

And a young man servant appeared below the steps.

"Dennis, pack the trunks, strap them on the car, and hunt up the chauffeur. We shall be going presently, when we have finished dinner, toward the Italian line."

He turned again to the convulsed scene. Presently he raised his arm in a gesture of ineffable melancholy.

"Ah, Tubby, the to-morrows! Through the chill dawn they come creeping, swathed in damp gray, like ghosts, with murderous fingers, clutching upon happiness. Oh, that the gray to-morrows should be! Oh, that life might always be to-night!"

The Piece of String

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

IT WAS market-day, and from all the country round Goderville the peasants and their wives were coming toward the town. The men walked slowly, throwing the whole body forward at every step. Their long legs were twisted and deformed by the slow, trying labours of the country:—the work of bending over to plow, which makes their left shoulders too high and their figures crooked; and the labour of reaping corn, which obliges them for steadiness' sake to spread their knees too wide. Their starched blue blouses, shining as though varnished, ornamented at collar and cuffs with little patterns of white stitch-work, and blown up big around their bony bodies, looked very much like balloons about to soar, but putting forth a head, two arms, and two feet.

Some of these fellows dragged a cow or a calf at the end of a rope. And just behind the animal, beating it over the back with a leaf-covered branch to hasten its pace, followed their wives, carrying large baskets out of which protruded the heads of chickens or the heads of ducks. These women walked more lively and quickly than the men; their figures, withered and upright, were adorned with scanty little shawls pinned over their flat bosoms; and they enveloped their heads each in a white cloth, close fastened round the hair and surmounted by a cap.

Now a *char-à-banc* passed by, drawn by a jerky-paced nag. It shook up strangely the two men on the seat. And the woman at the bottom of the cart held fast to its sides to lessen the hard joltings.

In the market-place at Goderville was a great crowd, a mingled multitude of men and beasts. The horns of cattle, the high and long-napped hats of wealthy peasants, the head-dresses of the women, came to the surface of that sea. And voices clamorous, sharp, shrill, made a continuous and savage din. Above it a huge burst of laughter from the sturdy lungs of a merry peasant would sometimes sound, and sometimes a long bellow from a cow tied fast to the wall of a house.

It all smelled of the stable, of milk, of hay, and of perspiration, giving off that half-human, half-animal odour which is peculiar to the men of the fields.

Maître Hauchecorne, of Bréauté, had just arrived at Goderville, and was taking his way toward the square, when he perceived on the ground a little piece of string. Maître Hauchecorne, economical, like all true Normans, reflected that everything was worth picking up which could be of any use; and he stooped down—but painfully, because he suffered from rheumatism. He took the bit of thin string from the ground, and was carefully preparing to roll it up when he saw Maître Malandain, the harness-maker, on his door-step, staring at him. They had once had a quarrel about a halter, and they had remained angry, bearing malice on both sides. Maître Hauchecorne was overcome with a sort of shame at being seen by his enemy looking in the dirt so for a bit of string. He quickly hid it beneath his blouse in the pocket of his breeches; then pretended to be still looking for something on the ground which he did not discover; finally went off toward the market-place, with his head bent forward, and a body almost doubled in two by rheumatic pains.

He lost himself immediately in the crowd, which was clamorous, slow, and agitated by interminable bargains. The peasants examined the cows, went off, came back, always in great perplexity and fear of being cheated, never quite daring to decide, looking askance at the seller, trying ceaselessly to discover the tricks of the man and the defect in the beast.

The women, having placed their great baskets at their feet, had pulled out the poultry, which lay upon the ground, tied by the legs, with scared eyes and scarlet combs.

They listened to propositions, maintaining their prices, with a dry manner, with an impassible face; or, suddenly, perhaps, deciding to take the lower price which was offered, they cried out to the customer, who was starting to go away:

"All right, I'll let you have them, Maît' Anthime."

Then, little by little, the square became empty, and when the *Angelus* struck midday, those who lived at a distance poured into the inns.

At Jourdain's the great room was filled with eaters, just as the vast court was filled with vehicles of every sort—wagons, gigs, *char-à-bancs*, tilburys, tilt-carts which have no name, yellow with mud, misshapen, pieced together, raising their shafts to heaven like two arms, or it may be with their nose in the dirt and their rear in the air.

Just opposite to where the diners were at table the huge fireplace, full of clear flame, threw a lively heat on the backs of those who sat along the right. Three spits were turning, loaded with chickens, with pigeons, and with joints of mutton; and a delectable odour of roast meat, and of gravy flowing over crisp brown skin, took wing from the hearth, kindled merriment, caused mouths to water.

All the aristocracy of the plow were eating there, at Maît' Jourdain's, the innkeeper's, a dealer in horses also, and a sharp fellow who had made a great deal of money in his day.

The dishes were passed round, were emptied, with jugs of yellow cider. Every one told of his affairs, of his purchases and his sales. They asked news about the crops. The weather was good for green stuffs, but too wet for wheat.

Suddenly the drum rolled in the court before the house. Every one, except some of the most indifferent, was on his feet at once, and ran to the door, to the windows, with his mouth still full and his napkin in his hand.

When the public crier had finished his tattoo he called forth in a jerky voice, making his pauses out of time:

"Let it be known to the inhabitants of Goderville, and in general to all—persons present at the market, that there has been lost this morning, on the Beuzeville road, between—nine and ten o'clock, a black leather pocket-book, containing five hundred francs and business papers. You are requested to return it—to the mayor's office, at once, or to Maître Fortuné Houlbrèque, of Manneville. There will be twenty francs reward."

Then the man went away. They heard once more at a distance the dull beatings on the drum and the faint voice of the crier. They began to talk of this event, reckoning up the chances which Maître Houlbrèque had of finding or of not finding his pocket-book again.

The meal went on. They were finishing their coffee when the corporal of gendarmes appeared on the threshold.

He asked:

"Is Maître Hauchecorne, of Bréauté, here?"

Maître Hauchecorne, seated at the other end of the table, answered:

"Here I am."

And the corporal resumed:

"Maître Hauchecorne, will you have the kindness to come with me to the mayor's office? Monsieur le Maire would like to speak to you."

The peasant, surprised and uneasy, gulped down his little glass of cognac, got up, and, even worse bent over than in the morning, since the first steps after a rest were always particularly difficult, started off, repeating:

"Here I am, here I am."

And he followed the corporal.

The mayor was waiting for him, seated in an armchair. He was the notary of the place, a tall, grave man of pompous speech.

"Maître Hauchecorne," said he, "this morning, on the Beuzeville road, you were seen to pick up the pocket-book lost by Maître Houlbrèque, of Manneville."

The countryman, speechless, regarded the mayor, frightened already by this suspicion which rested on him he knew not why.

"I—I picked up that pocket-book?"

"Yes, you."

"I swear I don't even know nothing about it at all."

"You were seen."

"They saw me, me? Who is that who saw me?"

"Monsieur Malandain, the harness-maker."

Then the old man remembered, understood, and, reddening with anger:

"Ah! he saw me, did he, the rascal? He saw me picking up this string here, M'sieu' le Maire."

And, fumbling at the bottom of his

pocket, he pulled out of it the little end of string.

But the mayor incredulously shook his head:

"You will not make me believe, Maître Hauchecorne, that Monsieur Malandain, a man worthy of credit, has mistaken this string for a pocket-book."

The peasant, furious, raised his hand and spit as if to attest his good faith, repeating:

"For all that, it is the truth of the good God, the blessed truth, M'sieu' le Maire. There! on my soul and my salvation I repeat it."

The mayor continued:

"After you picked up the thing in question, you even looked for some time in the mud to see if a piece of money had not dropped out of it."

The good man was suffocated with indignation and with fear:

"If they can say!—if they can say . . . such lies as that to slander an honest man! If they can say!—"

He might protest, he was not believed.

He was confronted with M. Malandain, who repeated and sustained his testimony. They railed at one another for an hour. At his own request Maître Hauchecorne was searched. Nothing was found upon him.

At last, the mayor, much perplexed, sent him away, warning him that he would inform the public prosecutor, and ask for orders.

The news had spread. When he left the mayor's office, the old man was surrounded, interrogated with a curiosity which was serious or mocking as the case might be, but into which no indignation entered. And he began to tell the story of the string. They did not believe him. They laughed.

He passed on, button-holed by every one, himself button-holing his acquaintances, beginning over and over again his tale and his protestations, showing his pockets turned inside out to prove that he had nothing.

They said to him:

"You old rogue, go!"

And he grew angry, exasperated, feverish, in despair at not being believed, and always telling his story.

The night came. It was time to go home. He left with three of his neighbours, to whom he pointed out the place where he had picked up the string; and all the way he talked of his adventure.

That evening he made the round in the village of Bréauté, for the purpose of telling every one. He met only unbelievers.

He brooded over it all night long.

The next day, about one in the afternoon, Marius Paumelle, a farm hand of Maître Breton, the market-gardener at Ymauville, returned the pocket-book and its entire contents to Maître Houlbrèque. of Manneville.

This man said, indeed, that he had found it on the road; but, not knowing how to read, he had carried it home and given it to his master.

The news spread to the environs. Maître Hauchecorne was informed. He put himself at once upon the alert and began to relate his story as completed by the *dénouement*. He triumphed.

"What grieved me," said he, "was not the thing itself, do you understand; but it was the lies. There's nothing does you so much harm as being in disgrace for lying."

All day he talked of his adventure, he told it on the roads to the people who passed; at the wine-shop to the people who drank; and the next Sunday, when they came out of church. He even stopped strangers to tell them about it. He was easy, now, and yet something worried him without his knowing exactly what it was. People had a joking manner while they listened. They did not seem convinced. He seemed to feel their small talk behind his back.

On Tuesday of the next week he went to market at Goderville, prompted entirely by the need of telling his story.

Malandain, standing on his door-step began to laugh as he saw him pass. Why?

He accosted a farmer of Criquetot, who did not let him finish, and, giving him a punch in the pit of his stomach, cried in his face: "Oh, you great rogue, go!" Then turned his heel upon him.

Maître Hauchecorne remained speechless, and grew more and more uneasy. Why had they called him "great rogue"?

When seated at table in Jourdain's tavern he began again to explain the whole affair.

A horse-dealer of Montivilliers shouted at him:

"Get out, get out, you old scamp; I know all about your string!"

Hauchecorne stammered:

"But since they found it again, the pocket-book——!"

But the other continued:

"Hold your tongue, daddy; there's one

who finds it, and there's another who returns it. And no one the wiser."

The peasant was choked. He understood at last. They accused him of having had the pocket-book brought back by an accomplice, by a confederate.

He tried to protest. The whole table began to laugh.

He could not finish his dinner, and went away amid a chorus of jeers.

He went home, indignant, choked with rage, with confusion, the more cast down since, from his Norman cunning, he was, perhaps, capable of having done what they accused him of, and even of boasting of it as a good trick. His innocence dimly seemed to him impossible to prove, his craftiness being so well known. He felt himself struck to the heart by the injustice of the suspicion.

He began anew to tell of his adventure, lengthening his recital every day, each time adding new proofs, more energetic declarations, and more sacred oaths which he thought of, which he prepared in his hours of solitude, for his mind was entirely occupied with the story of the string. The more complicated his defense, the more artful his arguments, the less he was believed.

"Those are liars' proofs," they said behind his back.

He felt this, for it preyed upon his heart. He exhausted himself in useless efforts.

He was visibly wasting away.

The jokers now made him tell the story of "The Piece of String" to amuse them, just as you make a soldier who has been on a campaign tell his story of the battle. His mind kept growing weaker, and about the end of December he took to his bed.

He passed away early in January, and, in the ravings of the death-agony, he protested his innocence, repeating:

"A little bit of string—a little bit of string—see, here it is, M'sieu' le Maire."

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

COME live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
An if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

"Reply" By SIR WALTER RALEIGH

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All those in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

The Blue Hotel

By STEPHEN CRANE

THE Palace Hotel at Fort Romper was painted a light blue, a shade that is on the legs of a kind of heron, causing the bird to declare its position against any background. The Palace Hotel, then, was always screaming and howling in a way that made the dazzling winter landscape of Nebraska seem only a gray swampish hush. It stood alone on the prairie, and when the snow was falling, the town two hundred yards away was not visible. But when the traveler alighted at the railway station he was obliged to pass the Palace Hotel before he could come upon the company of low clapboard houses which composed Fort Romper, and it was not to be thought that any traveler could pass the Palace Hotel without looking at it. Pat Scully, the proprietor, had proved himself a master of strategy when he chose his paints. It is true that on clear days, when the great transcontinental expresses, long lines of swaying Pullmans, swept through Fort Romper, passengers were overcome at the sight, and the cult that knows the brown-reds and the subdivisions of the dark greens of the East, expressed shame, pity, horror, in a laugh. But to the citizens of this prairie town and to the people who would naturally stop there, Pat Scully had performed a feat. With this opulence and splendour, these creeds, classes, egotisms, that streamed through Romper on the rails day after day, they had no colour in common.

As if the displayed delights of such a blue hotel were not sufficiently enticing, it was Scully's habit to go every morning and evening to meet the leisurely trains that stopped at Romper and work his seductions upon any man that he might see wavering, gripsack in hand.

One morning, when a snow-crusted engine dragged its long string of freight cars and its one passenger coach to the station, Scully performed the marvel of catching three men. One was a shaky and quick-eyed Swede, with a great shining cheap valise; one was a tall bronzed cowboy, who was on his way to a ranch near the Dakota line; one was a little silent man from the East, who didn't look it, and didn't announce it. Scully practically made them prisoners. He was so nimble and merry and kindly that each probably felt it would be the height of brutality to try to escape. They trudged off over the creaking board sidewalks in the wake of the eager little Irishman. He wore a heavy fur cap squeezed tightly down on his head. It caused his two red ears to stick out stiffly, as if they were made of tin.

At last, Scully, elaborately, with boisterous hospitality, conducted them through the portals of the blue hotel. The room which they entered was small. It seemed to be merely a proper temple for an enormous stove, which, in the center, was humming with godlike violence. At various points on its surface the iron had become luminous and glowed yellow from the heat. Beside the stove, Scully's son Johnnie was playing High-Five with an old farmer who had whiskers both gray and sandy. They were quarreling. Frequently the old farmer turned his face towards a box of sawdust—coloured brown from tobacco juice—that was behind the stove, and spat with an air of great impatience and irritation. With a loud flourish of words Scully destroyed the game of cards, and bustled his son up-stairs with part of the baggage of the new guests. He himself conducted them to three basins of the coldest water in the world. The cowboy and the Easterner burnished themselves fiery-red with this water, until it seemed to be some kind of a metal polish. The Swede, however, merely dipped his fingers gingerly and with trepidation. It

was notable that throughout this series of small ceremonies the three travelers were made to feel that Scully was very benevolent. He was conferring great favours upon them. He handed the towel from one to the other with an air of philanthropic impulse.

Afterwards they went to the first room, and, sitting about the stove, listened to Scully's officious clamour at his daughters, who were preparing the mid-day meal. They reflected in the silence of experienced men who tread carefully amid new people. Nevertheless, the old farmer, stationary, invincible in his chair near the warmest part of the stove, turned his face from the sawdust box frequently and addressed a glowing commonplace to the strangers. Usually he was answered in short but adequate sentences by either the cowboy or the Easterner. The Swede said nothing. He seemed to be occupied in making furtive estimates of each man in the room. One might have thought that he had the sense of silly suspicion which comes to guilt. He resembled a badly frightened man.

Later, at dinner, he spoke a little, addressing his conversation entirely to Scully. He volunteered that he had come from New York, where for ten years he had worked as a tailor. These facts seemed to strike Scully as fascinating, and afterwards he volunteered that he had lived at Romper for fourteen years. The Swede asked about the crops and the price of labour. He seemed barely to listen to Scully's extended replies. His eyes continued to rove from man to man.

Finally, with a laugh and a wink, he said that some of these Western communities were very dangerous; and after his statement he straightened his legs under the table, tilted his head, and laughed again, loudly. It was plain that the demonstration had no meaning to the others. They looked at him wondering and in silence.

II

As the men trooped heavily back into the front-room, the two little windows presented views of a turmoiling sea of snow. The huge arms of the wind were making attempts—mighty, circular, futile—to embrace the flakes as they sped. A gate-post like a still man with a blanched face stood aghast amid this profligate fury. In a hearty voice Scully announced the presence of a blizzard. The guests of the blue hotel, lighting their pipes, assented with grunts of lazy masculine contentment. No island of the sea could be exempt in the degree of this little room with its humming stove. Johnnie, son of Scully, in a tone which defined his opinion of his ability as a card-player, challenged the old farmer of both gray and sandy whiskers to a game of High-Five. The farmer agreed with a contemptuous and bitter scoff. They sat close to the stove, and squared their knees under a wide board. The cowboy and the Easterner watched the game with interest. The Swede remained near the window, aloof, but with a countenance that showed signs of an inexplicable excitement.

The play of Johnnie and the gray-beard was suddenly ended by another quarrel. The old man arose while casting a look of heated scorn at his adversary. He slowly buttoned his coat, and then stalked with fabulous dignity from the room. In the discreet silence of all other men the Swede laughed. His laughter rang somehow childish. Men by this time had begun to look at him askance, as if they wished to inquire what ailed him.

A new game was formed jocosely. The cowboy volunteered to become the partner of Johnnie, and they all then turned to ask the Swede to throw in his lot with the little Easterner. He asked some questions about the game, and, learning that it wore many names, and that he had played it when it was under an alias, he accepted the invitation. He strode toward the men nervously, as if he expected to be assaulted. Finally, seated, he gazed from face to face and laughed shrilly. This laugh was so strange that the Easterner looked up quickly, the cowboy sat intent and with his mouth open, and Johnnie paused, holding the cards with still fingers.

Afterwards there was a short silence. Then Johnnie said, "Well, let's get at it. Come on now!" They pulled their chairs forward until their knees were bunched under the board. They began to play, and their interest in the game caused the others to forget the manner of the Swede.

The cowboy was a board-whacker. Each time that he held superior cards he whanged them, one by one, with exceeding force, down upon the improvised table, and took the tricks with a glowing air of prowess and pride that sent thrills of indignation into the hearts of his opponents. A game with a board-whacker in it is sure to become intense. The countenances of the Easterner and the Swede were miserable whenever the cowboy thundered down his aces and kings,

while Johnnie, his eyes gleaming with joy, chuckled and chuckled.

Because of the absorbing play none considered the strange ways of the Swede. They paid strict heed to the game. Finally, during a lull caused by a new deal, the Swede suddenly addressed Johnnie: "I suppose there have been a good many men killed in this room." The jaws of the others dropped and they looked at him.

"What in hell are you talking about?" said Johnnie.

The Swede laughed again his blatant laugh, full of a kind of false courage and defiance. "Oh, you know what I mean all right," he answered.

"I'm a liar if I do!" Johnnie protested. The card was halted, and the men stared at the Swede. Johnnie evidently felt that as the son of the proprietor he should make a direct inquiry. "Now, what might you be drivin' at, mister?" he asked. The Swede winked at him. It was a wink full of cunning. His fingers shook on the edge of the board. "Oh, maybe you think I have been to nowheres. Maybe you think I'm a tenderfoot?"

"I don't know nothin' about you," answered Johnnie, "and I don't give a damn where you've been. All I got to say is that I don't know what you're driving at. There hain't never been nobody killed in this room."

The cowboy, who had been steadily gazing at the Swede, then spoke: "What's wrong with you, mister?"

Apparently it seemed to the Swede that he was formidably menaced. He shivered and turned white near the corners of his mouth. He sent an appealing glance in the direction of the little Easterner. During these moments he did not forget to wear his air of advanced pot-valour. "They say they don't know what I mean," he remarked mockingly to the Easterner.

The latter answered after prolonged and cautious reflection. "I don't understand you," he said, impassively.

The Swede made a movement then which announced that he thought he had encountered treachery from the only quarter where he had expected sympathy, if not help. "Oh, I see you are all against me. I see——"

The cowboy was in a state of deep stupefaction. "Say," he cried, as he tumbled the deck violently down upon the board, "—say, what are you gittin' at, hey?"

The Swede sprang up with the celerity of a man escaping from a snake on the floor. "I don't want to fight!" he shouted. "I don't want to fight!"

The cowboy stretched his long legs indolently and deliberately. His hands were in his pockets. He spat into the sawdust box. "Well, who the hell thought you did?" he inquired.

The Swede backed rapidly toward a corner of the room. His hands were out protectingly in front of his chest, but he was making an obvious struggle to control his fright. "Gentlemen," he quavered, "I suppose I am going to be killed before I can leave this house!" In his eyes was the dying-swan look. Through the windows could be seen the snow turning blue in the shadow of dusk. The wind tore at the house and some loose thing beat regularly against the clap-boards like a spirit tapping.

A door opened; and Scully himself entered. He paused in surprise as he noted the tragic attitude of the Swede. Then he said, "What's the matter here?"

The Swede answered him swiftly and eagerly: "These men are going to kill me."

"Kill you!" ejaculated Scully. "Kill you! What are you talkin'?"

The Swede made the gesture of a martyr.

Scully wheeled sternly upon his son. "What is this, Johnnie?"

The lad had grown sullen. "Damned if I know," he answered. "I can't make no sense to it." He began to shuffle the cards, fluttering them together with an angry snap. "He says a good many men have been killed in this room, or something like that. And he says he's goin' to be killed here too. I don't know what ails him. He's crazy, I shouldn't wonder."

Scully then looked for explanation to the cowboy, but the cowboy simply shrugged his shoulders.

"Kill you?" said Scully again to the Swede. "Kill you? Man, you're off your nut."

"Oh, I know," burst out the Swede. "I know what will happen. Yes, I'm crazy—yes. Yes, of course, I'm crazy—yes. But I know one thing—" There was a sort of sweat of misery and terror upon his face. "I know I won't get out of here alive."

The cowboy drew a deep breath, as if his mind was passing into the last stages of dissolution. "Well, I'm dog-goned," he whispered to himself.

Scully wheeled suddenly and faced his son. "You've been troublin' this man!"

Johnnie's voice was loud with its burden of grievance. "Why, good Gawd, I ain't done nothin' to 'im."

The Swede broke in. "Gentlemen, do not disturb yourselves. I will leave this house. I will go away because"—he accused them dramatically with his glance —"because I do not want to be killed."

Scully was furious with his son. "Will you tell me what is the matter, you young divil? What's the matter, anyhow? Speak out!"

"Blame it!" cried Johnnie in despair, "don't I tell you I don't know. He—he says we want to kill him, and that's all I know. I can't tell what ails him."

The Swede continued to repeat: "Never mind, Mr. Scully; never mind. I will leave this house. I will go away, because I do not wish to be killed. Yes, of course, I am crazy—yes. But I know one thing! I will go away. I will leave this house. Never mind, Mr. Scully; never mind. I will go away."

"You will not go 'way," said Scully. "You will not go 'way until I hear the reason of this business. If anybody has troubled you I will take care of him. This is my house. You are under my roof, and I will not allow any peaceable man to be troubled here." He cast a terrible eye upon Johnnie, the cowboy, and the Easterner.

"Never mind, Mr. Scully; never mind. I will go away. I do not wish to be killed." The Swede moved toward the door, which opened upon the stairs. It was evidently his intention to go at once for his baggage.

"No, no," shouted Scully peremptorily; but the white-faced man slid by him and disappeared. "Now," said Scully severely, "what does this mane?"

Johnnie and the cowboy cried together: "Why, we didn't do nothin' to 'im!"

Scully's eyes were cold. "No," he said, "you didn't?"

Johnnie swore a deep oath. "Why, this is the wildest loon I ever see. We didn't do nothin' at all. We were jest sittin' here playin' cards, and he——"

The father suddenly spoke to the Easterner. "Mr. Blanc," he asked, "what has these boys been doin'?"

The Easterner reflected again. "I didn't see anything wrong at all," he said at last, slowly.

Scully began to howl. "But what does it mane?" He stared ferociously at his son. "I have a mind to lather you for this, me boy."

Johnnie was frantic. "Well, what have I done?" he bawled at his father.

III

"I THINK you are tongue-tied," said Scully finally to his son, the cowboy, and the Easterner; and at the end of this scornful sentence he left the room.

Upstairs the Swede was swiftly fastening the straps of his great valise. Once his back happened to be half turned toward the door and, hearing a noise there, he wheeled and sprang up, uttering a loud cry. Scully's wrinkled visage showed grimly in the light of the small lamp he carried. This yellow effulgence, streaming upward, coloured only his prominent features, and left his eyes, for instance, in mysterious shadow. He resembled a murderer.

"Man! man!" he exclaimed, "have you gone daffy?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" rejoined the other. "There are people in this world who know pretty nearly as much as you do—understand?"

For a moment they stood gazing at each other. Upon the Swede's deathly pale cheeks were two spots brightly crimson and sharply edged, as if they had been carefully painted. Scully placed the light on the table and sat himself on the edge of the bed. He spoke ruminatively. "By cracky, I never heard of such a thing in my life. It's a complete muddle. I can't, for the soul of me, think how you ever got this idea into your head." Presently he lifted his eyes and asked: "And did you sure think they were going to kill you?"

The Swede scanned the old man as if he wished to see into his mind. "I did," he said at last. He obviously suspected that this answer might precipitate an outbreak. As he pulled on a strap his whole arm shook, the elbow wavering like a bit of paper.

Scully banged his hand impressively on the foot-board of the bed. "Why, man, we're goin' to have a line of ilictric street-cars in this town next spring."

"'A line of electric street-cars,'" repeated the Swede, stupidly.

"And," said Scully, "there's a new railroad goin' to be built down from Broken Arm to here. Not to mintion the four churches and the smashin' big brick schoolhouse. Then there's the big factory, too. Why, in two year Romper'll be a met-tro-*pol*-is."

Having finished the preparation of his baggage, the Swede straightened himself. "Mr. Scully," he said, with sudden hardihood, "how much do I owe you?"

"You don't owe me anythin'," said the old man, angrily.

"Yes, I do," retorted the Swede. He took seventy-five cents from his pocket and tendered it to Scully; but the latter snapped his fingers in disdainful refusal. However, it happened that they both stood gazing in a strange fashion at three silver pieces on the Swede's open palm.

"I'll not take your money," said Scully at last. "Not after what's been goin' on here." Then a plan seemed to strike him. "Here," he cried, picking up his lamp and moving toward the door. "Here! Come with me a minute."

"No," said the Swede, in overwhelming alarm.

"Yes," urged the old man. "Come on! I want you to come and see a picter—just across the hall—in my room."

The Swede must have concluded that his hour was come. His jaw dropped and his teeth showed like a dead man's. He ultimately followed Scully across the corridor, but he had the step of one hung in chains.

Scully flashed the light high on the wall of his own chamber. There was revealed a ridiculous photograph of a little girl. She was leaning against a balustrade of gorgeous decoration, and the formidable bang to her hair was prominent. The figure was as graceful as an upright sled-stake, and, withal, it was of the hue of lead. "There," said Scully, tenderly, "that's the picter of my little girl that died. Her name was Carrie. She had the purtiest hair you ever saw! I was that fond of her, she——"

Turning then, he saw that the Swede was not contemplating the picture at all, but, instead, was keeping keen watch on the gloom in the rear.

"Look, man!" cried Scully, heartily. "That's the picter of my little gal that died. Her name was Carrie. And then here's the picter of my oldest boy, Michael. He's a lawyer in Lincoln, an' doin' well. I gave that boy a grand eddycation, and I'm glad for it now. He's a fine boy. Look at 'im now. Ain't he bold as blazes, him there in Lincoln, an honoured an' respicted gintleman? An honoured an' respicted gintleman," concluded Scully with a flourish. And, so saying, he smote the Swede jovially on the back.

The Swede faintly smiled.

"Now," said the old man, "there's only one more thing." He dropped suddenly to the floor and thrust his head beneath the bed. The Swede could hear his muffled voice. "I'd keep it under me piller if it wasn't for that boy Johnnie. Then there's the old woman— Where is it now? I never put it twice in the same place. Ah, now come out with you!"

Presently he backed clumsily from under the bed, dragging with him an old coat rolled into a bundle. "I've fetched him," he muttered. Kneeling on the floor, he unrolled the coat and extracted from its heart a large yellow-brown whiskey bottle.

His first maneuver was to hold the bottle up to the light. Reassured, apparently, that nobody had been tampering with it, he thrust it with a generous movement toward the Swede.

The weak-kneed Swede was about to eagerly clutch this element of strength, but he suddenly jerked his hand away and cast a look of horror upon Scully.

"Drink," said the old man affectionately. He had risen to his feet, and now stood facing the Swede.

There was a silence. Then again Scully said: "Drink!"

The Swede laughed wildly. He grabbed the bottle, put it to his mouth, and as his lips curled absurdly around the opening and his throat worked, he kept his glance, burning with hatred, upon the old man's face.

IV

After the departure of Scully the three men, with the card-board still upon their knees, preserved for a long time an astounded silence. Then Johnnie said: "That's the dod-dangest Swede I ever see."

"He ain't no Swede," said the cowboy, scornfully.

"Well, what is he, then?" cried Johnnie. "What is he, then?"

"It's my opinion," replied the cowboy deliberately, "he's some kind of a Dutchman." It was a venerable custom of the country to entitle as Swedes all light-haired men who spoke with a heavy tongue. In consequence, the idea of the cowboy was not without its daring. "Yes, sir," he repeated. "It's my opinion this feller is some kind of a Dutchman."

"Well, he says he's a Swede, anyhow," muttered Johnnie sulkily. He turned to the Easterner: "What do you think, Mr. Blanc?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the Easterner.

"Well, what do you think makes him act that way?" asked the cowboy.

"Why, he's frightened." The Easterner knocked his pipe against a rim of the stove. "He's clear frightened out of his boots."

"What at?" cried Johnnie and cowboy together.

The Easterner reflected over his answer.

"What at?" cried the others again.

"Oh, I don't know, but it seems to me this man has been reading dime-novels, and he thinks he's right out in the middle of it—the shootin' and stabbin' and all."

"But," said the cowboy, deeply scandalized, "this ain't Wyoming, ner none of them places. This is Nebrasker."

"Yes," added Johnnie, "an' why don't he wait till he gits *out West?*"

The traveled Easterner laughed. "It isn't different there, even—not in these days. But he thinks he's right in the middle of hell."

Johnnie and the cowboy mused long.

"It's awful funny," remarked Johnnie at last.

"Yes," said the cowboy. "This is a queer game. I hope we don't git snowed in, because then we'd have to stand this here man bein' around with us all the time. That wouldn't be no good."

"I wish Pop would throw him out," said Johnnie.

Presently they heard a loud stamping on the stairs, accompanied by ringing jokes in the voice of old Scully, and laughter, evidently from the Swede. The men around the stove stared vacantly at each other. "Gosh!" said the cowboy. The door flew open, and old Scully, flushed and anecdotal, came into the room. He was jabbering at the Swede, who followed him, laughing bravely. It was the entry of two roisterers from a banquet-hall.

"Come now," said Scully sharply to the three seated men, "move up and give us a chance at the stove." The cowboy and the Easterner obediently sidled their chairs to make room for the newcomers. Johnnie however, simply arranged himself in a more indolent attitude, and then remained motionless.

"Come! Git over, there," said Scully.

"Plenty of room on the other side of the stove," said Johnnie.

"Do you think we want to sit in the draught?" roared the father.

But the Swede here interposed with a grandeur of confidence. "No, no. Let the boy sit where he likes," he cried in a bullying voice to the father.

"All right! All right!" said Scully, deferentially. The cowboy and the Easterner exchanged glances of wonder.

The five chairs were formed in a crescent about one side of the stove. The Swede began to talk; he talked arrogantly, profanely, angrily. Johnnie, the cowboy, and the Easterner maintained a morose silence, while old Scully appeared to be receptive and eager, breaking in constantly with sympathetic ejaculations.

Finally the Swede announced that he was thirsty. He moved in his chair, and said that he would go for a drink of water.

"I'll git it for you," cried Scully at once.

"No," said the Swede, contemptuously. "I'll get it for myself." He arose and stalked with the air of an owner off into the executive parts of the hotel.

As soon as the Swede was out of hearing Scully sprang to his feet and whispered intensely to the others: "Upstairs he thought I was tryin' to poison 'im."

"Say," said Johnnie, "this makes me sick. Why don't you throw 'im out in the snow?"

"Why, he's all right now," declared Scully. "It was only that he was from the East, and he thought this was a tough place. That's all. He's all right now."

The cowboy looked with admiration upon the Easterner. "You were straight," he said. "You were on to that there Dutchman."

"Well," said Johnnie to his father, "he may be all right now, but I don't see it. Other time he was scared, but now he's too fresh."

Scully's speech was always a combination of Irish brogue and idiom, Western twang and idiom, and scraps of curiously formal diction taken from the story-books and newspapers. He now hurled a strange mass of language at the head of his son. "What do I keep? What do I keep? What do I keep?" he demanded, in a voice of thunder. He slapped his knee impressively, to indicate that he himself was going to make reply, and that all should heed. "I keep a hotel," he shouted. "A hotel, do you mind? A guest under my roof has sacred privileges. He is to be intimidated by none. Not one word shall he hear that would prijudice him in favour of goin' away. I'll not have it. There's no place in this here town where they can say they iver took in a guest of mine because he was afraid to stay here." He wheeled suddenly upon the cowboy and the Easterner. "Am I right?"

"Yes, Mr. Scully," said the cowboy, "I think you're right."

"Yes, Mr. Scully," said the Easterner, "I think you're right."

V

At six o'clock supper, the Swede fizzed like a fire-wheel. He sometimes seemed on the point of bursting into riotous song, and in all his madness he was encouraged by old Scully. The Easterner was incased in reserve; the cowboy sat in wide-mouthed amazement, forgetting to eat, while Johnnie wrathily demolished great plates of food. The daughters of the house, when they were obliged to replenish the biscuits, approached as warily as Indians, and, having succeeded in their purpose, fled with ill-concealed trepidation. The Swede domineered the whole feast, and he gave it the appearance of a cruel bacchanal. He seemed to have grown suddenly taller; he gazed, brutally disdainful, into every face. His voice rang through the room. Once when he jabbed out harpoon-fashion with his fork to pinion a biscuit, the weapon nearly impaled the hand of the Easterner which had been stretched quietly out for the same biscuit.

After supper, as the men filed toward the other room, the Swede smote Scully ruthlessly on the shoulder. "Well, old boy, that was a good, square meal." Johnnie looked hopefully at his father; he knew that shoulder was tender from an old fall; and, indeed, it appeared for a moment as if Scully was going to flame out over the matter, but in the end he smiled a sickly smile and remained silent. The others understood from his manner that he was admitting his responsibility for the Swede's new view-point.

Johnnie, however, addressed his parent in an aside. "Why don't you license somebody to kick you down-stairs?" Scully scowled darkly by way of reply.

When they were gathered about the stove, the Swede insisted on another game of High-Five. Scully gently deprecated the plan at first, but the Swede turned a wolfish glare upon him. The old man subsided, and the Swede canvassed the others. In his tone there was always a great threat. The cowboy and the Easterner both remarked indifferently that they would play. Scully said that he would presently have to go to meet the 6.58 train, and so the Swede turned menacingly upon Johnnie. For a moment their glances crossed like blades, and then Johnnie smiled and said, "Yes, I'll play."

They formed a square, with the little board on their knees. The Easterner and the Swede were again partners. As the play went on, it was noticeable that the cowboy was not board-whacking as usual. Meanwhile, Scully, near the lamp, had put on his spectacles and, with an appearance curiously like an old priest, was reading a newspaper. In time he went out to meet the 6.58 train, and, despite his precautions, a gust of polar wind whirled into the room as he opened the door. Besides scattering the cards, it chilled the players to the marrow. The Swede cursed frightfully. When Scully returned, his entrance disturbed a cozy and friendly scene. The Swede again cursed. But presently they were once more intent, their heads bent forward and their hands moving swiftly. The Swede had adopted the fashion of board-whacking.

Scully took up his paper and for a long time remained immersed in matters which were extraordinarily remote from him. The lamp burned badly, and once he stopped to adjust the wick. The newspaper, as he turned from page to page, rustled with a slow and comfortable sound. Then suddenly he heard three terrible words! "You are cheatin'!"

Such scenes often prove that there can be little of dramatic import in environment. Any room can present a tragic front; any room can be comic. This little den was now hideous as a torture-chamber. The new faces of the men themselves had changed it upon the instant. The Swede held a huge fist in front of Johnnie's face, while the latter looked steadily over it into the blazing orbs of his accuser. The Easterner had grown pallid; the cowboy's jaw had dropped in that expression of bovine amazement which was one of his important mannerisms. After the three words, the first sound in the room was made by Scully's paper as it floated forgotten to his feet. His spectacles had also fallen from his nose, but by a clutch he had saved them in air. His hand, grasping the spectacles, now remained poised awkwardly and near his shoulder. He stared at the card-players.

Probably the silence was while a second elapsed. Then, if the floor had been suddenly twitched out from under the men they could not have moved quicker. The five had projected themselves headlong toward a common point. It happened that Johnnie, in rising to hurl himself upon the Swede, had stumbled slightly because of his curiously instinctive care for the cards and the board. The loss of the moment allowed time for the arrival of

Scully, and also allowed the cowboy time to give the Swede a great push which sent him staggering back. The men found tongue together, and hoarse shouts of rage, appeal, or fear burst from every throat. The cowboy pushed and jostled feverishly at the Swede, and the Easterner and Scully clung wildly to Johnnie; but, through the smoky air, above the swaying bodies of the peace-compellers, the eyes of the two warriors ever sought each other in glances of challenge that were at once hot and steely.

Of course, the board had been overturned, and now the whole company of cards was scattered over the floor, where the boots of the men trampled the fat and painted kings and queens as they gazed with their silly eyes at the war that was waging above them.

Scully's voice was dominating the yens. "Stop now! Stop, I say! Stop, now——"

Johnnie, as he struggled to burst through the rank formed by Scully and the Easterner, was crying, "Well, he says I cheated! He says I cheated! I won't allow no man to say I cheated! If he says I cheated, he's a—— ——!"

The cowboy was telling the Swede, "Quit, now! Quit, d'ye hear——"

The screams of the Swede never ceased: "He did cheat! I saw him! I saw him——"

As for the Easterner, he was importuning in a voice that was not heeded: "Wait a moment, can't you? Oh, wait a moment. What's the good of a fight over a game of cards? Wait a moment——"

In this tumult no complete sentences were clear. "Cheat"—"Quit"—"He says"—these fragments pierced the uproar and rang out sharply. It was remarkable that, whereas Scully undoubtedly made the most noise, he was the least heard of any of the riotous band.

Then suddenly there was a great cessation. It was as if each man had paused for breath; and although the room was still lighted with the anger of men, it could be seen that there was no danger of immediate conflict, and at once Johnnie, shouldering his way forward, almost succeeded in confronting the Swede. "What did you say I cheated for? What did you say I cheated for? I don't cheat, and I won't let no man say I do!"

The Swede said, "I saw you! I saw you!"

"Well," cried Johnnie, "I'll fight any man who says I cheat!"

"No, you won't," said the cowboy. "Not here."

"Ah, be still, can't you?" said Scully, coming between them.

The quiet was sufficient to allow the Easterner's voice to be heard. He was repeating, "Oh, wait a moment, can't you? What's the good of a fight over a game of cards? Wait a moment!"

Johnnie, his red face appearing above his father's shoulder, hailed the Swede again: "Did you say I cheated?"

The Swede showed his teeth. "Yes."

"Then," said Johnnie, "we must fight."

"Yes, fight," roared the Swede. He was like a demoniac. "Yes, fight! I'll show you what kind of a man I am! I'll show you who you want to fight! Maybe you think I can't fight! Maybe you think I can't! I'll show you, you skin, you card-sharp! Yes, you cheated! You cheated! You cheated!"

"Well, let's go at it. then, mister," said Johnnie, coolly.

The cowboy's brow was beaded with sweat from his efforts in intercepting all sorts of raids. He turned in despair to Scully. "What are you goin' to do now?"

A change had come over the Celtic visage of the old man. He now seemed all eagerness; his eyes glowed.

"We'll let them fight," he answered, stalwartly. "I can't put up with it any longer. I've stood this damned Swede till I'm sick. We'll let them fight."

VI

THE men prepared to go out-of-doors. The Easterner was so nervous that he had great difficulty in getting his arms into the sleeves of his new leather coat. As the cowboy drew his fur cap down over his ears his hands trembled. In fact, Johnnie and old Scully were the only ones who displayed no agitation. These preliminaries were conducted without words.

Scully threw open the door. "Well, come on," he said. Instantly a terrific wind caused the flame of the lamp to struggle at its wick, while a puff of black smoke sprang from the chimney-top. The stove was in mid-current of the blast, and its voice swelled to equal the roar of the storm. Some of the scarred and bedabbled cards were caught up from the floor and dashed helplessly against the farther wall. The men lowered their heads and plunged into the tempest as into a sea.

No snow was falling, but great whirls and clouds of flakes, swept up from the ground by the frantic winds, were streaming south-

ward with the speed of bullets. The covered land was blue with the sheen of an unearthly satin, and there was no other hue save where, at the low, black railway station—which seemed incredibly distant—one light gleamed like a tiny jewel. As the men floundered into a thigh-deep drift, it was known that the Swede was bawling out something. Scully went to him, put a hand on his shoulder and projected an ear. "What's that you say?" he shouted.

"I say," bawled the Swede again, "I won't stand much show against this gang. I know you'll all pitch on me."

Scully smote him reproachfully on the arm. "Tut, man!" he yelled. The wind tore the words from Scully's lips and scattered them far alee.

"You are all a gang of—— ——" boomed the Swede, but the storm also seized the remainder of this sentence.

Immediately turning their backs upon the wind, the men had swung around a corner to the sheltered side of the hotel. It was the function of the little house to preserve here, amid this great devastation of snow, an irregular V-shape of heavily incrusted grass, which crackled beneath the feet. One could imagine the great drifts piled against the windward side. When the party reached the comparative peace of this spot it was found that the Swede was still bellowing.

"Oh, I know what kind of a thing this is! I know you'll all pitch on me. I can't lick you all!"

Scully turned upon him panther fashion. "You'll not have to whip all of us. You'll have to whip my son Johnnie. An' the man what troubles you durin' that time will have me to dale with."

The arrangements were swiftly made. The two men faced each other, obedient to the harsh commands of Scully, whose face, in the subtly luminous gloom, could be seen set in the austere impersonal lines that are pictured on the countenance of the Roman veterans. The Easterner's teeth were chattering, and he was hopping up and down like a mechanical toy. The cowboy stood rock-like.

The contestants had not stripped off any clothing. Each was in his ordinary attire. Their fists were up, and they eyed each other in a calm that had the elements of leonine cruelty in it.

During this pause, the Easterner's mind, like a film, took lasting impression of three men—the iron-nerved master of the ceremony; the Swede, pale, motionless, terrible; and Johnnie, serene yet ferocious, brutish yet heroic. The entire prelude had in it a tragedy greater than the tragedy of action, and this aspect was accentuated by the long, mellow cry of the blizzard, as it sped the tumbling and wailing flakes into the black abyss of the south.

"Now!" said Scully.

The two combatants leaped forward and crashed together like bullocks. There was heard the cushioned sound of blows, and of a curse squeezing out from between the tight teeth of one.

As for the spectators, the Easterner's pent-up breath exploded from him with a pop of relief, absolute relief from the tension of the preliminaries. The cowboy bounded into the air with a yowl. Scully was immovable as from supreme amazement and fear at the fury of the fight which he himself had permitted and arranged.

For a time, the encounter in the darkness was such a perplexity of flying arms that it presented no more detail than would a swiftly revolving wheel. Occasionally a face, as if illumined by a flash of light, would shine out, ghastly and marked with pink spots. A moment later, the men might have been known as shadows, if it were not for the involuntary utterance of oaths that came from them in whispers.

Suddenly a holocaust of war-like desire caught the cowboy, and he bolted forward with the speed of a broncho. "Go it, Johnnie! go it! Kill him! Kill him!"

Scully confronted him. "Kape back," he said, and by his glance the cowboy could tell that this man was Johnnie's father.

To the Easterner there was a monotony of unchangeable fighting that was an abomination. This confused mingling was eternal to his sense, which was concentrated in a longing for the end, the priceless end. Once the fighters lurched near him, and as he scrambled hastily backward he heard them breathe like men on the rack.

"Kill him, Johnnie! Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!" The cowboy's face was contorted like one of those agony masks in museums.

"Keep still," said Scully, icily.

Then there was a sudden loud grunt, incomplete, cut short, and Johnnie's body swung away from the Swede and fell with sickening heaviness to the grass. The cowboy was barely in time to prevent the mad Swede from flinging himself upon his prone adversary. "No, you don't," said the cowboy, interposing an arm. "Wait a second."

Scully was at his son's side. "Johnnie! Johnnie, me boy!" His voice had a quality of melancholy tenderness. "Johnnie! Can you go on with it?" He looked anxiously down into the bloody, pulpy face of his son.

There was a moment of silence, and then Johnnie answered in his ordinary voice, "Yes, I—it—yes."

Assisted by his father, he struggled to his feet. "Wait a bit now till you git your wind," said the old man.

A few paces away the cowboy was lecturing the Swede. "No, you don't! Wait a second!"

The Easterner was plucking at Scully's sleeve. "Oh, this is enough," he pleaded. "This is enough! Let it go as it stands. This is enough!"

"Bill," said Scully, "git out of the road." The cowboy stepped aside. "Now." The combatants were actuated by a new caution as they advanced toward collision. They glared at each other, and then the Swede aimed a lightning blow that carried with it his entire weight. Johnnie was evidently half stupid from weakness, but he miraculously dodged, and his fist sent the overbalanced Swede sprawling.

The cowboy, Scully, and the Easterner burst into a cheer that was like a chorus of triumphant soldiery, but before its conclusion the Swede had scuffled agilely to his feet and come in berserk abandon at his foe. There was another perlexity of flying arms, and Johnnie's body again swung away and fell, even as a bundle might fall from a roof. The Swede instantly staggered to a little wind-waved tree and leaned upon it, breathing like an engine, while his savage and flame-lit eyes roamed from face to face as the men bent over Johnnie. There was a splendour of isolation in his situation at this time which the Easterner felt once when, lifting his eyes from the man on the ground, he beheld that mysterious and lonely figure, waiting.

"Are you any good yet, Johnnie?" asked Scully in a broken voice.

The son gasped and opened his eyes languidly. After a moment he answered, "No—I ain't—any good—any—more." Then, from shame and bodily ill, he began to weep, the tears furrowing down through the blood-stains on his face. "He was too—too—too heavy for me."

Scully straightened and addressed the waiting figure. "Stranger," he said, evenly, "it's all up with our side." Then his voice changed into that vibrant huskiness which is commonly the tone of the most simple and deadly announcements. "Johnnie is whipped."

Without replying, the victor moved off, on the route to the front door of the hotel.

The cowboy was formulating new and unspellable blasphemies. The Easterner was startled to find that they were out in a wind that seemed to come direct from the shadowed arctic floes. He heard again the wail of the snow as it was flung to its grave in the south. He knew now that all this time the cold had been sinking into him deeper and deeper, and he wondered that he had not perished. He felt indifferent to the condition of the vanquished man.

"Johnnie, can you walk?" asked Scully.

"Did I hurt—hurt him any?" asked the son.

"Can you walk, boy? Can you walk?"

Johnnie's voice was suddenly strong. There was a robust impatience in it. "I asked you whether I hurt him any!"

"Yes, yes, Johnnie," answered the cowboy, consolingly; "he's hurt a good deal."

They raised him from the ground, and as soon as he was on his feet he went tottering off, rebuffing all attempts at assistance. When the party rounded the corner they were fairly blinded by the pelting of the snow. It burned their faces like fire. The cowboy carried Johnnie through the drift to the door. As they entered, some cards again rose from the floor and beat against the wall.

The Easterner rushed to the stove. He was so profoundly chilled that he almost dared to embrace the glowing iron. The Swede was not in the room. Johnnie sank into a chair, and, folding his arms on his knees, buried his face in them. Scully warming one foot and then the other at a rim of the stove, muttered to himself with Celtic mournfulness. The cowboy had removed his fur cap, and with a dazed and rueful air he was running one hand through his tousled locks. From overhead they could hear the creaking of boards, as the Swede tramped here and there in his room.

The sad quiet was broken by the sudden flinging open of a door that led toward the kitchen. It was instantly followed by an inrush of women. They precipitated themselves upon Johnnie amid a chorus of lamentation. Before they carried their prey off to the kitchen, there to be bathed and harangued with that mixture of sympathy and abuse which is a feat of their sex, the mother straightened herself and fixed old Scully with an eye of stern reproach. "Shame be upon you, Patrick

Scully!" she cried. "Your own son, too. Shame be upon you!"

"There, now! Be quiet, now!" said the old man, weakly.

"Shame be upon you, Patrick Scully!" The girls, rallying to this slogan, sniffed disdainfully in the direction of those trembling accomplices, the cowboy and the Easterner. Presently they bore Johnnie away, and left the three men to dismal reflection.

VII

"I'd like to fight this here Dutchman myself," said the cowboy, breaking a long silence.

Scully wagged his head sadly. "No, that wouldn't do. It wouldn't be right. It wouldn't be right."

"Well, why wouldn't it?" argued the cowboy. "I don't see no harm in it."

"No," answered Scully, with mournful heroism. "It wouldn't be right. It was Johnnie's fight, and now we mustn't whip the man just because he whipped Johnnie."

"Yes, that's true enough," said the cowboy; "but—he better not get fresh with me, because I couldn't stand no more of it."

"You'll not say a word to him," commanded Scully, and even then they heard the tread of the Swede on the stairs. His entrance was made theatric. He swept the door back with a bang and swaggered to the middle of the room. No one looked at him. "Well," he cried, insolently, at Scully, "I s'pose you'll tell me now how much I owe you?"

The old man remained stolid. "You don't owe me nothin'."

"Huh!" said the Swede, "huh! Don't owe 'im nothin'."

The cowboy addressed the Swede. "Stranger, I don't see how you come to be so gay around here."

Old Scully was instantly alert. "Stop!" he shouted, holding his hand forth, fingers upward. "Bill, you shut up!"

The cowboy spat carelessly into the sawdust-box. "I didn't say a word, did I?" he asked.

"Mr. Scully," called the Swede, "how much do I owe you?" It was seen that he was attired for departure, and that he had his valise in his hand.

"You don't owe me nothin'," repeated Scully in his same imperturbable way.

"Huh!" said the Swede. "I guess you're right. I guess if it was any way at all, you'd owe me somethin'. That's what I guess." He turned to the cowboy. "'Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!'" he mimicked, and then guffawed victoriously. "'Kill him!'" He was convulsed with ironical humour.

But he might have been jeering the dead. The three men were immovable and silent, staring with glassy eyes at the stove.

The Swede opened the door and passed into the storm, giving one derisive glance backward at the still group.

As soon as the door was closed, Scully and the cowboy leaped to their feet and began to curse. They trampled to and fro, waving their arms and smashing into the air with their fists. "Oh, but that was a hard minute!" wailed Scully. "That was a hard minute! Him there leerin' and scoffin'! One bang at his nose was worth forty dollars to me that minute! How did you stand it, Bill?"

"How did I stand it?" cried the cowboy in a quivering voice. "How did I stand it? Oh!"

The old man burst into sudden brogue. "I'd loike to take that Swade," he wailed, "and hould 'im down on a shtone flure and bate 'im to a jelly wid a shtick!"

The cowboy groaned in sympathy. "I'd like to git him by the neck and ha-ammer him"—he brought his hand down on a chair with a noise like a pistol-shot—"hammer that there Dutchman until he couldn't tell himself from a dead coyote!"

"I'd bate 'im until he——"

"I'd show *him* some things——"

And then together they raised a yearning, fanatic cry—"Oh-o-oh! if we only could—"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

"And then I'd——"

"O-o-oh!"

VIII

The Swede, tightly gripping his valise, tacked across the face of the storm as if he carried sails. He was following a line of little naked, gasping trees, which he knew must mark the way of the road. His face, fresh from the pounding of Johnnie's fists, felt more pleasure than pain in the wind and the driving snow. A number of square shapes loomed upon him finally, and he knew them as the houses of the main body of the town. He found a street and made travel along it, leaning heavily upon the wind whenever, at a corner, a terrific blast caught him.

He might have been in a deserted village. We picture the world as thick with conquering and elate humanity, but here, with the bugles of the tempest pealing, it was hard to imagine a peopled earth. One viewed the existence of man then as a marvel, and conceded a glamour of wonder to these lice which were caused to cling to a whirling, fire-smote, ice-locked, disease-stricken, space-lost bulb. The conceit of man was explained by this storm to be the very engine of life. One was a coxcomb not to die in it. However, the Swede found a saloon.

In front of it an indomitable red light was burning, and the snow-flakes were made blood-colour as they flew through the circumscribed territory of the lamp's shining. The Swede pushed open the door of the saloon and entered. A sanded expanse was before him, and at the end of it four men sat about a table drinking. Down one side of the room extended a radiant bar, and its guardian was leaning upon his elbows listening to the talk of the men at the table. The Swede dropped his valise upon the floor, and, smiling fraternally upon the barkeeper, said, "Gimme some whiskey, will you?" The man placed a bottle, a whiskey-glass, and a glass of ice-thick water upon the bar. The Swede poured himself an abnormal portion of whiskey and drank it in three gulps. "Pretty bad night," remarked the bartender, indifferently. He was making the pretension of blindness which is usually a distinction of his class; but it could have been seen that he was furtively studying the half-erased blood-stains on the face of the Swede. "Bad night," he said again.

"Oh, it's good enough for me," replied the Swede, hardily, as he poured himself some more whiskey. The barkeeper took his coin and maneuvered it through its reception by the highly nickeled cash-machine. A bell rang; a card labeled "20 cts." had appeared.

"No," continued the Swede, "this isn't too bad weather. It's good enough for me."

"So?" murmured the barkeeper, languidly.

The copious drams made the Swede's eyes swim, and he breathed a trifle heavier. "Yes, I like this weather. I like it. It suits me." It was apparently his design to impart a deep significance to these words.

"So?" murmured the bartender again. He turned to gaze dreamily at the scroll-like birds and bird-like scrolls which had been drawn with soap upon the mirrors back of the bar.

"Well, I guess I'll take another drink," said the Swede, presently. "Have something?"

"No, thanks; I'm not drinkin'," answered the bartender. Afterwards he asked, "How did you hurt your face?"

The Swede immediately began to boast loudly. "Why, in a fight. I thumped the soul out of a man down here at Scully's hotel."

The interest of the four men at the table was at last aroused.

"Who was it?" said one.

"Johnnie Scully," blustered the Swede. "Son of the man what runs it. He will be pretty near dead for some weeks, I can tell you. I made a nice thing of him, I did. He couldn't get up. They carried him in the house. Have a drink?"

Instantly the men in some subtle way incased themselves in reserve. "No, thanks," said one. The group was of curious formation. Two were prominent local business men; one was the district-attorney; and one was a professional gambler of the kind known as "square." But a scrutiny of the group would not have enabled an observer to pick the gambler from the men of more reputable pursuits. He was, in fact, a man so delicate in manner when among people of fair class, and so judicious in his choice of victims, that in the strictly masculine part of the town's life he had come to be explicitly trusted and admired. People called him a thoroughbred. The fear and contempt with which his craft was regarded was undoubtedly the reason that his quiet dignity shone conspicuous above the quiet dignity of men who might be merely hatters, billiard-markers, or grocery-clerks. Beyond an occasional unwary traveler, who came by rail, this gambler was supposed to prey solely upon reckless and senile farmers, who, when flush with good crops, drove into town in all the pride and confidence of an absolutely invulnerable stupidity. Hearing at times in circuitous fashion of the despoilment of such a farmer, the important men of Romper invariably laughed in contempt of the victim, and, if they thought of the wolf at all, it was with a kind of pride at the knowledge that he would never dare think of attacking *their* wisdom and courage. Besides, it was popular that this gambler had a real wife and two real children in a neat cottage in a suburb, where he led an exemplary home life; and when any one

even suggested a discrepancy in his character, the crowd immediately vociferated descriptions of this virtuous family circle. Then men who led exemplary home lives, and men who did not lead exemplary home lives, all subsided in a bunch, remarking that there was nothing more to be said.

However, when a restriction was placed upon him—as, for instance, when a strong clique of members of the new Pollywog Club refused to permit him, even as a spectator, to appear in the rooms of the organization—the candour and gentleness with which he accepted the judgment disarmed many of his foes and made his friends more desperately partisan. He invariably distinguished between himself and a respectable Romper man so quickly and frankly that his manner actually appeared to be a continual broadcast compliment.

And one must not forget to declare the fundamental fact of his entire position in Romper. It is irrefutable that in all affairs outside of his business, in all matters that occur eternally and commonly between man and man, this thieving card-player was so generous, so just, so moral, that, in a contest, he could have put to flight the consciences of nine-tenths of the citizens of Romper.

And so it happened that he was seated in this saloon with the two prominent local merchants and the district-attorney.

The Swede continued to drink raw whiskey, meanwhile babbling at the barkeeper and trying to induce him to indulge in potations. "Come on. Have a drink. Come on. What—no? Well, have a little one, then. By Gawd, I've whipped a man to-night, and I want to celebrate. I whipped him good, too. Gentlemen," the Swede cried to the men at the table, "have a drink?"

"Ssh!" said the barkeeper.

The group at the table, although furtively attentive, had been pretending to be deep in talk, but now a man lifted his eyes toward the Swede and said, shortly, "Thanks. We don't want any more."

At this reply the Swede ruffled out his chest like a rooster. "Well," he exploded, "it seems I can't get anybody to drink with me in this town. Seems so, don't it? Well!"

"Ssh!" said the barkeeper.

"Say," snarled the Swede, "don't you try to shut me up. I won't have it. I'm a gentleman, and I want people to drink with me. And I want 'em to drink with me now. *Now*—do you understand?" He rapped the bar with his knuckles.

Years of experience had calloused the bartender. He merely grew sulky. "I hear you," he answered.

"Well," cried the Swede, "listen hard then. See those men over there? Well, they're going to drink with me, and don't you forget it. Now you watch."

"Hi!" yelled the barkeeper, "this won't do!"

"Why won't it?" demanded the Swede. He stalked over to the table, and by chance laid his hand upon the shoulder of the gambler. "How about this?" he asked, wrathfully. "I asked you to drink with me."

The gambler simply twisted his head and spoke over his shoulder. "My friend, I don't know you."

"Oh, hell!" answered the Swede, "come and have a drink."

"Now, my boy," advised the gambler, kindly, "take your hand off my shoulder and go 'way and mind your own business." He was a little, slim man, and it seemed strange to hear him use this tone of heroic patronage to the burly Swede. The other men at the table said nothing.

"What! You won't drink with me, you little dude? I'll make you then! I'll make you!" The Swede had grasped the gambler frenziedly at the throat, and was dragging him from his chair. The other men sprang up. The barkeeper dashed around the corner of his bar. There was a great tumult, and then was seen a long blade in the hand of the gambler. It shot forward, and a human body, this citadel of virtue, wisdom, power, was pierced as easily as if it had been a melon. The Swede fell with a cry of supreme astonishment.

The prominent merchants and the district-attorney must have at once tumbled out of the place backward. The bartender found himself hanging limply to the arm of a chair and gazing into the eyes of a murderer.

"Henry," said the latter, as he wiped his knife on one of the towels that hung beneath the bar-rail, "you tell 'em where to find me. I'll be home, waiting for 'em." Then he vanished. A moment afterwards the barkeeper was in the street dinning through the storm for help, and, moreover, companionship.

The corpse of the Swede, alone in the saloon, had its eyes fixed upon a dreadful legend that dwelt atop of the cash-machine: "This registers the amount of your purchase."

IX

MONTHS later, the cowboy was frying pork over the stove of a little ranch near the Dakota line, when there was a quick thud of hoofs outside, and presently the Easterner entered with the letters and the papers.

"Well," said the Easterner at once, "the chap that killed the Swede has got three years. Wasn't much, was it?"

"He has? Three years?" The cowboy poised his pan of pork, while he ruminated upon the news. "Three years. That ain't much."

"No. It was a light sentence," replied the Easterner as he unbuckled his spurs. "Seems there was a good deal of sympathy for him in Romper."

"If the bartender had been any good," observed the cowboy, thoughtfully, "he would have gone in and cracked that there Dutchman on the head with a bottle in the beginnin' of it and stopped all this here murderin'."

"Yes, a thousand things might have happened," said the Easterner, tartly.

The cowboy returned his pan of pork to the fire, but his philosophy continued. "It's funny, ain't it? If he hadn't said Johnnie was cheatin' he'd be alive this minute. He was an awful fool. Game played for fun, too. Not for money. I believe he was crazy."

"I feel sorry for that gambler," said the Easterner.

"Oh, so do I," said the cowboy. "He don't deserve none of it for killin' who he did."

"The Swede might not have been killed if everything had been square."

"Might not have been killed?" exclaimed the cowboy. "Everythin' square? Why, when he said that Johnnie was cheatin' and acted like such a jackass? And then in the saloon he fairly walked up to git hurt?" With these arguments the cowboy browbeat the Easterner and reduced him to rage.

"You're a fool!" cried the Easterner, viciously. "You're a bigger jackass than the Swede by a million majority. Now let me tell you one thing. Let me tell you something. Listen! Johnnie *was* cheating!"

"'Johnnie,'" said the cowboy, blankly. There was a minute of silence, and then he said, robustly, "Why, no. The game was only for fun."

"Fun or not," said the Easterner, "Johnnie was cheating. I saw him. I know it. I saw him. And I refused to stand up and be a man. I let the Swede fight it out alone. And you—you were simply puffing around the place and wanting to fight. And then old Scully himself! We are all in it! This poor gambler isn't even a noun. He is kind of an adverb. Every sin is the result of a collaboration. We, five of us, have collaborated in the murder of this Swede. Usually there are from a dozen to forty women really involved in every murder, but in this case it seems to be only five men—you, I, Johnnie, old Scully, and that fool of an unfortunate gambler came merely as a culmination, the apex of a human movement, and gets all the punishment."

The cowboy, injured and rebellious, cried out blindly into this fog of mysterious theory: "Well, I didn't do anythin', did I?"

Moonlight—By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

SAY—listen—
If you could only take a bath in moonlight!

Hey! Can't you just see yourself
Take a runnin' dive
Inta a pool o' glowin' blue,
Feel it glidin' over you
All aroun' and inta you—

Grab a star—huh?—
Use it for soap;
Beat it up to bubbles
And white sparklin' foam—
Roll and swash—

Gee!

I just like to bet
You could wash your soul clean
In moonlight!

So They Say

Alfred Emanuel Smith:
"Al" to every New Yorker—when attacked in a speech by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

"If bunk was electricity, the Colonel would be a power-house."

A New Jersey Mother:
who has read about "Sheiks," replies to the Health Board's request for permission to administer the Schick diphtheria test to her children

"I refuse positively to permit either of my sons to take the 'Schick test.' I have read the book and seen the play, and want you to know that I don't approve of them."

An Untired Business Man:
Satisfied with the world as it is

"I like women with all the modern improvements."

Dr. Sandor Ferenczi:
of Budapest, psychoanalyst and pupil of Professor Freud

"Psychoanalysis has taught us that suicide among the young results from a number of instincts, all traceable to characteristics developed before the child is six years old."

R. F. Rand:
to the Editor of the "Rhodesia Herald"

"Medical men do not make a practice of entering up 'bad cookery' as a cause of deaths upon a death certificate. Yet it is frequently so."

Benito Mussolini:
Premier of Italy

"I take life on a running jump."

Judge Randolph:

"People who have no money always seem to have motor-cars."

Dr. Thomas S. Baker:
President, Carnegie Institute of Technology

"The stage improprieties that are complained of are breaches of good taste, and the public is at fault quite as much as the producer."

Dr. George Barton Cutten:
President of Colgate University

"History records the name of only one man who did not have an explosive youth, and that was Adam."

A Policyholder:
when the Claims Division instituted an investigation to establish proof of his death

"Please stop looking for me, will you; I didn't disappear with the idea of having my insurance collected. I was only trying to get away from my mother-in-law."

Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart.:
English musical conductor

"I have never yet heard on any wireless set the reproduction of a piece of great or good music that was not a ghastly travesty."

J. B. Priestley:
English essayist

"Jazz keeps the skeleton in you jumping and jangling like a marionette of old bones dangling on a string."

George W. Norris:
Republican Senator from Nebraska, in connection with the Doheny trial

"You can't convict a hundred million dollars."

MOLLA BJURSTEDT MALLORY: *tennis player* AND ANNE NICHOLS: *playwright* *discuss "success"*

"And when the One Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He will not ask who won or lost,
But how you played the game."

"Never
take
anyone's
advice."

LOUISE HEILGERS: *writer*

"Be very sure that when a woman shuts her eyes she has seen all she wants to, first."

DR. WILLIAM L. LOVE: *State Senator from Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"If a man is drunk and knows he is drunk, he's not drunk; but if a man is drunk and doesn't know he's drunk, then he's drunk."

O. H. CHENEY: *Banker and lawyer*

"The tragedy of our prosperity is that we really do not know what to do with it."

F. N. TINCHER: *Kansas representative in the House of Representatives*

"I heard of a reputable Congressman on the Democratic side of the aisle, and I am glad he is there, although we have some like him, who said—and some of you will know who it is—'Gentlemen, the time finally comes in our service here when we must rise above principle.'"

RAMIRO DE MAEZTU: *in "La Prensa," the Buenos Aires Liberal daily*

"The North American fought for the power of money, the South American fought for the money of power."

MRS. THEODORE PARSONS: *speaks to the League To Stay Young*

"A man is really interesting only between sixty and a hundred, and I don't care to talk to a woman until she has passed seventy."

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE: *former Prime Minister, who still dominates the English Liberals*

"The strong, silent man is a myth: I have never met him."

H. L. MENCKEN: *critic and editor, returning verses written by a lady on highly scented letter-paper*

"Your verses are bad, but your perfume is exquisite."

GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA: *Spanish Premier*

"The censorship is just the best means of rational information. It eliminates all false news and all harmful news. Why should I permit any imbecile to write what he thinks, and to arouse regrettable conflicts?"

A GERMAN STUDENT: *at Göttingen University breaks it gently to his parents, by wire, that he has flunked his spring semester examination*

"Passed exam with flying colours. Professors delighted, enthusiastic, want me to repeat it next July."

SUZANNE LENGLEN: *French tennis star, says she never prays before a game*

"I don't think God is interested in the outcome of a tennis match."

HENRY FORD: *motor manufacturer and business force*

"Man is not the unit of life; he is as dead as granite; the unit consists of swarms of billions of highly organized entities which live in the cells. I believe at times when a man dies this swarm deserts the body—goes out into space, but keeps on earth and enters another, or last cycle of life. The swarms of entities are immortal."

MISS MARIE TEMPEST: *(Mrs. W Graham Browne) the actress, when asked about the dropping of "obey" from the marriage ceremony*

"As Miss Tempest has obeyed all her life, the deletion of the word 'obey' from the marriage service won't effect her in the least."

PETER ROURKE: *who found an unattended engine at the Yorktown Heights Station of the New York Central Lines and mistook it for a horse*

"Giddap!" (*To the locomotive, astride of which he was discovered.*)

REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES:
of the Community Church, New York, discusses marriage

"I think all human institutions should be like time-tables, 'subject to change without notice.'"

A FLAPPER:
overheard at the hairdresser's

"I'm letting my hair grow long. Grandma has just bobbed hers. I don't want to look like the older generation."

DR. E. E. FREE:
New York consulting engineer

"Nine hundred slaves for each inhabitant of the United States would be required to replace electricity."

M. MARCEL:
inventor of the "wave," thinks ten years will elapse before the fashion of long locks comes back

"A girl with a boy's head behind and a girl's coiffure in front is similar to a bad piece of furniture."

MLLE. SUZANNE ROCHE:
of the French younger generation

"A wave of folly, coming from I know not where, has incited us to this bobbed-hair madness."

MRS. RUTH J. MAURER:
President, National School of Cosmeticians

"The worst crime committed in the name of beauty is bobbed hair. For several years women have been going about looking like comic valentines, Fiji Islanders or floor mops."

MISS CLARA MILLER:
Secretary of the Philadelphia Hairdressers' Association

"No young person nowadays would think of bobbing her hair."

NICOLAI BUKHARIN:
of the Political Bureau of the Soviet Government

"If we retain and strengthen the monopoly of foreign trade, we will be making goods more expensively than they are made abroad."

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE:

"Our public is inclined to consider altogether too seriously the reports that we are criticized abroad. We never had a larger foreign trade than at the present time."

FRANK ARNOLD:
poultryman of Petaluma, Cal., thinks that the barnyard chicken can crate her own eggs for delivery

"The present nest system is primitive. Give a hen a case containing two dozen squares. All that is required is that she fill the squares, the eggs are counted and ready for market."

A SOUTH AFRICAN:
brought before the Court at Johannesburg on a charge of being drunk

"I might have smelt of liquor, but that does not prove I was drunk. Eighty per cent. of the people of Johannesburg smell of liquor after six o'clock at night."

NEWCOMB CARLTON:
President of the Western Union Telegraph Company

"If I had only twenty-four more hours of life, I would spend it in prayer for Princeton."

CHARLES MILTON NEWCOMB:
former teacher of oratory at Ohio Wesleyan University

"We are all outlaws at heart."

ZIANG LING-CHANG:
Consul General of the Chinese Republic, in New York

"There is no anti-foreignism in China. There is, however, a tremendous wave of nationalism which is honestly and earnestly founded upon the fourteen points of your war President, Woodrow Wilson."

PHILIP ZAMPELLA:
tells motive of his attempted suicide by gas

"It's like this. If I don't work I starve, and when I do work I don't earn enough money to have a good time, and if I did earn enough to have a good time there would be no time for me to see my girl."

OFFICE BOY:
new style, whose hopes of a "raise" have been blasted by advice to be patient

"Don't tell me; pay me!"

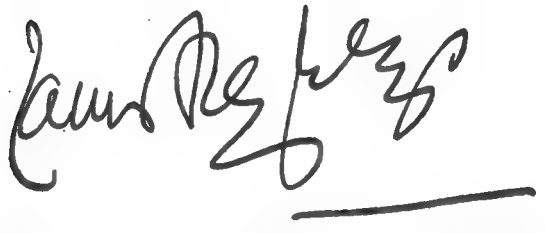
MISS ETHEL PRESTON:
Demonstrator for the Federal Department of Agriculture

"Mothers could teach their children to prefer raw vegetables to candies by substituting a well-scrubbed raw carrot for sweet cookies and all-day suckers."

DR. WOLFGANG WEISL: *in "Neue Frei Presse," first journalist since the war to visit the Moslems on the Red Sea*	"Arabia, south of 30 degrees latitude, is the Arabia of Harun al Raschid. They love, hate, cut their beards, and regulate their menu, all in the name of Allah. The Arab of the desert and the South thinks the European not only bad, but exceedingly stupid."
DR. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS: *rector of the Church of the Redeemer, New York City*	"More than 90 per cent. of the instructors in American colleges are atheists."
H. M. LORD: *director of the Federal Budget*	"Stenographers and typewriters are alluring temptations to verbosity, loquacity, garrulity and prolixity."
TWENTY-FOUR WISCONSIN GIRLS: *of Burlington, adopt a slogan for their newly formed "Decency Club"*	"To pet, smoke or drink is old-fashioned."
TEXAS GUINAN: *Hostess extraordinary of the new style New York night club*	"Two years ago I made a standing offer of $100,000 to anybody who ever saw me take a drink or sell one, and the offer still stands."
MILTON WALDMAN: *in "The American Mercury"*	"If the crops fail in Europe the answer is death; but if times are hard in America, the answer is speedier production."
HAROLD SOLOMON: *London taxicab driver buys an airplane from the proceeds of his tips, in order to establish an air taxi business*	"I'm turning to flying because the London streets are becoming far too dangerous."
GEORGE ANTHEIL: *musical composer, who had to invent new instruments for his "Ballet Mécanique"*	"I am the only American-born composer, not even excepting MacDowell, who has ever approached even a sensation in any country outside of his own."
DR. MICHAEL PUPIN: *Inventor*	"The electron is the most law-abiding creature in the universe; the most ordinary intelligence can manage it. It loves, honours and obeys the law, and its eternal mission is to serve."
DR. PAUL MONROE: *Director of the International Institute of Teachers' College at Columbia University*	"You cannot employ force with the Chinese; things have to be matters of reason."
A BYSTANDER: *at Graz, Austria, watching two ex-officers dancing the Charleston with their partners. (They afterward served him a writ for criminal "insult to their honour.")*	"Poor old Darwin ought to have seen this. It's the best proof of his theory."
LORD DEWAR: *English wit*	"The man to-day who hides behind a woman's skirt is not a coward; he is a magician."
GLENN CURTISS: *the first man to fly an airplane in public, epitomises his romantic career*	"I liked speed."
RENATO GARDINI: *Aspirant for the heavyweight wrestling championship, writes of his three triumphs in the Italian Olympic Pentathlon*	"The reason for bringing the five major sports into Pentatlon was because the winner of the running meant a good soldier because first of all a soldier would have to know how to run, jumping came in handy to go over high fences and ditches along side of the road, javelin and disk-throwers made good use of their ability because they could throw grenades, and wrestling was the last stand when a soldier was surrounded and could run no further, nor jump more fences or ditches, nor throw more grenades then he had to make a hand-to-hand fight and wrestling sure is the greatest use in hand-to-hand fighting."

There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS



THE old gentleman was in a state of most unusual content. It might have been because the sun was shining, or it might have been because he had just finished his third glass: whatever it was, the smile upon his face was of a depth and a radiance impossible to describe. He spoke for a while upon the pleasant smell of hay passing through a city, and, remarking upon the enviable thirst of haymakers, he swept gradually to the following weighty monologue—

"From the earliest times," said he, "drinking has been regarded not alone as a necessary lubricant, but also as a pastime, and the ingenuity of every race under the sun has been exercised in the attempt to give variety and distinction to its beverages.

"We may take it that the earliest race of men drank nothing but water, and hot water to boot, for at that era the earth must have been, if not hot, at least tepid. One can easily imagine that the contemporaries of the five-toed horse might have welcomed death as a happy release from their too sultry existence.

"I suppose man is the only brewing animal known to scientific research. All other creatures take their food and drink neat, or in a raw state. Of course, almost all mammals are enabled by a highly ingenious internal mechanism to brew milk, or some other lacteal substitute, but this is performed by a natural, instinctive impulse toward the preservation of their young and conserves none of the spirit of artifice and calculation so necessary to authentic brewing operations.

"Brewing was possible only when the stability of the human race was, more or less, assured and permanent. Our primal ancestors existed in a state as nearly resembling chaos as well might be. They had not yet aggregated into communities, but vast hordes of families—a father, an uncertain number of mothers, and an astounding complexity of children—wandered wherever food seemed most abundant, and fought with or eluded such other families as they chanced upon. This state of existence was too precarious and haphazard to allow of the niceties of brewing being evolved.

"But the natural tendency of families to lengthen, the gregarious instincts of the race, and the need of mutual protection and assistance ultimately welded these indiscriminate families into communities of ever-varying extent, and the movement of these huge troops and transportation of their baggage becoming more and more difficult (vehicles being unknown and horses, perhaps, treble-toed, wily and ferocious), and food, which until then had only been obtained in a fugitive state, becoming less easy of access, these communities were forced to select a settled habitation, scratch the earth for provender, settled down to the breeding of one-toed horses, and exercise the respectable virtues of thrift and industry for their preservation. Thus, laws were formulated, tentative and unsatisfactory at first, and ever tending, as to this day, to become more complex and

less satisfactory. Villages took shape, straggled into towns, widened into cities and coalesced into kingdoms and empires: and so, the civilization of which we are partakers crawled laboriously into being, with the brewer somewhere in the center, active, rubicund and disputatious, as he has continued to date, with a seat on the County Council which he had swindled some thirsty statesman out of, and more property than he could deal with by himself.

"It is a singular reflection that thirst has very little to do with the consumption of drink, nor is this appetite subject to the vagaries of climate, for the inhabitants of the coldest regions will, it is feared, drink on equal terms with those dwelling in the sunburnt tropics. In almost all ceremonial observances drinking has had a special place, and this diversion lends itself to an infinite number of objects—we can from the same bowl quaff health to our friends and confusion to our enemies, doubtless with equal results. Here alone men meet on equal terms. There is no religion, nationality or politics in liquor: let it be but sufficiently wet and potent and it matters not if the brew has been fermented in the tub of a Christian or the vessel of a heathen Turk.

"I understand that this latter race are forbidden, by the form of heresy which they call religion, to use liquors more potent than sherbet. Some thinkers believe that this deprivation is possibly the reason of their being Turks.—They are Turks, not from conviction, but from habit, spite, and the bile engendered by a too rigid and bigoted abstinence. In this belief, however, I do not concur, for I consider that a Turk is a Turk naturally, and without any further constraint than those imposed by the laws of geography and primogeniture.

"Meanwhile it is interesting to speculate on the future of an abstinent nation whose politics have the misfortune to be guided by a Peerage instead of a Beerage, and whose national destiny is irrationally divorced from the interests of 'The Trade.' Any departure from the established customs of humanity must be criticized unsparingly, and, if necessary, destructively. To overthrow the customs of antiquity must entail its own punishment, and that punishment may be an awe-inspiring and chastening Success. Therefore, this happy whisky-governed land of ours should never forsake its liquor or it may be forced by opportunity and work to become great. The foundations of our civilization are steeped in beer—let no sacrilegious hand seek to interfere with it, for, even if the foundations were rotten, the interests of the Trade must not be disturbed, the grave and learned members of our Corporation might be horribly reduced to working for their living, and our unfortunate City might have the extraordinary misfortune to scramble out of debt in the absence of its statesmen."

The old gentleman, with a bright smile, said that "he did not mind if he did," and he "did" with such gusto that I had to call a cab.

Song for "The Jacquerie"

By SIDNEY LANIER

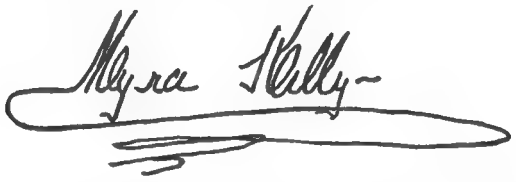
MAY the maiden,
Violet-laden
Out of the violet sea,
Comes and hovers
Over lovers,
Over thee, Marie and me,
Over me and thee.

Day the stately,
Sunken lately
Into the violet sea,
Backward hovers
Over lovers,
Over thee, Marie and me,
Over me and thee.

Night the holy,
Sailing slowly
Over the violet sea,
Stars uncovers
Over lovers,
Stars for thee, Marie, and me,
Stars for me and thee.

The Land of Heart's Desire

By MYRA KELLY



ISAAC BORRACHSOHN, that son of potentates and of Assemblymen, had been taken to Central Park by a proud uncle. For weeks thereafter he was the favourite bard of the First Reader Class and an exceeding great trouble to its sovereign, Miss Bailey, who found him now as garrulous as he had once been silent. There was no subject in the Course of Study to which he could not correlate the wonders of his journey, and Teacher asked herself daily and in vain whether it were more pedagogically correct to encourage "spontaneous self-expression" or to insist upon "logically essential sequence."

But the other members of the class suffered no such uncertainty. They voted solidly for spontaneity in a self which found expression thus:

"Und in the Central Park stands a water-lake, und in the water-lake stands birds—a big all of birds—und fishes. Und sooner you likes you should come over the water-lake you calls a bird, und you sets on the bird, und the bird makes go his legs, und you comes over the water-lake."

"They could to be awful polite birds," Eva Gonorowsky was beginning when Morris interrupted with:

"I had once a auntie und she had a bird, a awful polite bird; on'y sooner somebody calls him he *couldn't* to come the while he sets in a cage."

"Did he have a rubber neck?" Isaac inquired, and Morris reluctantly admitted that he had not been so blessed.

"In the Central Park," Isaac went on, "all the birds is got rubber necks."

"What colour from birds be they?" asked Eva.

"All colours. Blue und white und red und yellow."

"Und green," Patrick Brennan interjected determinedly. "The green ones is the best."

"Did you go once?" asked Isaac slightly disconcerted.

"Naw, but I know. Me big brother told me."

"They could to be stylish birds, too," said Eva wistfully. "Stylish und polite. From red und green birds is awful stylish for hats."

"But these birds is big. Awful big! Mans could to ride on 'em und ladies und boys."

"Und little girls, Ikey? Ain't they fer little girls?" asked the only little girl in the group. And a very small girl she was, with a softly gentle voice and darkly gentle eyes fixed pleadingly now upon the bard.

"Yes," answered Isaac grudgingly; "sooner they sets by somebody's side little girls could to go. But sooner nobody holds them by the hand they could to have fraids over the rubber-neck-boat-birds und the water-lake, und the fishes."

"What kind from fishes?" demanded Morris Mogilewsky, Monitor of Miss Bailey's Gold-Fish Bowl, with professional interest.

"From gold fishes und red fishes und black fishes"—Patrick stirred uneasily and Isaac remembered—"und green fishes; the green ones is the biggest; und blue fishes und *all* kinds from fishes. They lives way down in the water the while they have fraids over the rubber-neck-boat-birds. Say, what you think? Sooner a rubber-neck-boat-bird needs he should eat he longs down his neck und eats a from-gold fish."

"'Out fryin'?" asks Eva, with an incredulous shudder.

"Yes, 'out fryin'. Ain't I told you little girls could to have fraids over 'em? Boys

could to have fraids too," cried Isaac; and then spurred on by the calm of his rival, he added: "The rubber-neck-boat-birds they hollers somethin' fierce."

"I wouldn't be afraid of them. Me pop's a cop," cried Patrick stoutly. "I'd just as lief set on 'em. I'd like to."

"Ah, but you ain't seen 'em, und you ain't heard 'em holler," Isaac retorted.

"Well, I'm goin' to. An' I'm goin' to see the lions an' the tigers an' the el'phants, an' I'm goin' to ride on the water-lake."

"Oh, how I likes I should go too!" Eva broke out. "O-o-oh, *how* I likes I should look on them things! On'y I don't know do I need a ride on somethings what hollers. I don't know be they fer me."

"Well, I'll take ye with me ifyour mother leaves you go," said Patrick grandly. "An' ye can hold me hand if ye're scared."

"Me too!" implored Morris. "Oh, Patrick, c'n I go too?"

"I guess so," answered the Leader of the Line graciously. But he turned a deaf ear to Isaac Borrachsohn's implorings to be allowed to join the party. Full well did Patrick know of the grandeur of Isaac's holiday attire and the impressionable nature of Eva's soul, and gravely did he fear that his own Sunday finery, albeit fashioned from the blue cloth and brass buttons of his sire, might be outshone.

At Eva's earnest request, Sadie, her cousin, was invited, and Morris suggested that the Monitor of the Window Boxes should not be slighted by his colleagues of the goldfish and the line. So Nathan Spiderwitz was raised to Alpine heights of anticipation by visions of a window box "as big as blocks and streets," where every plant, in contrast to his lanky charges, bore innumerable blossoms. Ignatius Aloysius Diamantstein was unanimously nominated a member of the expedition; by Patrick, because they were neighbours at St. Mary's Sunday-school; by Morris, because they were classmates under the same Rabbi at the synagogue; by Nathan, because Ignatius Aloysius was a member of the "Clinton Street gang"; by Sadie, because he had "long pants sailor suit"; by Eva, because the others wanted him.

Eva reached home that afternoon tingling with anticipation and uncertainty. What if her mother, with one short word, should close forever the gates of joy and boat-birds? But Mrs. Gonorowsky met her small daughter's elaborate plea with the simple question:

"Who pays you the car-fare?"

"Does it need car-fare to go?" faltered Eva.

"Sure does it," answered her mother. "I don't know how much, but some it needs. Who pays it?"

"Patrick ain't said."

"Well, you should better ask him," Mrs. Gonorowsky advised, and, on the next morning Eva did. She thereby buried the leader under the ruins of his fallen castle of clouds, but he struggled through them with the suggestion that each of his guests should be her, or his, own banker.

"But ain't you got *no* money 't all?" asked the guest of honour.

"Not a cent," responded the host. "But I'll get it. How much have you?"

"A penny. How much do I need?"

"I don't know. Let's ask Miss Bailey."

School had not yet formally begun and Teacher was reading. She was hardly disturbed when the children drove sharp elbows into her shoulder and her lap, and she answered Eva's—"Missis Bailey—oh, Missis Bailey," with an abstracted—"Well, dear?"

"Missis Bailey, how much money takes car-fare to the Central Park?"

Still with divided attention, Teacher replied—"Five cents, honey," and read on, while Patrick called a meeting of his forces and made embarrassing explanations with admirable tact.

There ensued weeks of struggle and economy for the exploring party, to which had been added a chaperon in the large and reassuring person of Becky Zalmonowsky, the class idiot. Sadie Gonorowsky's careful mother had considered Patrick too immature to bear the whole responsibility, and he, with a guile which promised well for his future, had complied with her desires and preserved his own authority unshaken. For Becky, poor child, though twelve years old and of an aspect eminently calculated to inspire trust in those who had never held speech with her, was a member of the First Reader Class only until such time as room could be found for her in some of the institutions where such unfortunates are bestowed.

Slowly and in diverse ways each of the children acquired the essential nickel. Some begged, some stole, some gambled, some bartered, some earned, but their greatest source of income, Miss Bailey, was denied to them. For Patrick knew that she would have insisted upon some really efficient guardian from a higher class, and he announced with much heat that he would not go at all under those circumstances.

At last the leader was called upon to set a day and appointed a Saturday in late May. He was disconcerted to find that only Ignatius Aloysius would travel on that day.

"It's holidays, all Saturdays," Morris explained; "und we dassent to ride on no cars."

"Why not?" asked Patrick.

"It's law, the Rabbi says," Nathan supplemented. "I don't know why is it; on'y rides on holidays ain't fer us."

"I guess," Eva sagely surmised; "I guess rubber-neck-boat-birds rides even ain't fer us on holidays. But I don't know do I need rides on birds what hollers."

"You'll be all right," Patrick assured her. "I'm goin' to let ye hold me hand. If ye can't go on Saturday, I'll take ye on Sunday—next Sunday. Yous all must meet me here on the school steps. Bring yer money and bring yer lunch too. It's a long way and ye'll be hungry when ye get there. Ye get a terrible long ride for five cents."

"Does it take all that to get there?" asked the practical Nathan. "Then how are we goin' to get back?"

Poor little poet soul! Celtic and improvident! Patrick's visions had shown him only the triumphant arrival of his host and the beatific joy of Eva as she floated by his side on the most "fancy" of boat-birds. Of the return journey he had taken no thought. And so the saving and planning had to be done all over again. The struggle for the first nickel had been wearing and wearying, but the amassment of the second was beyond description difficult. The children were worn from long strife and many sacrifices, for the temptations to spend six or nine cents are so much more insistent and unusual than are yearnings to squander lesser sums. Almost daily some member of the band would confess a fall from grace and solvency, and almost daily Isaac Borrachsohn was called upon to descant anew upon the glories of the Central Park. Becky, the chaperon, was the most desultory collector of the party. Over and over she reached the proud heights of seven or even eight cents only to lavish her horde on the sticky joys of the candy cart of Isidore Belchatosky's papa or on the suddy charms of a strawberry soda.

Then tearfully would she repent of her folly, and bitterly would the others upbraid her, telling again of the joys and wonders she had squandered. Then loudly would she bewail her weakness and plead in extenuation: "I seen the candy. Mouses from choc'late und Foxy Gran'pas from sugar—und I ain't never seen no Central Park."

"But don't you know how Isaac says?" Eva would urge. "Don't you know how all things what is nice fer us stands in the Central Park? Say, Isaac, you should better tell Becky, some more, how the Central Park stands."

And Isaac's tales grew daily more wild and independent of fact until the little girls quivered with yearning terror and the boys burnished up forgotten cap pistols. He told of lions, tigers, elephants, bears and buffaloes, all of enormous size and strength of lung, so that before many days had passed he had debarred himself, by whole-hearted lying, from the very possibility of joining the expedition and seeing the disillusionment of his public. With true artistic spirit he omitted all mention of confining house or cage, and bestowed the gift of speech upon all the characters, whether brute or human, in his epic. The merry-go-round he combined with the menagerie into a whole which was not to be resisted.

"Und all the am'blins," he informed his entranced listeners; "they goes around, und around, und around, where music plays und flags is. Und I sets on a lion und he runs around, und runs around, und runs around. Say—what you think? He has smiling looks und hair on the neck, und sooner he says like that 'I'm awful thirsty,' I gives him a peanut und I gets a golden ring."

"Where is it?" asked the jealous and incredulous Patrick.

"To my house." Isaac valiantly lied, for well he remembered the scene in which his scandalized but sympathetic uncle had discovered his attempt to purloin the brass ring which, with countless blackened duplicates, is plucked from a slot by the brandishing swords of the riders upon the merry-go-round. Truly, its possession had won him another ride—this time upon an elephant with upturned trunk and wide ears—but in his mind the return of that ring still rankled as the only grief in an otherwise perfect day.

Miss Bailey—ably assisted by Æsop, Rudyard Kipling, and Thompson Seton—had prepared the First Reader Class to accept garrulous and benevolent lions, cows, panthers, and elephants, and the exploring party's absolute credulity encouraged Isaac to higher and yet higher flights, until Becky was strengthened against temptation.

At last, on a Sunday in late June, the

cavalcade in splendid raiment met on the wide steps, boarded a Grand Street car, and set out for Paradise. Some confusion occurred at the very beginning of things when Becky Zalmonowsky curtly refused to share her pennies with the conductor. When she was at last persuaded to yield, an embarrassing five minutes was consumed in searching for the required amount in the nooks and crannies of her costume where, for safe-keeping, she had cached her fund. One penny was in her shoe, another in her stocking, two in the lining of her hat, and one in the large and dilapidated chatelaine bag which dangled at her knees.

Nathan Spiderwitz, who had preserved absolute silence, now contributed his fare, moist and warm, from his mouth, and Eva turned to him admonishingly.

"Ain't Teacher told you money in the mouth ain't healthy fer you?" she sternly questioned, and Nathan, when he had removed other pennies, was able to answer:

"I washed 'em first off." And they were indeed most brightly clean. "There's holes in me these here pockets," he explained, and promptly corked himself anew with currency.

"But they don't tastes nice, do they?" Morris remonstrated. Nathan shook a corroborative head. "Und," the Monitor of the Gold-Fish further urged, "you could to swallow 'em und then you couldn't never to come by your house no more."

But Nathan was not to be dissuaded, even when the impressional and experimental Becky tried his storage system and suffered keen discomfort before her penny was restored to her by a resourceful fellow-traveler who thumped her right lustily on the back until her crowings ceased and the coin was once more in her hand.

At the meeting of Grand Street with the Bowery, wild confusion was made wilder by the addition of seven small persons armed with transfers and clamouring—all except Nathan—for Central Park. Two newsboys and a policeman bestowed them upon a Third Avenue car and all went well until Patrick missed his lunch and charged Ignatius Aloysius with its abstraction. Words ensued which were not easily to be forgotten even when the refreshment was found—flat and horribly distorted—under the portly frame of the chaperon.

Jealousy may have played some part in the misunderstanding, for it was undeniable that there was a sprightliness, a joyant brightness, in the flowing red scarf on Ignatius Aloysius's nautical breast, which was nowhere paralleled in Patrick's more subdued array. And the tenth commandment seemed very arbitrary to Patrick, the star of St. Mary's Sunday-school, when he saw that the red silk was attracting nearly all the attention of his female contingent. If Eva admired flaunting ties it were well that she should say so now. There was yet time to spare himself the agony of riding on rubber-neck-boat-birds with one whose interest wandered from brass buttons. Darkly Patrick scowled upon his unconscious rival, and guilefully he remarked to Eva:

"Red neckties is nice, don't you think?"

"Awful nice," Eva agreed; "but they ain't so stylish like high-stiffs. High-stiffs und derbies is awful stylish."

Gloom and darkness vanished from the heart and countenance of the Knight of Munster, for around his neck he wore, with suppressed agony, the highest and stiffest of "high-stiffs," and his brows—and the back of his neck—were encircled by his big brother's work-a-day derby. Again he saw and described to Eva the vision which had lived in his hopes for now so many weeks: against a background of teeming jungle, mysterious and alive with wild beasts, an amiable boat-bird floated on the water-lake; and upon the boat-bird, trembling but reassured, sat Eva Gonorowsky, hand in hand with her brass-buttoned protector.

As the car sped up the Bowery the children felt that they were indeed adventurers. The clattering Elevated trains overhead, the crowds of brightly decked Sunday strollers, the clanging trolley cars, and the glimpses they caught of shining green as they passed the streets leading to the smaller squares and parks, all contributed to the holiday upliftedness which swelled their unaccustomed hearts. At each vista of green they made ready to disembark and were restrained only by the conductor and by the sage counsel of Eva, who reminded her impulsive companions that the Central Park could be readily identified by "the hollers from all them things what hollers." And so, in happy watching and calm trust of the conductor, they were borne far beyond 59th Street, the first and most popular entrance to the park, before an interested passenger came to their rescue. They tumbled off the car and pressed towards the green only to find themselves shut out by a high stone wall, against which they crouched and listened in vain for identifying hollers. The silence began to frighten them, when suddenly the quiet air was shattered by a shriek which would have

done credit to the biggest of boat-birds or of lions, but which was—the children discovered after a moment's panic—only the prelude to an outburst of grief on the chaperon's part. When the inarticulate stage of her sorrow was passed, she demanded instant speech with her mamma. She would seem to have expressed a sentiment common to the majority, for three heads in spring finery leaned dejectedly against the stone barrier while Nathan removed his car-fare to contribute the remark that he was growing hungry. Patrick was forced to seek aid in the passing crowd on Fifth Avenue, and in response to his pleading eyes and the depression of his party, a lady of gentle aspect and "kind looks" stopped and spoke to them.

"Indeed, yes," she reassured them; "this is Central Park."

"It has looks off the country," Eva commented.

"Because it is a piece of the country," the lady explained.

"Then we dassent to go, the while we ain't none of us got no sickness," cried Eva forlornly. "We're all, all healthy, und the country is for sick childrens."

"I am glad you are well," said the lady, kindly; "but you may certainly play in the park. It is meant for all little children. The gate is near. Just walk on near this wall until you come to it."

It was only a few blocks, and they were soon in the land of their hearts' desire, where were waving trees and flowering shrubs and smoothly sloping lawns, and, framed in all these wonders, a beautiful little water-lake all dotted and brightened by fleets of tiny boats. The pilgrims from the East Side stood for a moment at gaze and then bore down upon the jewel, straight over grass and border, which is a course not lightly to be followed in park precincts and in view of park policemen. The ensuing reprimand dashed their spirits not at all and they were soon assembled close to the margin of the lake, where they got entangled in guiding strings and drew to shore many a craft, to the disgust of many a small owner. Becky Zalmonowsky stood so closely over the lake that she shed the chatelaine bag into its shallow depths and did irreparable damage to her gala costume in her attempts to "dibble" for her property. It was at last recovered, no wetter than the toilette it was intended to adorn, and the cousins Gonorowsky had much difficulty in balking Becky's determination to remove her gown and dry it then and there.

Then Ignatius Aloysius, the exacting, remembered garrulously that he had as yet seen nothing of the rubber-neck-boat-birds and suggested that they were even now graciously "hollering like an'thing" in some remote fastness of the park. So Patrick gave commands and the march was resumed with bliss now beaming on all the faces so lately clouded. Every turn of the endless walks brought new wonders to these little ones who were gazing for the first time upon the great world of growing things of which Miss Bailey had so often told them. The policeman's warning had been explicit and they followed decorously in the paths and picked none of the flowers which, as Eva had heard of old, were sticking right up out of the ground. And other flowers there were dangling high or low on tree or shrub, while here and there across the grass a bird came hopping or a squirrel ran. But the pilgrims never swerved. Full well they knew that these delights were not for such as they.

It was, therefore, with surprise and concern that they at last debouched upon a wide green space where a flag waved at the top of a towering pole; for, behold, the grass was covered thick with children, with here and there a beneficent policeman looking serenely on.

"Dast *we* walk on it?" cried Morris. "Oh, Patrick, dast we?"

"Ask the cop," Nathan suggested. It was his first speech for an hour, for Becky's misadventure with the chatelaine bag and the water-lake had made him more than ever sure that his own method of safe-keeping was the best.

"Ask him yerself," retorted Patrick. He had quite intended to accost a large policeman, who would of course recognize and revere the buttons of Mr. Brennan *père*, but a commander cannot well accept the advice of his subordinates. But Nathan was once more beyond the power of speech, and it was Morris Mogilewsky who asked for and obtained permission to walk on God's green earth. With little spurts of running, and tentative jumps to test its spring, they crossed Peacock Lawn to the grateful shade of the trees at its further edge and there disposed themselves upon the ground and ate their luncheon. Nathan Spiderwitz waited until Sadie had finished, and then entrusted the five gleaming pennies to her care while he wildly bolted an appetizing combination of dark brown bread and uncooked salmon.

Becky reposed upon the chatelaine bag

and waved her still damp shoes exultantly. Eva lay, face downward beside her, and peered wonderingly deep into the roots of things.

"Don't it smells nice!" she gloated. "Don't it looks nice! My, ain't we havin' the party-time!"

"Don't mention it," said Patrick, in careful imitation of his mother's hostess's manner. "I'm pleased to see you, I'm sure."

"The Central Park is awful pretty," Sadie soliloquized as she lay on her back and watched the waving branches and blue sky far above. "Awful pretty! I likes we should live here all the time."

"Well," began Ignatius Aloysius Diamantstein, in slight disparagement of his rival's powers as a cicerone; "well, I ain't seen no lions, nor no rubber-neck-boat-birds. Und we ain't had no rides on nothings. Und I ain't heard no hollers, neither."

As if in answer to this criticism there arose upon the road beyond the trees a snorting, panting noise, growing momentarily louder and culminating just as East Side nerves were strained to breaking point, in a long, hoarse and terrifying yell. There was a flash of red, a cloud of dust, three other toots of agony, and the thing was gone. Gone, too, were the explorers and gone their peaceful rest. To the distant end of the field they flew, led by the panic-stricken chaperon, and followed by Eva and Patrick, hand in hand, he making show of a bravery he was far from feeling, and she frankly terrified. In a secluded corner, near the restaurant, the chaperon was run to earth by her breathless charges.

"I seen the lion," she panted over and over. "I seen the fierce, big red lion, und I don't know where is my mamma."

Patrick saw that one of the attractions had failed to attract, so he tried another.

"Let's go and see the cows," he proposed. "Don't you know the po'try piece Miss Bailey learned us about cows?"

Again the emotional chaperon interrupted. "I'm loving much mit Miss Bailey, too," she wailed. "Und I don't know where is she neither." But the pride of learning upheld the others and they chanted in sing-song chorus, swaying rhythmically the while from leg to leg:

"The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart Robert Louis Stevenson."

Becky's tears ceased. "Be there cows in in the Central Park?" she demanded.

"Sure," said Patrick.

"Und what kind from cream will he give us? Ice cream?"

"Sure," said Patrick again.

"Let's go," cried the emotional chaperon. A passing stranger turned the band in the general direction of the menagerie, and the reality of the cow brought the whole "memory gem" into strange and undreamed reality.

Gaily they set out through new and always beautiful ways; through tunnels where feet and voices rang with ghostly boomings most pleasant to the ear; over bridges whence they saw—in partial proof of Isaac Borrachsohn's veracity—"mans und ladies ridin'." Of a surety they rode nothing more exciting than horses, but that was, to East Side eyes, an unaccustomed sight, and Eva opined that it was owing, probably, to the shortness of their watch that they saw no lions and tigers similarly amiable. The cows, too, seemed far to seek, but the trees and grass and flowers were everywhere. Through long stretches of "for sure country" they picked their way, until they came, hot but happy, to a green and shady summer house on a hill. There they halted to rest, and there Ignatius Aloysius, with questionable delicacy, began to insist once more upon the full measure of his bond.

"We ain't seen the rubber-neck-boat-birds," he complained. "Und we ain't had no rides on nothings."

"You don't know what is polite," cried Eva, greatly shocked at his carping spirit in the presence of a hard-worked host. "You could to think shame over how you says somethings like that on a party."

"This ain't no party," Ignatius Aloysius retorted. "It's a 'scursion. To a party somebody gives you what you should eat; to a 'scursion you *brings* it. Und, anyway, we ain't had no rides."

"But we heard a holler," the guest of honour reminded him. "We heard a fierce, big holler from a lion. I don't know do I need a ride on something what hollers. I could to have a fraid maybe."

"Ye wouldn't be afraid on the boats when I hold yer hand, would ye?" Patrick anxiously inquired, and Eva shyly admitted that, thus supported, she might be undismayed. To work off the pride and joy caused by this avowal, Patrick mounted the broad seat extending all around the summer-house and began to walk clatteringly upon it. The other pilgrims followed suit and the whole party stamped and danced with infinite enjoyment. Suddenly the leader halted with a cry of

triumph and pointed grandly out through one of the wistaria-hung openings. Not De Soto upon the banks of the Mississippi nor Balboa above the Pacific could have felt more victorious than Patrick did as he announced:

"There's the water-lake!"

His followers closed in upon him so impetuously that he was borne down under their charge and fell ignominiously out upon the grass. But he was hardly missed; he had served his purpose. For there, beyond the rocks and lawns and red japonicas, lay the blue and shining water-lake in its confining banks of green. And upon its softly quivering surface floated the rubber-neck-boat-birds, white and sweetly silent instead of red and screaming —and the superlative length and arched beauty of their necks surpassed the wildest of Ikey Borrachsohn's descriptions. And relying upon the strength and politeness of these wondrous birds there were indeed "mans und ladies und boys und little girls" embarking, disembarking, and placidly weaving in and out and round about through scences of hidden but undoubted beauty.

Over rocks and grass the army charged towards bliss unutterable, strewing their path with overturned and howling babies of prosperity who, clumsy from many nurses and much pampering, failed to make way. Past all barriers, accident or official, they pressed, nor halted to draw rein or breath until they were established, beatified, upon the waiting swan-boat.

Three minutes later they were standing outside the railings of the landing and regarding, through welling tears, the placid lake, the sunny slopes of grass and tree, the brilliant sky and the gleaming rubber-neck-boat-bird which, as Ikey described, "made go its legs," but only, as he had omitted to mention, for money. So there they stood, seven sorrowful little figures engulfed in the rayless despair of childhood and the bitterness of poverty. For these were the children of the poor, and full well they knew that money was not to be diverted from its mission: that car-fare could not be squandered on bliss.

Becky's woe was so strong and loud that the bitter wailings of the others served merely as its background. But Patrick cared not at all for the general despair. His remorseful eyes never strayed from the bowed figure of Eva Gonorowsky, for whose pleasure and honour he had striven so long and vainly. Slowly she conquered her sobs, slowly she raised her daisy-decked head, deliberately she blew her small pink nose, softly she approached her conquered knight, gently and all untruthfully she faltered, with yearning eyes on the majestic swans:

"Don't you have no sad feelings, Patrick. I ain't got none. Ain't I told you from long, how I don't need no rubber-neck-boat-bird rides? I don't need 'em! I don't need em! I"—with a sob of passionate longing—"I'm got all times a awful scare over 'em. Let's go home, Patrick. Becky needs she should see her mamma, und I guess I needs my mamma too."

Clown's Song

From "Twelfth Night"

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet [thrown.
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Beauty's Impact

If, when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover,
Dost not speak thy words twice over,
Know this,
Thou lovs't amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat,
And, with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from the place,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

THE KINDLING OF A FIRE

It is to be a God, methinks, to sit before you and listen close by to the sweet accents and winning laughter which have made the heart in my breast beat so fast and high.

When I look on you, Brocheo, my speech comes short, or fails me quite, I am tongue-tied.

In a moment a delicate fire has overrun my flesh, my eyes grow dim and my ears sing, the sweat runs down me and a trembling takes me altogether, till I am as green and pale as the grass, and death itself seems not very far away—— SAPPHO (EDMONDS).

THE INESCAPABLE MYSTERY

From that day Paphnutius had not a moment's rest. The voice spoke to him without ceasing. The theorbo-player looked at him fixedly from beneath her long lashes. In her turn she spoke:

"See, I am mysterious and beautiful. . . . You cannot escape me; I am the beauty of woman. Whither do you think of fleeing, madman? You will find my image in the beauty of flowers, in the grace of palms, in the flight of doves, in the bounds of gazelles, in the undulating course of streams, in the soft light of the moon, and, if you close your eyes, you will find it in yourself. . . . You know me well, Paphnutius. Why did you not recognize me? I am one of the countless incarnations of Thais."

ANATOLE FRANCE. (*Thais.*)

NECESSITY FOR EXPRESSION

"I decidedly believe that I must become a sculptor, for to see such beauty and to be unable to express it in one way or another is sufficient to make a man furious and mad. I have made twenty sonnets to these shoulders, but that is not enough: I should like something which I can touch with my finger and which would be exactly alike; verses express only the phantom of beauty, and not beauty itself. The painter attains to a more accurate semblance, but it is only a semblance. Sculpture has all the reality that anything completely false can possess; it has a multiple aspect, casts a shadow and may be touched. Your sculptured differs from your veritable mistress only in this, that she is a little harder and does not speak—two very trifling defects!" GAUTIER.

THE GIRL WHO DWELT IN "GREEN MANSIONS"

"Why, I began to ask myself, was Rima so much to me? It was easy to answer that question: Because nothing so exquisite had ever been created. All the separate and fragmentary beauty and melody and graceful motion found scattered throughout nature were concentrated and harmoniously combined in her. How various, how luminous, how

divine she was! A being for the mind to marvel at, to admire continually, finding some new grace and charm every hour, every moment, to add to the old." W. H. HUDSON.

A FRENCH ARTIST'S ADORATION

Déchartre was watching her. It seemed to him as if he saw her for the first time, such new charm did he discover on her delicate face, which life and thought had lined, but had not robbed of their youthful grace and freshness. The light that she loved enhanced her beauty. And she was beautiful indeed, bathed in that soft Florentine light which glorifies beautiful forms and fosters noble thoughts. There was a slight colour on her finely moulded cheeks. There was a laugh in her gray-blue eyes; and when she spoke she displayed the brilliant whiteness of her teeth. In a glance he appreciated all the graceful details of her supple figure. With one hand she held her parasol, with the other ungloved she was toying with some violets. Déchartre had a passion for beautiful hands. For him a hand had a character, a soul, a physiognomy as pronounced as a countenance. Thérèse's hands delighted him. They were at once sensual and spiritual. It seemed to him that they were bare from sheer voluptuousness. He adored their tapering fingers, their pink nails, their slender skin, marked with graceful lines, and rising gently and harmoniously toward the knuckles. He gazed entranced until she closed them on the handle of her parasol. Then, slightly behind her, he looked again. Her bust, her arms, graceful and correct in line, her well-developed hips, her fine ankles, her whole figure, in the beautiful form of a living amphora, pleased him. ANATOLE FRANCE. (*The Red Lily.*)

THEY SAY THAT EVEN TWENTIETH CENTURY JUSTICE——

I do bethink me, moreover, what I did read of Phryne, the courtesan, who, being summoned to appear before a court of justice, and fearing lest the sentence should go against her, swept aside her draperies and revealed her fair body, the beauty of which so worked upon the judges that they set her at liberty, relieved of all embarrassments.

FEDERIGO LUIGINO OF UDINE.

THE PUNISHMENT FOR NON-WORSHIPPERS

"It is indeed the truth that to be of perfect beauty many things are needed, so that one is rarely found who possesseth the half of them."

Selvaggia then said: "There are some among you men whom the world itself would not satisfy. And I once heard it said that one Momus, unable to find any fault in the beauty of Venus, blamed some trifle in the fashion of her sandals."

Then said Verdespina: "Thus you see how he beheld her."

And Celso, laughing, went on: "Again, Stesichoros, a most noble poet of Sicily, spoke evil of that Helen who, by her exceeding great beauty, moved a thousand Greek ships to go forth against the great kingdom of Troy."

Then said Madonna Lampiada in haste: "Aye, truly, but you know that he thereupon lost his sight, and had it not again till he denied his words."

MESSER AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA (1548).

THE HUMAN CARNIVORÆ

My Bohemian could not pretend to the necessary perfection. Her skin, though quite smooth, approached somewhat to the coppery tinge. Her eyes were obliquely set, but large and full; her lips rather thick, but well cut, and permitted the teeth—white as blanched almonds—to be seen. Her hair was perhaps a trifle coarse, but had a blue sheen running through it, like that one sees in a raven's wings, and was long and luxuriant. Not to weary you with a detailed description, I will merely say that with each fault she united a good point, which came out, perhaps, more by virtue of the contrast. She was of a strange and savage beauty—a face which at first surprised you, but it was one you could never forget. Her eyes, especially, had an expression at once voluptuous and fierce, which I have

never since noticed in any human eyes. "Eye of gypsy, eye of wolf" is a Spanish saying which denotes quick observation. If you have not time to go to the Zoölogical Gardens to study the expression of the wolf's eyes, look at your cat when he is watching a sparrow!

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

WHAT ENGLAND MAKES OF "PEA-FED BACON"

Whether it was our warmth, and freedom, and our harmless love of God, and trust in one another; or whether it were our air, and water, and the pea-fed bacon; anyhow, my Lorna grew richer and more lovely, more perfect and more firm of figure, and more light and buoyant, with every passing day that laid its tribute on her cheeks and lips. I was allowed one kiss a day; only one, for manners' sake, because she was our visitor; and I might have it before breakfast, or else when I came to say "good night!" according as I decided. And I decided, every night, not to take it in the morning, but put it off till the evening time, and have the pleasure to think about, through all the day of working. But when my darling came up to me in the early daylight, fresher than the daystar, and with no one looking; only her bright eyes smiling, and sweet lips quite ready, was it likely I could wait, and think all day about it? For she wore a frock of Annie's, nicely made to fit her, taken in at the waist and curved—I never could explain it, not being a mantua-maker; but I know how her figure looked in it, and how it came toward me. R. D. BLACKMORE.

THE BANISHER OF SLEEP

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
Had further sleep a further pleasure made;
For woman's face was never form'd in vain
For Juan, so that even when he pray'd
He turned from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary. BYRON.

A LETTER TO FANNY

Why may I not speak of your Beauty, since without that I could never have lov'd you?—I cannot conceive any beginning of such love as I have for you but Beauty. There may be a sort of love for which, without the least sneer at it, I have the highest respect, and can admire it in others: but it has not the richness, the bloom, the full form, the enchantment of love after my own heart. So let me speak of your Beauty, though to my own endangering; if you could be so cruel to me as to try elsewhere its Power. KEATS.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

"O mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whisper'd in his ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower."

TENNYSON.

A Girl of the Heights

"Ah, and I wanted to ask you," Lord Fleetwood observed . . . , "I was puzzled by a name you write here and there near the end, and permit me to ask it: Carinthia! It cannot be the country? You write after the name: '*A beautiful Gorgon—a haggard Venus.*' It seized me. I have had the face before my eyes ever since. You must mean a woman. . . . You write—may I refer to the book?"

He received the book and flew through the leaves: "Here—'*A panting look*': you write again: '*A look of beaten flame: a look of one who has run and at last beholds!*' But that is a living face: I see her! Here again: '*From minute to minute she is the rock that loses the sun at night and reddens in the morning.*' You could not create an idea of a woman to move you like that. No one could, I am certain of it, certain; if so, you're a wizard—I swear you are. But that's a face high over beauty. Just to know there is a woman like her, is an antidote. You compare her to a rock. Who would imagine a comparison of a woman to a rock! But rock is the very picture of beautiful, haggard Venus. Tell me you met her, you saw her. I want only to hear she lives, she is in the world. Beautiful women compared to roses may whirl away with their handsome dragoons! A pang from them is a thing to be ashamed of. And there are men who trot about whining with it! But a Carinthia makes pain honourable. You have done what I thought impossible—fused a woman's face and grand scenery, to make them inseparable. She might be wicked for me. I should see a bright rim round hatred of her!—the rock you describe. I could endure horrors and not annihilate her! I should think her sacred." George Meredith.

When Paradise Must be Regained

Beauty, tho' injurious, hath strange power,
After offense returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt,
And secret sting of amourous remorse. Milton.

The Seeker

The study of beauty was his only joy for years onward. In the streets he would observe a face, or a fraction of a face, which seemed to express to a hair's breadth in mutable flesh what he was at that moment wishing to express in durable shape. He would dodge and follow the owner like a detective; in omnibus, in cab, in steam-boat, through crowds, into shops, churches, theaters, public-houses, and slums—mostly, when at close quarters, to be disappointed for his pains. Thomas Hardy.

"To Leave Her Was to Have Her"

He found himself bowing to a most heavenly lady, composed of day and night in her colouring, but more of night, where the western edge has become a pale steel blade. Men were around her, forming a semi-circle. The world of men and women was mere timber and leafage to this flower of her sex, glory of her kind. How he behaved in her presence, he knew not; he was beyond self-criticism or conscious reflection; simply the engine of the commixed three liqueurs, with parlous fine thoughts, and a sense of steaming into the infinite.

To leave her was to have her as a moon in the heavens and to think of her creatively. A swarm of images rushed about her and away, took luster and shade. She was a miracle of grayness, her eyes translucently gray, a dark-haired queen of the twilights; and his heart sprang into his brain to picture the novel beauty; language became a flushed Bacchanal in a ring of dancing similes. Lying beside a bank of silvery cinquefoil against a clear evening sky, where the planet Venus is a point of new and warmer light, one has the vision of her. Or something of Persephone rising to greet her mother, when our beam of day first melts through her as she kneels to gather an early bud of the year, would be near it. Or there is a lake in mid-forest, that curls part in shadow under the foot of morning: there we have her.

He strained to the earthly and the skyey likenesses of his marvel of human beauty, because they bestowed her on him in passing. All the while, he was gazing on a green gaming-table. George Meredith.

"Two Are Better than One"

And at last, he looked, and lo! there she was, before his eyes, again. And she was sitting on her slab, that hung over the pool, with her two feet hanging down together, so as almost to touch the water, like a nectar-oozing digit of the moon, come down to earth in a feminine form of unimaginable beauty. And she looked as if she had but just risen from the sea for the first time, as indeed she had from the pool, for her wet red hair was clinging all round her as if trying in vain to hide the outline of her foamy limbs. And she was watching the gambols of a silver fish that kept leaping from the water and disappearing, like the young moon in the rainy season, playing hide and seek with the scudding clouds.

So, then, when he saw her, the heart of Kamarupa began to beat like a drum, so loud, that she was afraid she would hear. And he began to shake with such agitation that he lost all control over his limbs; and coming within a little of falling, he placed his foot unawares on a dry twig, which broke with a snap. And instantly, she looked up, and saw him. And as he stood, half dead with terror, among the sudden ruin of all his hopes, with the perspiration on his brow, colder than ice, all at once, to his stupefaction, she called to him kindly, and said: "Hé, Kamarupa, come and sit beside me, and see how my fish jumps, for it is amusing, and well worth seeing. And two are better than one, to see anything at all." F. W. Bain.

"Life Romped Through Her Blood"

He liked the flame of her hair in the sunshine, the glint of its gold by the firelight, and the waywardness of it and the glory. He liked her neat-shod feet and the gray-gaitered calves,—alas, now hidden in long-skirted Dawson. He liked her for the strength of her slenderness; and to walk with her, swinging her step and stride to his, or merely to watch her come across a room or down the street, was a delight. Life and the joy of life romped through her blood, abstemiously filling out and rounding off each shapely muscle and soft curve. And he liked it all. Especially he liked the swell of her forearm, which rose firm and strong and tantalizing, and sought shelter all too quickly under the loose-flowing sleeve.

The co-ordination of physical with spiritual beauty is very strong in normal men, and so it was with Vance Corliss. That he liked the one was no reason that he failed to appreciate the other. He liked Frona for both, and for herself as well. And to like, with him, though he did not know it, was to love. Jack London.

The Dancing Egyptian

The little minister drew a deep breath, and his foot snapped a brittle twig. Then he remembered who and where he was, and stopped to pick up his staff. But he did not pick it up, for as his fingers were closing on it, the lady began to sing.

For perhaps a minute Gavin stood stock still, like an intruder. . . . She was still fifty yards away, sometimes singing gleefully, and again letting her body sway lightly as she came dancing up Windyghoul. Soon she was within a few feet of the little minister, to whom singing except when out of tune, was a suspicious thing, and dancing a device of the devil. His arm went out wrathfully, and his intention was to pronounce sentence on this woman.

But she passed, unconscious of his presence, and he had not moved nor spoken. Though really of the average height, she was a little thing to the eyes of Gavin, who always felt tall and stout except when he looked down. The grace of her swaying figure was a new thing in the world to him. Only while she passed did he see her as a gleam of colour, a gypsy elf poorly clad, her bare feet flashing beneath a short green skirt, a twig of rowan berries stuck carelessly into her black hair. Her face was pale. She had an angel's loveliness. Gavin shook.

Still she danced onwards, but she was very human, for when she came to muddy water she let her feet linger in it, and flung up her arms, dancing more wantonly than before. A diamond on her finger shot a thread of fire over the pool. Undoubtedly she was the devil. . . .

. . . "Was she as bonny as folk say?" asked Margaret. "Jean says they speak of her beauty as unearthly."

"Beauty of her kind," Gavin explained learnedly, "is neither earthly nor heavenly." He was seeing things as they are very clearly now. "What," he said, "is mere physical beauty? Pooh!" J. M. Barrie.

The Far-away Princess

A Comedy in One Act

By HERMANN SUDERMANN

Translated by Grace Frank

CHARACTERS

THE PRINCESS VON GELDERN.
BARONESS VON BROOK, *her maid of honour.*
FRAU VON HALLDORF.
LIDDY, MILLY } *her daughters.*
FRITZ STRUBEL, *a student.*
FRAU LINDEMANN.
ROSA, *a waitress.*
A LACKEY.

THE PRESENT DAY.—*The scene is laid at an inn situated above a watering-place in central Germany.*

The veranda of an inn. The right side of the stage and half of the background represent a framework of glass enclosing the veranda. The left side and the other half of the background represent the stone walls of the house. To the left, in the foreground, a door; another door in the background, at the left. On the left, back, a buffet and serving-table. Neat little tables and small iron chairs for visitors are placed about the veranda. On the right, in the center, a large telescope, standing on a tripod, is directed through an open window. ROSA, *dressed in the costume of the country, is arranging flowers on the small tables.* FRAU LINDEMANN, *a handsome, stoutish woman in the thirties, hurries in excitedly from the left.*

FRAU LINDEMANN—There! Now she can come—curtains, bedding—everything fresh and clean as new! No, this honour, this unexpected honour—! Barons and counts have been here often enough. Even the Russian princes sometimes come up from the Springs. I don't bother my head about them—they're just like—that!—But a princess—a real princess!

ROSA—Perhaps it isn't a real princess after all.

FRAU LINDEMANN (*indignantly*)—What? What do you mean by that!

ROSA—I was only thinking that a real princess wouldn't be coming to an inn like this. Real princesses won't lie on anything but silks and velvets. You just wait and see; it's a trick!

FRAU LINDEMANN—Are you going to pretend that the letter isn't genuine;—that the letter is a forgery?

ROSA—Maybe one of the regular customers is playing a joke. That student, Herr Strübel, he's always joking. (*Giggles.*)

FRAU LINDEMANN—When Herr Strübel makes a joke, he makes a decent joke, a real, genuine joke. Oh, of course, one has to pretend to be angry sometimes—but as for writing a forged letter—My land!—a letter with a gold crown on it—there! (*She takes a letter from her waist, and reads.*) "This afternoon, Her Highness, the Princess von Geldern, will stop at the Fairview Inn, to rest an hour or so before making the descent to the Springs. You are requested to have ready a quiet and comfortable room, to guard Her Highness from any annoying advances, and, above all, to maintain the strictest secrecy regarding this event, as otherwise the royal visit will not be repeated. Baroness von Brook, maid of honour to Her Highness." Now, what have you got to say?

ROSA—Herr Strübel lent me a book once. A maid of honour came into that, too. I'm sure it's a trick!

FRAU LINDEMANN (*looking out toward the back*)—Dear, dear, isn't that Herr Strübel now, coming up the hill? To-day of all days! What on earth does he always want up here?

ROSA (*pointedly*)—He's in such favour at the Inn.—He won't be leaving here all day.

FRAU LINDEMANN—That won't do at all. He's got to be sent off. If I only knew how I could—Oh, ho! I'll be disagreeable to him—that's the only way to manage it! (STRUBEL *enters. He is a handsome young fellow without much polish, but cheerful, unaffected, entirely at his ease, and invariably good-natured.*)

STRUBEL—Good-day, everybody.

FRAU LINDEMANN (*sarcastically*) — Charming day.

STRUBEL (*surprised at her coolness*)—I say! What's up? Who's been rubbing you the wrong way? May I have a glass of beer, anyway? Glass of beer, if you please! —Several glasses of beer, if you please.— (*Sits down.*) Pestiferously hot this afternoon.

FRAU LINDEMANN (*after a pause*)—H'm, H'm!

STRUBEL—Landlady Linda, dear, why so quiet to-day?

FRAU LINDEMANN—In the first place, Herr Strübel, I would have you know that my name is Frau Lindemann.

STRUBEL—Just so.

FRAU LINDEMANN—And secondly, if you don't stop your familiarity——

STRUBEL (*singing, as* ROSA *brings him a glass of beer*) — "Beer — beer!"—Heavens and earth, how hot it is! (*Drinks.*)

FRAU LINDEMANN—If you find it so hot, why don't you stay quietly down there at the Springs?

STRUBEL—Ah, my soul thirsts for the heights—my soul thirsts for the heights every afternoon. Just as soon as ever my sallow-faced pupil has thrown himself down on the couch to give his red corpuscles a chance to grow, "I gayly grasp my Alpine staff and mount to my beloved."

FRAU LINDEMANN (*scornfully*)—Bah!

STRUBEL—Oh, you're thinking that *you* are my beloved? No, dearest: my beloved stays down there. But to get nearer to her, I have to come up here—up to your telescope. With the aid of your telescope I can look right into her window—see?

ROSA (*laughing*)—Oh, so that's why——

FRAU LINDEMANN—Perhaps you think I'm interested in all that?—Besides, I've no more time for you.—Moreover, I'm going to have this place cleaned right away. Good-bye, Herr Strübel. (*Goes out.*)

STRUBEL (*laughing*)—I certainly caught it that time! See here, Rosa, what's got into her head?

ROSA (*mysteriously*)—Ahem, there are crowned heads and other heads—and—ahem—there are letters *with* crowns and letters *without* crowns.

STRUBEL—Letters—? Are you——?

ROSA—There are maids of honour—and other maids! (*Giggles.*)

STRUBEL—Permit me. (*Tapping her forehead lightly with his finger.*) Ow! Ow!

ROSA—What's the matter?

STRUBEL—Why, your head's on fire! Blow! Blow! And while you are getting some salve for my burns, I'll just—(*Goes to the telescope.*)

(*Enter* FRAU VON HALLDORF, LIDDY, *and* MILLY. FRAU VON HALLDORF *is an aristocratic woman, somewhat supercilious and affected.*)

LIDDY—Here's the telescope, mother. Now you can see for yourself.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—What a pity that it's in use just now.

STRUBEL (*stepping back*)—Oh, I beg of you, ladies—I have plenty of time. I can wait.

FRAU V. HALLDORF (*condescendingly*)—Ah, thanks so much. (*She goes up to the telescope, while* STRUBEL *returns to his former place.*) Waitress! Bring us three glasses of milk.

LIDDY (*as* MILLY *languidly drops into a chair*)—Beyond to the right is the road, Mother.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—Oh, I have found the road, but I see no carriage—neither a royal carriage nor any other sort.

LIDDY—Let me look.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—Please do.

LIDDY—It has disappeared now.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—Are you quite sure that it was a royal carriage?

LIDDY—Oh, one has an instinct for that sort of thing, Mother. It comes to one in the cradle.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—(*as* MILLY *yawns and sighs aloud*)—Are you sleepy, dear?

MILLY—No, only tired. I'm always tired.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—Well, that's just why we are at the Springs. Do as the princess does: take the waters religiously.

MILLY—The princess oughtn't to be climbing up such a steep hill either, on a hot day like this.

FRAU V. HALLDORF (*more softly*)—Well, you know why we are taking all this trouble. If, by good luck, we should happen to meet the princess——

LIDDY (*who has been looking through the telescope*)—Oh, there it is again!

FRAU V. HALLDORF (*eagerly*)—Where? Where? (*Takes* LIDDY'S *place.*)

LIDDY—It's just coming around the turn at the top.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—Oh, now I see it! Why, there's no one inside!

LIDDY—Well, then she's coming up on foot.

FRAU V. HALLDORF (*to* MILLY)—See, the princess is coming up on foot, too. And she is just as anæmic as you are.

MILLY—If I were going to marry a grand-duke, and if I could have my own carriage driven along beside me, I wouldn't complain of having to walk, either.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—I can't see a thing now.

LIDDY—You have to turn the screw, Mother.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—I have been turning it right along, but the telescope won't move.

LIDDY—Let me try.

STRUBEL (*who has been throwing little wads of paper at* ROSA *during the preceding conversation*)—What are they up to?

LIDDY—It seems to me that you've turned the screw too far, Mother.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—Well, what shall we do about it?

STRUBEL (*rising*)—Permit me to come to your aid, ladies. I've had some experience with these old screws.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—Very kind—indeed. (STRUBEL *busies himself with the instrument.*)

LIDDY—Listen, Mother. If the carriage has almost reached the top, the princess can't be far off. Wouldn't it be best, then, to watch for them on the road?

FRAU V. HALLDORF—Certainly, if you think that would be best, dear Liddy.

STRUBEL—This is not only an old screw, but it's a regular perverted old screw!

FRAU V. HALLDORF—Ah, really?—(*Aside to her daughters.*) And if she should actually speak to us at this accidental meeting—and if we could present ourselves as the subjects of her noble fiancé, and tell her that we live at her future home—just imagine what an advantage that would give us over the other women of the court!

STRUBEL—There, ladies! We have now rescued the useful instrument to which the far-sightedness of mankind is indebted.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—Thanks, so much.—Pardon me, sir, but have you heard anything about the report that the princess is going to make the journey up here to-day?

STRUBEL—The princess? The Princess of the Springs? The Princess of the lonely villa? The Princess who is expected at the iron spring every morning, but who has never been seen by a living soul? Why, I am enormously interested. You wouldn't believe how much interested I am!

LIDDY (*who has looked out, back*)—There—there—there—it is!

FRAU V. HALLDORF—The carriage?

LIDDY—It's reached the top already. It is stopping over there at the edge of the woods.

FRAU V. HALLDORF—She will surely enter it there, then. Come quickly, my dear children, so that it will look quite accidental—Here is your money. (*She throws a coin to* ROSA *and unwraps a small package done up in tissue paper which she has brought with her.*) Here is a bouquet for you—and here's one for you. You are to present these to the princess.

MILLY—So that it will look quite accidental—oh, yes! (*All three go out.*)

STRUBEL—Good heavens! Could I—? I don't believe it! Surely she sits—Well, I'll make sure right away— (*Goes up to the telescope and stops.*) Oh, I'll go along with them, anyhow. (*Exit after them.*)

FRAU LINDEMANN (*entering*)—Have they all gone—all of them?

ROSA—All of them.

FRAU LINDEMANN (*looking toward the right*)—There—there—two ladies and a lackey are coming up the footpath. Mercy me! How my heart is beating!—If I had only had the sofa re-covered last spring!—What am I going to say to them?—Rosa, don't you know a poem by heart which you could speak to the princess? (ROSA *shrugs her shoulders.*) They're coming through the court now!—Stop putting your arms under your apron that way, you stupid thing!—oh dear, oh dear— (*The door opens. A* LACKEY *in plain black livery enters, and remains standing at the door. He precedes* THE PRINCESS *and* FRAU VON BROOK. THE PRINCESS *is a pale, sickly, unassuming young girl, wearing a very simple walking costume and a medium-sized leghorn hat trimmed with roses.* FRAU VON BROOK *is a handsome, stately, stern-looking woman, in the thirties. She is well dressed, but in accordance with the simple tastes of the North German nobility.*)

FRAU V. BROOK—Who is the proprietor of this place?

FRAU LINDEMANN—At your command, your Highness.

FRAU V. BROOK (*reprovingly*)—I am the

maid of honour.—Where is the room that has been ordered?

FRAU LINDEMANN (*opens the door, left*)—Here—at the head of the stairs—my lady.

FRAU V. BROOK—Would your Highness care to remain here for a few moments?

THE PRINCESS—Very much, dear Frau von Brook.

FRAU V. BROOK—Edward, order what is needed for Her Highness, and see that a room next to Her Highness is prepared for me. I may assume that these are your Highness's wishes?

THE PRINCESS—Why certainly, dear Frau von Brook. (THE LACKEY, *who is carrying shawls and pillows, goes out with* ROSA, *left.*)

THE PRINCESS—Mais puisque je te dis, Eugénie, que je n'ai pas sommeil. M'envoyer coucher comme une enfant, c'est abominable.

FRAU V. BROOK—Mais je t'implore, chérie, sois sage! Tu sais, que c'est le médecin, qui——

THE PRINCESS—Ah, ton médecin! Toujours cette corvée. Et si je te dis——

FRAU V. BROOK — Chut! My dear woman, wouldn't it be best for you to superintend the preparations?

FRAU LINDEMANN—I am entirely at your service. (*About to go out, left.*)

FRAU V. BROOK—One thing more. This verandah, leading from the house to the grounds—would it be possible to close it to the public?

FRAU LINDEMANN—Oh, certainly. The guests as often as not sit out under the trees.

FRAU V. BROOK—Very well, then do so, please. (FRAU LINDEMANN *locks the door.*) We may be assured that no one will enter this place?

FRAU LINDEMANN—If it is desired, none of us belonging to the house will come in here either.

FRAU V. BROOK—We should like that.

FRAU LINDEMANN—Very well. (*Exit.*)

FRAU V. BROOK—Really, you must be more careful, darling. If that woman had understood French— You must be careful!

THE PRINCESS—What would have been so dreadful about it?

FRAU V. BROOK—Oh, my dear child! This mood of yours, which is due to nothing but your illness—that reminds me, you haven't taken your peptonized milk yet—this is a secret which we must keep from everyone, above all from your fiancé. If the Grand-Duke should discover——

THE PRINCESS (*shrugging her shoulders*)—Well, what of it?

FRAU V. BROOK—A bride's duty is to be a happy bride. Otherwise——

THE PRINCESS—Otherwise?

FRAU V. BROOK—She will be a lonely and an unloved woman.

THE PRINCESS (*with a little smile of resignation*)—Ah!

FRAU V. BROOK—What is it, dear? (THE PRINCESS *shakes her head.*) And then think of the strain of those formal presentations awaiting you in the autumn! You must grow strong. Remember that you must be equal to the most exacting demands of life.

THE PRINCESS—Of life? Whose life?

FRAU V. BROOK—What do you mean by that?

THE PRINCESS—Ah, what good does it do to talk about it?

FRAU V. BROOK—Yes, you are right. In my soul, too, there are unhappy and unholy thoughts that I would rather not utter. From my own experience I know that it is best to keep strictly within the narrow path of Duty.

THE PRINCESS—And to go to sleep.

FRAU V. BROOK—Ah, it isn't only that.

THE PRINCESS—Look out there! See the woods!—Ah, to lie down on the moss, to cover oneself with leaves, to watch the clouds pass by high above——

FRAU V. BROOK (*softening*)—We can do that, too, sometime.

THE PRINCESS (*laughing aloud*)—Sometime!

(THE LACKEY *appears at the door.*)

FRAU V. BROOK—Is everything ready? (THE LACKEY *bows.*)

THE PRINCESS (*aside to* FRAU V. BROOK)—But I simply cannot sleep.

FRAU V. BROOK—Try to, for my sake. (*Aloud*)—Does your Highness command——

THE PRINCESS (*smiling and sighing*)—Yes, I command. (*They go out, left.*)

(*The stage remains empty for several moments. Then* STRUBEL *is heard trying the latch of the back door.*)

STRUBEL'S VOICE—Hullo! What's up! Why is this locked all of a sudden? Rosa!—Open up! I've got to look through the telescope! Rosa! Won't you?—Oh, well, I know how to help myself. (*He is seen walking outside of the glass-covered veranda. Then he puts his head through the open window at the right.*) Not a soul inside?—(*Climbs over.*) Well, here we are. What on earth has happened to these people? (*Unlocks the back door and looks out.*) Everything deserted. Well, it's all the same to me. (*Locks the door again.*) But let's find out right away what the carriage has to do

with the case. (*Prepares to look through the telescope.* THE PRINCESS *enters cautiously through the door at the left, her hat in her hand. Without noticing* STRUBEL, *who is standing motionless before the telescope, she goes hurriedly to the door at the back and unlocks it.*)

STRUBEL (*startled at the sound of the key, turns around*)—Why, how do you do? (THE PRINCESS, *not venturing to move, glances back at the door through which she has entered.*) Wouldn't you like to look through the telescope awhile? Please do. (THE PRINCESS, *undecided as to whether or not she should answer him, takes a few steps back toward the door at the left.*) Why are you going away? I won't do anything to you.

THE PRINCESS (*reassured*)—Oh, I'm not going away.

STRUBEL—That's right. But—where have you come from? The door was locked. Surely you didn't climb through the window as I did?

THE PRINCESS (*frightened*)—What?—You came—through the window?——

STRUBEL—Of course I did.

THE PRINCESS (*frightened anew*)—Then I had rather— (*About to go back.*)

STRUBEL—Oh, my dear young lady, you just stay right here. Why, before I'd drive you away I'd pitch myself headlong over a precipice!

THE PRINCESS (*smiling, reassured*)—I only wanted to go out into the woods for half an hour.

STRUBEL—Oh, then you're a regular guest here at the Inn?

THE PRINCESS (*quickly*)—Yes—yes, of course.

STRUBEL—And of course you drink the waters down below?

THE PRINCESS (*in a friendly way*)—Oh, yes, I drink the waters. And I'm taking the baths, too.

STRUBEL—Two hundred meters up and down every time! Isn't that very hard on you? Heavens! And you look so pale! See here, my dear young lady, don't you do it. It would be better for you to go down there—that is— Oh, forgive me! I've been talking without thinking. Of course, you have your own reasons— It's decidedly cheaper up here. *I* know how to value a thing of that sort. I've never had any money in all my life!

THE PRINCESS (*trying to seem practical*)—But when one comes to a watering-place, one must have money.

STRUBEL (*slapping himself on the chest*)—Do I look to you as if I drank iron? Thank Heaven, I can't afford such luxuries! No; I'm only a poor fellow who earns his miserable pittance during vacation by acting as a private tutor—that's to say, "miserable" is only a figure of speech, for in the morning I lie abed until nine, at noon I eat five, and at night seven, courses; and as for work, I really haven't a thing to do! My pupil is so anæmic—why, compared to him, *you're* fit for a circus rider!

THE PRINCESS (*laughing unrestrainedly*)—Oh, well, I'm rather glad I'm not one.

STRUBEL—Dear me, it's a business like any other.

THE PRINCESS—Like any other? Really, I didn't think that.

STRUBEL—And pray, what did you think, then?

THE PRINCESS—Oh, I thought that they were—an entirely different sort of people.

STRUBEL—My dear young lady, all people are "an entirely different sort." Of course, *we* two aren't. We get along real well together, don't we? As poor as church mice, both of us!

THE PRINCESS (*smiling reflectively*)—Who knows? Perhaps that's true.

STRUBEL (*kindly*)—Do you know what? If you want to stay down there—I'll tell you how one can live cheaply. I have a friend, a student like myself. He's here to mend up as you are. I feed him up at the house where I'm staying. (*Frightened at a peculiar look of* THE PRINCESS's.) Oh, but you mustn't be— No, I shouldn't have said it. It wasn't decent of me. Only, let me tell you, I'm so glad to be able to help the poor fellow out of my unexpected earnings, that I'd like to be shouting it from the housetops all the time! Of course, you understand that, don't you?

THE PRINCESS—You like to help people, then?

STRUBEL—Surely—don't you?

THE PRINCESS (*reflecting*)—No. There's always so much talk about it, and the whole thing immediately appears in the newspapers.

STRUBEL—What? If you help some one, that appears——?

THE PRINCESS (*quickly correcting herself*)—I only mean if one takes part in entertainments for charity——

STRUBEL—Oh, yes, naturally. In those things they always get some woman of rank to act as patroness, if they can, and she sees to it, you may be sure, that the newspapers make a fuss over it.

THE PRINCESS (*demurely*)—Oh, not every——

STRUBEL—Just try to teach me something I don't know about these titled women! Besides, my dear young lady, where is your home—in one of the large cities, or——?

THE PRINCESS—Oh, no. In quite a small town—really more like the country.

STRUBEL—Then, I'm going to show you something that you probably never saw before in all your life.

THE PRINCESS—Oh do! What is it?

STRUBEL—A princess! H'm—not a make-believe, but a real, true-blue princess!

THE PRINCESS—Oh, really?

STRUBEL—Yes. Our Princess of the Springs.

THE PRINCESS—And who may that be?

STRUBEL—Why, Princess Marie Louise.

THE PRINCESS—Of Geldern?

STRUBEL—Of course.

THE PRINCESS—Do you know her?

STRUBEL—Why, certainly.

THE PRINCESS—Really? I thought that she lived in great retirement.

STRUBEL—Well, that doesn't do her any good. Not a bit of it. And because you are such a jolly good fellow, I'm going to tell you my secret. I'm in love with this princess!

THE PRINCESS—Oh!

STRUBEL—You can't imagine what a comfort it is. The fact is, every young poet has got to have a princess to love.

THE PRINCESS—Are *you* a poet?

STRUBEL—Can't you tell that by looking at me?

THE PRINCESS—I never saw a poet before.

STRUBEL—Never saw a poet—never saw a princess! Why, you're learning a heap of things to-day!

THE PRINCESS (*assenting*)—H'm—And have you written poems to her?

STRUBEL—Why, that goes without saying! Quantities of 'em!

THE PRINCESS—Oh, please recite some little thing—won't you?

STRUBEL—No, not yet. Everything at the proper time.

THE PRINCESS—Ah, yes, first I should like to see the princess.

STRUBEL—No, first I am going to tell you the whole story.

THE PRINCESS—Oh, yes, yes. Please do. (*Sits down.*)

STRUBEL—Well, then—I had hardly heard that she was here before I was dead in love with her. It was just as quick as a shot, I tell you. Just as if I had waited all my life long to fall in love with her. Besides, I also heard about her beauty—and her sorrow. You see, she had an early love affair.

THE PRINCESS (*disconcerted*)—What? Are they saying that?

STRUBEL—Yes. It was a young officer who went to Africa because of her—and died there.

THE PRINCESS—And they know that, too?

STRUBEL—What don't they know?—But that's a mere detail—it doesn't concern me. Even the fact that in six months she will become the bride of a grand-duke—even that can make no difference to me. For the present she is *my* princess.—But you're not listening to me!

THE PRINCESS—Oh, yes I am!

STRUBEL—Do you know what that means—*my* princess? I'll not give up *my* princess—not for anything in all the world!

THE PRINCESS—But—if you don't even know her——?

STRUBEL—I don't know her? Why, I know her as well as I know myself!

THE PRINCESS—Have you ever met her, then?

STRUBEL—I don't know of any one who has ever met her. And there's not a soul that can tell what she looks like. It is said that there were pictures of her in the shop-windows when she first came, but they were removed immediately. In the morning a great many people are always lurking around the Springs trying to catch a glimpse of her. I myself have gotten up at six o'clock a couple of times—on the same errand—and if you knew me better, you'd realize what that meant. But not a sign of her! Either she has the stuff brought to her house, or she has the power of making herself invisible. (THE PRINCESS *turns aside to conceal a smile.*) After that, I used to hang around her garden—every day, for hours at a time. Until one day the policeman, whom the managers of the Springs have stationed at the gates, came up to me and asked me what on earth I was doing there. Well, that was the end of those methods of approach. Suddenly, however, a happy thought struck me. Now I can see her, and have her near to me as often as I wish.

THE PRINCESS—Why, that's very interesting. How?

STRUBEL—Yes, that's just the point. H'm, should I risk it? Should I take you into my confidence?

THE PRINCESS—You promised me some time ago that you would show her to me.

STRUBEL—Wait a second. (*Looks through*

the telescope.) There she is. Please look for yourself.

THE PRINCESS—But I am— (*She, too, looks through the telescope.*) Actually, there is the garden as plain as if one were in it.

STRUBEL—And at the corner window on the left—with the embroidery-frame—that's she.

THE PRINCESS—Are you absolutely certain that that is the princess?

STRUBEL—Why, who else could it be?

THE PRINCESS—Oh, 'round about a princess like that—there are such a lot of people. For instance, there is her waiting-woman, there's the seamstress and her assistants, there's——

STRUBEL—But my dear young lady, if you only understood anything about these matters, you would have been certain at the very first glance that it was she—and no one else. Observe the nobility in every motion—the queenly grace with which she bends over the embroidery-frame——

THE PRINCESS—How do you know that it's an embroidery-frame?

STRUBEL—Why, what should a princess be bending over if not an embroidery-frame? Do you expect her to be darning stockings?

THE PRINCESS—It wouldn't hurt her at all.

STRUBEL—Now, that's just one of those petty, bourgeois notions which we ought to suppress. It's not enough that *we* have to stick in this misery, but we'd like to drag her down, too—that being far above all earthly care——

THE PRINCESS—Oh, dear me!

STRUBEL—What are you sighing about so terribly?

THE PRINCESS—Tell me, wouldn't you like to have a closer acquaintance with your princess, sometime?

STRUBEL—Closer? Why should I?—Isn't she close enough to me, my far-away princess?—for that's what I call her when I talk to myself about her. And to have her *still* closer?

THE PRINCESS—Why, so that you could talk to her and know what she was really like.

STRUBEL (*terrified*)—Talk to her! Heaven forbid! Goodness gracious, no! Just see here—how am I to face a princess? I'm an ordinary fellow, the son of poor folks. I haven't polished manners—I haven't even a decent tailor. A lady like that—why, she'd measure me from top to toe in one glance.—I've had my lessons in the fine houses where I've applied as tutor. A glance from boots to cravat—and you're dismissed!

THE PRINCESS—And you think that I—(*correcting herself*)—that this girl is as superficial as that?

STRUBEL—"This girl"! Dear me, how that sounds! But, how should I ever succeed in showing her my real self? And even if I should, what would she care?—Oh, yes, if she were like you—so nice and simple—and with such a kind-hearted, roguish little twinkle in her eye——!

THE PRINCESS—Roguish—I? Why so?

STRUBEL—Because you are laughing at me in your sleeve. And really I deserve nothing better.

THE PRINCESS—But your princess deserves something better than your opinion of her.

STRUBEL—How do you know that?

THE PRINCESS—You really ought to try to become acquainted with her sometime.

STRUBEL—No, no, no—and again no! As long as she remains my far-away princess, she is everything that I want her to be—modest, gracious, loving. She smiles upon me dreamily. Yes, she even listens when I recite my poems to her—and that can't be said of many people! And as soon as I have finished, she sighs, takes a rose from her breast, and casts it down to the poet.—I wrote a few verses yesterday about that rose, that flower which represents the pinnacle of my desires, as it were.

THE PRINCESS (*eagerly*)—Oh, yes. Oh, please, please!

STRUBEL—Well, then, here goes. H'm—"Twenty roses nestling close——"

THE PRINCESS—What? Are there twenty now?

STRUBEL (*severely*)—My princess would not have interrupted me.

THE PRINCESS—Oh, please—forgive me.

STRUBEL—I shall begin again.

Twenty roses nestling close
Gleam upon thy breast,
Twenty years of rose-red love
Upon thy fair cheeks rest.

Twenty years would I gladly give
Out of life's brief reign,
Could I but ask a rose of thee
And ask it not in vain.

Twenty roses thou dost not need
—Why, pearls and rubies are thine!—
With nineteen thou'dst be just as fair,
And *one* would then be *mine!*

And twenty years of rose-wreathed joy
Would spring to life for me—
Yet twenty years could ne'er suffice
To worship it—and thee!

THE PRINCESS—How nice that is! I've never had any verses written to me b——

STRUBEL—Ah, my dear young lady, ordinary folks like us have to do their own verse-making!

THE PRINCESS—And all for one rose!—Dear me, how soon it fades! And then what is left you?

STRUBEL—No, my dear friend, a rose like that never fades—even as my love for the gracious giver can never die.

THE PRINCESS—But you haven't even got it yet!

STRUBEL—That makes no difference in the end. I'm entirely independent of such externals. When some day I shall be explaining Ovid to the beginners, or perhaps even reading Horace with the more advanced classes—no, it's better for the present not to think of reaching any such dizzy heights of greatness—well, then I shall always be saying to myself with a smile of satisfaction, "You, too, were one of those confounded artist fellows—why, you once went so far as to love a princess!"

THE PRINCESS—And that will make you happy?

STRUBEL—Enormously!—For what makes us happy, after all? A bit of happiness? Great heavens, no! Happiness wears out like an old glove.

THE PRINCESS—Well, then, what does?

STRUBEL—Ah, how should I know! Any kind of a dream—a fancy—a wish unfulfilled—a sorrow that we coddle—some nothing which suddenly becomes everything to us. I shall always say to my pupils—"Young men, if you want to be happy as long as you live, create gods for yourselves in your own image; these gods will take care of your happiness."

THE PRINCESS—And what would the god be like that you would create?

STRUBEL—*Would be? Is*, my dear young lady, *is!*—A man of the world, a gentleman, well bred, smiling, enjoying life—who looks out upon mankind from under bushy eyebrows, who knows Nietzsche and Stendhal by heart, and—(*pointing to his shoes*)—who isn't down at the heels—a god, in short, worthy of my princess. I know perfectly well that all my life long I shall never do anything but crawl around on the ground like an industrious ant, but I know, too, that the god of my fancy will always take me by the collar when the proper moment comes and pull me up again into the clouds. Yes, up there I'm safe.—And your god, or rather your goddess—what would she look like?

THE PRINCESS (*thoughtfully*)—That's not easy to say. My goddess would be—a quiet, peaceful woman who would treasure a secret, little joy like the apple of her eye, who would know nothing of the world except what she wanted to know, and who would have the strength to make her own choice when it pleased her.

STRUBEL—But that doesn't seem to me a particularly lofty aspiration, my dear young lady.

THE PRINCESS—Lofty as the heavens, my friend.

STRUBEL—My princess would be of a different opinion.

THE PRINCESS—Do you think so?

STRUBEL—For that's merely the ideal of every little country girl.

THE PRINCESS—Not her ideal—her daily life which she counts as naught. It is my ideal because I can never attain it.

STRUBEL—Oh, I say, my dear young girl! It can't be as bad as that! A young girl like you—so charming and—I don't want to be forward, but if I could only help you a bit!

THE PRINCESS—Have you got to be helping all the time? Before, it was only a cheap lunch, now it's actually——

STRUBEL—Yes, yes, I'm an awful donkey, I know, but——

THE PRINCESS (*smiling*)—Don't say any more about it, dear friend! I like you that way.

STRUBEL (*feeling oppressed by her superiority*)—Really, you are an awfully strange person! There's something about you that—that——

THE PRINCESS—Well?

STRUBEL—I can't exactly define it.—Tell me, weren't you wanting to go into the woods before? It's so—so oppressive in here.

THE PRINCESS—Oppressive? I don't find it so at all—quite the contrary.

STRUBEL—No, no—I'm restless. I don't know what—at all events, may I not escort you—? One can chat more freely, one can express himself more openly—if one—(*Takes a deep breath.*)

THE PRINCESS (*smiling*)—And you are leaving your far-away princess with such a light heart?

STRUBEL (*carelessly*)—Oh, she! She won't run away. She'll be sitting there to-morrow again—and the day after, too!

THE PRINCESS—And so that is your great, undying love?

STRUBEL—Yes, but when a girl like you comes across one's path——

FRAU V. HALLDORF (*hurrying in and then drawing back in feigned astonishment*)—Oh!

LIDDY *and* MILLY (*similarly*)—Oh!

STRUBEL—Well, ladies, didn't I tell you

that you wouldn't find her? Princesses don't grow along the roadside like weeds!

FRAU V. HALLDORF (*disregarding him—ceremoniously*)—The infinite happiness with which this glorious event fills our hearts must excuse in some measure the extraordinary breach of good manners which we are committing in daring to address your Highness. But, as the fortunate subjects of your Highness's most noble fiancé, we could not refrain from——

STRUBEL—Well, well! What's all this?

FRAU V. HALLDORF——from offering to our eagerly awaited sovereign a slight token of our future loyalty. Liddy! Milly! (LIDDY *and* MILLY *come forward, and, with low court bows, offer their bouquets.*) My daughters respectfully present these few flowers to the illustrious princess——

STRUBEL—I beg your pardon, but who is doing the joking here, you or——? (FRAU V. BROOK *enters.* THE PRINCESS, *taken unawares, has retreated more and more helplessly toward the door at the left, undecided whether to take flight or remain. She greets the arrival of* FRAU V. BROOK *with a happy sigh of relief.*)

FRAU V. BROOK (*severely*)—Pardon me, ladies. Apparently you have not taken the proper steps toward being presented to Her Highness. In matters of this sort one must first apply to me. I may be addressed every morning from eleven to twelve, and I shall be happy to consider your desires.

FRAU V. HALLDORF (*with dignity*)—I and my children, madame, were aware of the fact that we were acting contrary to the usual procedure; but the impulse of loyal hearts is guided by no rule. I shall be glad to avail myself of your—very kind invitation. (*All three go out with low curtsies to* THE PRINCESS.)

FRAU V. BROOK—What forwardness!—But how could you come down without me?—And what is that young man over there doing? Does he belong to those people?

(THE PRINCESS *shakes her head.* STRUBEL, *without a word, goes to get his hat which has been lying on a chair, bows abruptly, and is about to leave.*)

THE PRINCESS—Oh, no! That wouldn't be nice. Not that way——

FRAU V. BROOK (*amazed*)—What?—What!—Why, your Highness——!

THE PRINCESS—Let me be, Eugénie. This young man and I have become far too good friends to part in such an unfriendly, yes, almost hostile, fashion.

FRAU V. BROOK—Your Highness, I am *very* much——

THE PRINCESS (*to* STRUBEL)—You and I will certainly remember this hour with great pleasure, and I thank you for it with all my heart. If I only had a rose with me so as to give you your dear wish!—Eugénie, haven't we any roses with us?

FRAU V. BROOK—Your Highness, I am *very* much——

THE PRINCESS (*examining herself and searching among the vases*)—Well, how are we going to manage it?

STRUBEL—I most humbly thank—your Highness—for the kind intention.

THE PRINCESS—No, no—wait! (*Her glance falls upon the hat which she is holding in her hand—with a sudden thought.*) I have it!—But don't think that I'm joking.—And we'll have to do without scissors! (*She tears one of the roses from the hat.*) I don't know whether there are just twenty— (*Holding out one of the roses to him.*) Well?—This rose has the merit of being just as real as the sentiment of which we were speaking before—and just as unfading.

STRUBEL—Is this—to be—my punishment? (THE PRINCESS *smilingly shakes her head.*) Or does your Highness mean by it that only the Unreal never fades?

THE PRINCESS—That's exactly what I mean—because the Unreal must always dwell in the imagination.

STRUBEL—So that's it! Just as it is only the *far-away* princesses who are always near to us.

FRAU V. BROOK—Permit me to remark, your Highness—that it is *high* time——

THE PRINCESS—As you see, those who are near must hurry away. (*Offering him the rose again.*) Well?

STRUBEL (*is about to take it, but lets his hand fall*)—With the far-away princess there—(*pointing down*)—it would have been in harmony, but with the— (*Shakes his head, then softly and with emotion.*) No, thanks—I'd rather not. (*He bows and goes out.*)

THE PRINCESS (*smiling pensively, throws away the artificial flower*)—I'm going to ask my fiancé to let me send him a rose.

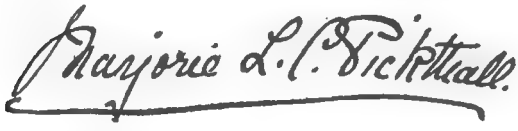
FRAU V. BROOK—Your Highness, I am *very* much—surprised!

THE PRINCESS—Well, I told you that I wasn't sleepy.

CURTAIN.

Cheap

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL



RANSOME said that you might pick up specimens of all the unprettiest afflictions of body and soul in Herares ten years ago. He also said that when he saw any particularly miserable bit of human wreckage, white or brown, adrift on the languid tides of life about the jetty, he always said without further inquiry, "It's Henkel's house you're looking for. Turn to the left, and keep on turning to the left. And if God knew what went on under these trees, He'd have mercy on you."

The house was the last house on the last road of the town. You don't find it now, for no one would live in it after Henkel; and in a season or two the forest had swamped it as the sea swamps a child's boat on the beach. It was a white house in a garden, and after rain the scent of vanilla and stephanotis rose round it like a fog. The fever rose round it like a fog, too, and that's why Henkel got it so cheap. No fever touched him. He lived there alone with a lot of servants—Indians. And they were all wrecks, Ransome said, broken down from accident or disease—wrecks that no one else would employ. He got them very cheap. When they died he got more.

Henkel was a large, soft, yellowish man. Ransome said, "I don't mind a man being large and yellowish, or even soft in reason; but when he shines, too, I draw the line." Henkel had thick hands with bent fingers, and large brown eyes. He was a Hollander, and in that place he stood apart. For he didn't drink, or gamble, or fight, or even buy rubber. He was just a large, peaceful person who bought things cheap.

He was very clever. He always knew the precise moment, the outmost low-water mark, of a bargain. His house was full of things he'd bought cheap from wrecked companies or dying men, from the mahogany logs in the patio to the coils of telegraph wire in the loft. His clothes never fitted him, for they belonged to men whom the fever had met on the way up the Mazzaron, and who had therefore no further use for clothes. The only things for which Henkel ever paid a fair price were butterflies.

"I went to his house once," said Ransome—"had to. A lame Indian in a suit of gaudy red-and-white stripes opened the door. I knew that striped canvas. It was the awnings of the old *Lily Grant*, and I saw along the seams the smoke-marks of the fire that had burned her innards out. . . . Then the Indian opened the jalousies with a hand like a bundle of brown twigs, and the light shone through green leaves on the walls of the room. From ceiling to floor they flashed as if they were jeweled, only there are no jewels with just that soft bloom of colour. They were the cases full of Henkel's butterflies.

"The Indian limped out and Henkel came in. He was limping, too. I looked at his feet and I saw that they were in a pair of some one else's tan shoes. That and a whiff from the servants' quarters made me feel a bit sick. I wanted to say what I had to say and get out as quick as I could. But Henkel would show me his butterflies. Most of us in that place were a little mad on some point. I was, myself. Henkel was mad on the subject of his butterflies. He told me the troubles he'd had getting them from Indians and negroes, and how his men cheated him. He took it very much to heart, and snuffled as he spoke. 'And there's one I haven't got,' he said, 'one I've heard of but can't find, and my lazy hounds of *hombres* can't find it either, it seems. It's one of the clear-wings—transparent. Here's a transparent silver one. But this new one is gold, transparent gold, and the spots are opaque gold.' His mouth fairly watered. 'I tell you, I will spend anything,

pay anything, to get that gold butterfly. And if the natives can't or won't find it for me, my friend, I'll send for some one who can and will.'

"I quite believed him, though I was no friend of his. I didn't know much about butterflies, but I guess that in Paris or London his collection would be beyond price. But I wasn't prepared, two months later, for Scott and his friend.

"Derek Scott. Ever meet him? A very ordinary kind of young Northerner. He was remarkable only in having everything a little in excess of his type—a little squarer in jaw and shoulder, a little longer in nose and leg, a little keener of eye and slower of tongue. I'd never have looked at him twice, as he landed from the dirty steamer with a lot of tin boxes, if it hadn't been that he was hale and sound, with hope in his eyes. Health and hope, at Herares!

"Then little Daurillac ran up the gangway, laughing. I looked at him—every one did—and wondered. And then, to cap the wonder, the two came up to me with their friendly, confident young faces, and asked for Henkel's house.

"'Turn to the left,' I said. And then I added, 'You'll excuse me, but what does Henkel want of you?'

"Scott didn't answer at first, but looked me over with his considering eyes, and I remembered a collarless shirt and a four days' beard. But Daurillac said, 'He wants butterflies of us, Monsieur. I am an entomologist, and my friend, he assists me.' He drew up very straight, but his eyes were laughing at himself. Then we exchanged names and shook hands, and I watched them going along the path to Henkel's.

"Next day Scott came down to the jetty. He sat on a stump and stared at everything. He was ready enough to talk, in his guarded way. Yes, he was new to the tropics; in some ways they were not what he had expected, but he was not disappointed. He was here for the novelty, the experience. But his friend, Louis Daurillac, had been in the Indies, and with some of Meyer's men in Burma after orchids. Louis's father was a great naturalist, and Louis was very clever. Yes, Henkel had got hold of him through Meyer. He wanted some one to find this butterfly for him—this golden butterfly at the headwaters of the Mazzaron—some one whose name was yet in the making, some one he could get cheap. . . . So Louis had come. He was very keen on it. Henkel was to bear all costs, to supply food, ammunition, trade-goods, etc., and pay them according to the number of the new specimens that they found. 'So you see,' said Scott, with his clean smile, 'Louis and I can't lose by it.'

"We talked a bit more, and then young Scott said to me, suddenly: 'Henkel has everything ready, and we start in the morning. You seem to be the only white man about here. Come and see us off, will you?' I said yes; afterward it struck me as curious that he should not have counted Henkel as a white man. He laughed and apologized for the touch of sentiment. 'It's like plunging head first into a very deep sea,' he explained, 'and one likes to have some one on the shore. You'll be here when we come back?' And I said yes, I'd be either unloading on the jetty or in the new cemetery by the canal. But he didn't smile. His light Northern eyes were gravely considering this land where life was held on a short lease, and he looked at me as if he were sorry for me.

"I saw them off the next day. There were six or eight men of Henkel's, loaded with food and trade-goods, and I saw that two of them were sickening where they stood. I looked in Daurillac's brilliant young face, and I hadn't the courage to say anything but, 'Have you plenty of quinine?' He tapped a big tin case, and I nodded. 'And what are you taking for the Indios?' I asked.

"He fairly bubbled over with laughter. 'You would never guess, Monsieur, but we take clocks, little American clocks. The Indios of the Mazzaron desire nothing but little clocks; they like the tick.'

"Their men had turned down one of the jungle paths. They shook hands with me, and Scott met my eyes with his grave smile. 'Just drawing breath for the plunge,' he said, with a glance at the forest beyond the last white roof. Daurillac slipped his arm through Scott's, and drew him after their slow-going *hombres*. At the bend of the path they turned and waved to me—Scott with a quick lift of the hand. But little Daurillac swept off his hat and stood half turned for a minute; the sun splashed on his dark head, on his Frenchified belt and puttees, on his white breeches, and on an outrageous pink shirt Henkel seemed to have supplied him with. He looked suddenly brilliant and unsubstantial, a light figure poised on the edge of the dark. . . . One gets curious notions in Herares. The next moment they were gone. The jungle had shut down on them, swallowed them

up. They were instantly lost in it as a bubble is lost in the sea.

"Two days before I hadn't known of their existence. But I was there to see them off, and I was there when Scott came back.

"It was well on into the rainy season, and I was down with fever. I was in my house, in my hammock, and the wind was swinging it. It was probably the hammock that did all the swinging, but I thought it was the house, and I had one foot on the floor to try and steady it. But it was no use. The walls lifted and sank all in one rush, like the sides of a ship at sea. Outside I could see a pink roof, a white roof, a tin roof, and then the forest, with the opening of a path like the black mouth of a tunnel. I wanted to watch this tunnel, because I had an idea I'd seen something crawl along it a good while before. But I couldn't manage it; I had to shut my eyes. And then I felt the scratching on my boot.

"I caught hold of the sides of the hammock, but it was some time before I could manage to pull myself up. Then I looked down.

"A man was lying on the floor, face down, just as he had crawled into my hut and fallen. The yellowish fingers of one hand clawed on my boot, and that was the only sign that he was alive. He lay quite still, except for the slow working of his fingers; and I sat still, also, staring down at him with the infinite leisure that follows a temperature of one hundred and five. It was only by slow degrees that I realized that this was Derek Scott come back, and that he was probably dying.

"I got to my feet and bent over him, but I wasn't strong enough to raise him, of course. I was afraid he'd die before any one came. So I took my revolver and aimed as well as I could at that tin roof beneath which my man Pedro was eating his dinner. The barrel went up and down with the walls of the hut, but I must have hit the roof, for the next thing there was a lot of smoke and noise, and Pedro's face, eyes and mouth open, rushing out of it. There seemed no interval before I found myself sitting in the hammock and saying over and over again, 'But where's the little chap? Where's the little French chap?'

"Scott was still on the floor, but his head was on my man's shoulder, and Pedro was gently feeding him with sips of brandy and condensed milk. He turned and looked at me, and his eyes were clear and considering as ever, though his answer didn't sound quite sane. He said, 'The clocks wouldn't tick.'

"He said it as if it explained everything. Then he unstrapped a tin case from his belt, laid his head on it, and was instantly asleep.

"I cried out, 'Is it the fever, Pedro?' But my man said, 'No, Señor, it is the hunger.' He rolled Scott up very cleverly in a blanket. 'This señor has had the fever, but it is not upon him now. Without doubt, he is a little mad from being in the forest so long. But when he wakes he will be stronger.' So much I heard, and no more. Unconsciousness came down on me like a wave. But into the dark heart of that wave I carried the certainty that Pedro knew all about the matter and that he hated Henkel. How or why I was certain of this, I don't know. But I was.

"I woke in the cool of the evening. The fresh wind off the river was like the breath of life, and Pedro's face, thrust close to mine, no longer grew large and small by fits. I noticed that it was quite gray, and that his lips twitched as he muttered, 'Señor, Señor——'

"I said, 'Where is the Señor Scott?'

"'He woke a little while ago, and called for water to wash in, and a clean coat, and he used the hair-brush. Then he took the little tin box and went out—went out.'

"I got to my feet, threw an arm over Pedro's shoulder, and he ran with me out into the moonlit street. The track to the fountain lay like a ribbon of silver, and the houses were like silver blocks. And every house was shuttered and silent—breathless. Not a man lounged under the shade of the walls, not a girl went late to draw water, not a dog barked. The little place was deserted in the hold of the forest. It lay like a lonely, luminous raft in the midst of a black sea. Only ahead of me a man stumbled slowly in the center of the road, and his shadow staggered beside him. I have said there was no other living thing visible. Yet, as this man stumbled past the shuttered houses the very blades of grass, the very leaves on the wall, seemed to have conscious life and to be aware of him. When the wind moved the trees, every branch seemed to be straining to follow him as Pedro and I followed.

"We followed, but we could not gain on him. It was like the dreams of delirium. Pedro and I seemed to be struggling through the silence of Herares as if it were something heavy and resistant, and Scott reeled from side to side, but always kept the

same distance ahead. We were still behind when we turned into Henkel's garden, and the scent of the flowers beat in our faces like heat. At the veranda steps we met the servant who had admitted Scott.

"The man was running away. He was a cripple, and he came down the steps doubled up, bundled past us, and was gone. Somewhere a door clashed open. There was no other sound. But in a moment the garden seemed full of stampeding servants, all maimed, or ill, or aged. They melted silently into the bushes as rats melt into brushwood, and they took no notice of us. I heard Pedro catch his breath quickly. But when a light flared up in one of the rooms it showed no more than Scott talking with Henkel.

"They showed like moving pictures in a frame, and the frame was of dark leaves about the window, which was open. I leaned against the side of it, and Pedro squatted at my feet, his head thrust forward as if he were at a cockfight. I did not know just why I was there. Henkel sat at a table, wagging his head backward and forward; Scott was sitting opposite him. And he looked as Lazarus might have looked when first he heard the Voice and stirred.

"Henkel was saying, 'Dear me, dear me, but why should this have happened?' And Scott answered as he had answered me, in that strange, patient voice:

"'The clocks wouldn't tick.'

"'But they were good clocks,' cried Henkel.

"Scott shook his head. 'No, they were not good clocks,' he explained, gently; 'they were too cheap. They would not go at all in the jungle. An Indian of the Mazzaron does not care what time his clock tells, but he likes it to tick. These were no good. And the food was not good. The things in tins were bad when we opened them.'

"'Mismanagement, mismanagement,' said Henkel, but Scott went on as if he had not heard:

"'We followed the river for two days, and then turned east. In a week after that two of your men were dead. They died of fever. No, the quinine was no good; there was a lot of flour in it. Two days more, and another man died, but he would have died anyhow. It was very hard to see them die and be able to do nothing.

"'The men who were left went so slowly that nearly all our food was gone when we reached the country of the Indios. We made our camp and I shot a pig. That gave us strength, but Louis was very bad then with the fever.

"'The Indios came down, and we spoke with their head men. They thought we were mad, but the clocks pleased them; and they sat round our tents and shook them to make them tick louder until Louis cried out in his fever that all the world was a great clock that ticked. They gave us leave to hunt in their country for butterflies, and the head men told off six to help us. One was very clever. He used to wear his net on his head, with the stick hanging down behind, and he snared the butterflies with a loop of grass as if they were birds.

"'Our tents were of cheap cotton stuff that would not keep the rain out, and the wet came in on Louis and made him worse. But he was young, and I saw to it that he had food, and your men loved him. I do not think he would have died if the clocks had ticked properly.'

"'I do not understand,' said Henkel, blinking his heavy brown eyes.

"'No? They were so cheap that they broke at the first winding. The Indios brought them back and asked for better ones. I had no better ones.'

"'Still I do not understand,' said Henkel, smoothly, and blinked in the lamplight.

"Scott's tired voice went on. 'The Indios were very angry. They brought us no more butterflies, and no more food. And presently, as we went about the camp, or the paths of the forest, the little arrows began to fall in front of us and behind us, though we never saw those who shot at us.'

"'The little arrows?' asked Henkel, heavily. 'I do not understand. Go on.'

"'There is very little to tell. Only a nightmare of hunger, of wet, of fever, of silence, and the little poisoned arrows quivering everywhere. And one day a little dart flickered through a rent in the cotton tenting and struck Louis. He died in five minutes. Then I and the men who were left broke through and came down the Mazzaron. The Indios followed us, and I am the only one left. It is a pity the clocks wouldn't tick, Mister Henkel.'

"'Ya, ya,' said Henkel, leaning over the table, 'but the butterfly? The golden butterfly? You have found it?'

"Scott opened the tin case slowly and clumsily, drew out the perfect insect, and laid it on the table. But it is wrong to speak of that wide-winged loveliness of glittering and transparent gold as an

insect.' Henkel sat staring at it, one big yellowish hand curved on either side of it, too happy to speak. His lips moved, and I fancied he was saying to himself, 'Cheap, cheap.'

"'It is very good,' he said at last, cunningly, 'but I am sorry there is only one. I do not know that it is worth very much. But now I will pay you as I promised. There was no agreement that you should receive the other young man's share, and there is only one insect. But I will pay you.'

"Scott was fumbling in his belt. 'Yes,' he said, 'you will pay me,' and he leaned forward with something in his hand. We saw Henkel's face turn to yellow wax, and he tried to stand up, but he was too stout to lift himself quickly. He had no time to turn before Scott shot him through the heart.

"When I broke through the vines, Scott was moving the butterfly out of the way. He looked up at me with his old, considering look, his old clean smile. 'It was cheap at the price,' he said, touching one golden wing with his finger."

The Ahkoond of Swat

By GEORGE T. LANIGAN

("The Ahkoond of Swat is dead."
—*London papers of January 22, 1878.*)

WHAT, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn—
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead:
(Sorrow, Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be.
Sorrow, Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water.
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But laid 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthly walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed by the ground!)
And skeptics mock the lowly mound,
And say, "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of the
Swattish nation!
Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength;
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond.
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

Their Path

By HENRI BARBUSSE

Henri Barbusse

Translated by Wilson O. Clough

IN THE crest of the long, circular hill which commanded a view of the village there was but one house. It was placed exactly in the center of the road which skirted the ridge, in such a way that when one followed the road that far, he was obliged either to turn back or to enter the house. This anomaly of a house completely obstructing a parish road—which reappeared beyond—was of no importance in the sluggish district of Sainte-Patenne; besides, this border path was almost as deserted from morning to night as from night to morning.

In this house, which, from its situation, formed a part of the configuration of the landscape as does the venerable protuberance of the church on the profile of a city, lived a couple in very cramped quarters—silent and retiring folk, who toiled during the day in the town and had scarcely leisure to sit in the tiny, flower-decked enclosure which joined the house like a guest chamber.

This husband and wife were by no means formed in the same mould. He carried a pointed nose between two greenish eyes, a retreating chin, and hair the colour of hemp, planted in a firm, red skin. She, of a tiny nimbleness which could not be compared—in contrast—to the bungling size of her husband, was adorned with a lifeless complexion and a head of hair of black silk of the finest quality. In fact, from head to foot, they were day and night. But these details are of small importance. What really sketches them was that they lived as though bound to each other. They were never seen apart. As soon as they were a bit separated, invariably they looked each for the other. They laughed or smiled at the same time, not in order to be alike, but because they were thoroughly alike; and their eyes, which were as different as could be imagined, had glances which seemed miraculous, so striking was their resemblance.

These two loved one another too much, according to the taste of public opinion. Even though they had sprung from that country, and their family name was spread over the canton, as well as their given names, yet they had become strangers in consequence of their preference for each other, and their consecration to one another. This attitude naturally displeased, like everything exaggerated; then they were accepted because they were useful, and also because they had to be accepted, and especially because every one knew that all that could not endure.

Each morning they set out from the house, brown as an old chest, for Tholozan, a league and a half away. In the main street of the town they separated—people had seen them—with a sort of caution and awkwardness, always as if it were the first time. Before the firm of Manoury he left his wife, and there he picked her up at six in the evening, waiting like a beggar-woman, shivering in his absence, in the shadow of the factory gate.

From the village, people watched them return every evening. In winter they saw only the dance of their lantern, as tiny as a genuine star; in summer they were carved in silhouette, once freed from the dark cloud of the hill, against the setting sun. They held one another's arms, even hands. They advanced at a solemn pace as though coming back from the ends of the earth, and they always had the air of bringing some marvelous news.

"There they are!" growled Gaspard.

"How they stick to each other!" said La Miette.

"Yes," agreed the very ancient Remy, whose lips as white as bones could no longer utter more than this one fine word on all important occasions, "*Oui.*"

"Ah!" murmured Mlle. Tindare, who from

her great age would have been a great-grandmother, had she ever been a wife.

The Gibier boy, dissolute, dirty, worthless, opened his mouth wide, but could think of none of his coarse speeches to hurl, though he was usually well-supplied and not sparing of them. Indeed, one could not cry out all one might wish in the presence of two persons so madly united in that purple frame. One could not. . . .

Thus it was that they left and returned each day, above the village and its inhabitants. Thus it was they set out on that day of the fire.

It burst out, terrible, at ten in the morning. Apparently it had its origin from a mill-stone whose flaming off-shoots were scattered by the wind over the wooden house. Whatever the cause, it devoured the house so completely and so quickly that it obliterated all it had contained. Pails of water only cooled the pieces of charred beams in the collapse of the framework. At each side of the road was raked the meager heap of rubbish where, alone in the ashes, the skeleton of an iron bed took on a human form. . . .

But it happened that during the fire no one had gone to Tholozan to notify the occupants of the ruined house, and no one went thereafter.

"They will know soon enough," ventured a good woman.

"Yes," answered mother Remy, again bringing out her monotonous cry, repressed and sparing of the terrible truth. . . .

When evening, which should bring the victims, fell, a certain emotion reigned in the village. Forms, drawn by curiosity and fear, appeared in the darkened doorways, then gathered in the square, without any messenger's having managed to detach himself from the formless group. But eyes were lifted toward the skies and toward the summit of the hill, like those of crowds imprisoned by darkness who gather in expectation of a meteor.

Gaspard muttered between his teeth, "There they are!"

Two women were so distracted that they exclaimed in chorus, "It can't be!"

In the distance, on the ruddy heights, they formed a double apparition. One understood at once that they knew nothing of the catastrophe, for they climbed toward the yawning spot, the spot of their home, with their usual calm pace.

The formless mass of spectators in the village stirred. The two unfortunates, going to the punishment which an evil fate had prepared for them, talked together, and, though quite close, still saw nothing, so much were they engrossed in one another, and so much had they isolated themselves.

They came closer, closer. . . . Then look! they lifted their heads and gazed before them. . . .

"Ah!" groaned the beggar who, from charity, had been allowed to come and be a witness to it all.

But even then they saw nothing. Undoubtedly they were thinking of one another as intensely as if they were speaking face to face. They were smiling exactly the same smile. Could this smile be seen or guessed, this pitiful, sad halo which intensifies the beauty of the human face? Visible or invisible, the people believed it there.

Some moments sped by, and the man and woman passed between the two heaps of ruins, without paying any attention to them; and they walked on, unable to see what lay at their feet; and they disappeared on the other side, in the glory of the sun.

The faces of the spectators peered in the shadows, thunderstruck but fascinated. La Miette was full of words much too simple for her powers of expression; she could only move her lips; but the ancient Remy silently nodded to her, "Yes!"

"Yes . . . Yes . . ." thought, dreamed the others. "Yes, evidently. . . . They are *elsewhere*, and so they saw nothing. . . . Yes, their path is wide open and they follow it, that's all. Yes, it is very natural that they should not stop at their house, since it is no longer there. . . ."

Philosophy

By RUBÉN DARÍO
Translated by A. P. L.

GREET daylight, spider, nor with rancour smart;
Give thanks to Heaven, O bull-frog, that thou art.
The crab wears rose-spines on its armour brittle,
And mollusks look like women, just a little.
Be what you are; be enigmatic forms.
Duty belongs exclusively to Norms,
Who in their turn will lay on God the care—
(Strum in the moonlight, cricket; dance, O bear!)

Explaining It to the Judge

After ten excited telephone calls, announcing "dead men in automobiles" at a Locust Avenue corner, a Brooklyn police inspector with a force of detectives hastened to the spot. There was the car, with a man's body slumped over the rear seat.

Dr. Robinson was called from the Kings County Hospital. "Looks bad," he remarked, and shook the body. There was no response. Then he prepared to test the heart action. That time there was a response.

"What," inquired the body, turning suddenly into Ralph Harrison, twenty-five years old, "is the matter?"

"You tell us," suggested the police, in unison.

"I remember now," said Harrison, suddenly. "Last night I got a drink or two, and then everywhere I went I could see three or four cars coming toward me. I decided that traffic was pretty bad and pulled over to the curb to take a nap. And there you are."

A young Italian, dressed in the Bohemian fashion of fifty years ago, was brought up for trial in Milan for giving dinner parties without paying for them. When asked by the judge about cheating, and who he expected would pay, he said: "But what can you expect? I had no money. Why, the two young ladies with me. . . . Be clement with me, Mr. Judge; I will write some beautiful verses for you, because I am a poet whose genius will some day dazzle Italy."

Vincent Michelette, a Chicago waiter who increased his $40 a month to $25,000 in December through bootlegging, fired five bullets into the body of Miss Maggie Perry.

In defense he showed a careful tabulation of expenditures, explaining that he had spent $50,000 on the girl in six months and was therefore justified in shooting her when he believed she was friendly with other men.

Miss Perry's condition is critical. However, Michelette insisted he would not be hanged if she died, "because I'm a big bootlegger, and who ever heard of a bootlegger being hanged in Chicago?"

Mrs. E. A. Motts, of West New York, arraigned for turning in a false fire alarm, admitted the act, and explained:

"Your Honour, two men were following me, and I thought that the only way to get rid of them was to turn in the alarm. They did go away when I rang the box."

Finding her guilty and suspending sentence, the Recorder told her to equip herself with a police whistle and blow it the next time men annoy her.

The husband of Mrs. Rosa Grovello, in false whiskers and goggles, headed a raiding party to secure divorce evidence. It was a bitter cold March night. The raiders presently discovered Julius Ackerman, clad in trousers and underwear, hanging outside from the ledge of the second-story window.

"I called this gentleman in to adjust my radio," explained Mrs. Grovello.

Alfred Jones, Chicago printer, bootlegger, and counterfeiter, appeared in court because of a $15 bill he had offered his landlady. The latter, not being a collector in search of unique issues, notified the authorities.

"It was just a typographical error," said Jones. "I intended to make a $25 bill."

The Strange Adventures of Mike, "The Vagabone"

By PETER B. KYNE

A YOUNG Chinese Prince of the recent dynasty, together with a gorgeous retinue, having arrived in San Francisco Bay that morning, international etiquette demanded that his host, our own avuncular relative, should receive him with due pomp and circumstances; wherefore a battalion of infantry, three companies of coast artillery, a field battery, and a squadron of cavalry were waiting in the Embarcadero when his Royal Highness came down the gangplank of the *Mongolia* and disappeared in a sea of bobbing silk hats, beneath which gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce, municipal dignitaries, and kindred unfortunates, whose fate it is to ride in open carriages at the tail end of any and all parades, struggled to express the hospitality of the city.

To B Troop had been assigned the task of escorting the royal carriage, in consequence of which that gallant galaxy of daredevils, known throughout the service as "The Suicide Club," had formed on the dock, troop front, facing the gangplank. On the right flank my friend, First Sergeant John Ryan, a trifle bored, sat his chestnut mount, Jack Dempsey II.

Presently the tumult and kowtowing died, the silk hat brigade was forced back in favour of the local Chinese gentlemen who were really giving the party, and the Prince, closely convoyed by a slashing-looking big white man in a handsome but distinctly Oriental uniform, entered the carriage through which he was to drive through Chinatown and eventually (through the mercy of all the gods, Christian and Pagan, and the watchfulness of B Troop) to his hotel. The pleasant call of a C trumpet quavered along the dock, and B Troop came to attention. Then that same melodious sound bade them draw sabers, and as a unit eighty-odd blades came to a "carry." A third call, and the long line of gleaming steel flashed forth in that most beautiful of all military courtesies, the saber salute.

The Prince's carriage started slowly down the dock toward the entrance, the Prince bowing and smiling his delight at this graceful compliment, while the white officer with him lifted his hand smartly to the visor of his cap. And then a strange thing happened!

The big white man started, surprised, his great red mustache lifted to reveal a wide mouth with an abatis work of gleaming, strong, white teeth. He smiled—and instantly I knew that man for the exile of Erin that he was. Even had I been in doubt, his bellowing voice would have crystallized my suspicion into certainty.

"The saints protect us! Jawn Ryan! And are you shtill bitin' holes in the atmosphere? Sure I hearrd tell you were kilt in the cornfield of Yang-Tsun! Thrue it is the divil always minds his own!"

Beyond the peradventure of a doubt he had addressed First Sergeant John Ryan of B Troop! And, since that son of Mars was at attention with the hilt of his saber at salute beneath his Irish nose, it is not surprising that, what with the saber and the twitching head of Jack Dempsey II, the Sergeant's view of the man who thus addressed him was slightly obstructed. But the glad hail of that booming voice evidently was sufficient. Sergeant Ryan forgot that he was at attention saluting royalty, for out of the mists of the long ago he saw the face of a bunkie, shining humorously in the light of many a wet and hungry

bivouac. And now that same comrade's face smiled at him from a (temporarily) royal carriage; the raw Irish immigrant he had taught to stand erect on his hips, as a soldier should, was now the companion of the heir to a throne, and twenty years of discipline were not proof against the old cavalryman's joy and amazement. He stood in his stirrups, dropped his point until the blade rested across Jack Dempsey's neck and stared over the horse's head at the man who marveled that he was "shtill bitin' holes in the atmosphere."

"Mike the Vagabone!" he yelled joyously. "Glory be! Since when did you take to hobnobbin' wit' royalty, ye sinful skut?"

"Attention!" cried the troop commander, angrily. "Sergeant Ryan, what are you thinking of? You, of all men! Come to attention!"

So Sergeant Ryan returned to attention—but not with his eyes to the front as prescribed in the Regulations. His fascinated stare followed Mike the Vagabone down the dock, as the latter, caring little for princes and less for troop commanders, stood erect in the carriage, leaned over the rear seat, and tapped his martial breast, upon which gleamed dully a silver sharpshooter's badge, the campaign medal issued to participants in the Spanish War and the late disturbance in our island possessions, the special Congressional medal "for patriotism, loyalty and fortitude" issued to the Spanish War veterans held over to fight in the Philippine insurrection, and lastly the inconspicuous bronze medal of honour that Congress so grudgingly gives for conspicuous gallantry in action.

"I'm a Chinese colonel from the County Mayo," he called back. "'Tis the hardware that helps, Jawn, and you have as much yourself. Come to me when ye've serrved yer hitch and I'll have ye made a major. Ye should see me parade the Imperial Guard——"

And then the troop commander, suppressing a grin that argued complete forgiveness for his top-cutter, barked out an order; B Troop clattered away behind the carriage that bore the Prince and Mike the Vagabone; a snare drum rattled a brief preliminary solo, the band played "Hail to the Chief," and the incident was over. Naught remained save the story of Mike the Vagabone, for assuredly, when a vagabond named Mike rides in state with the Hope of a Nation there must be what Frenchmen call *le raison d'être!*

When the parade was over, therefore, I followed John Ryan and B Troop back to the Presidio, and at the stables, in the box stall where he maintained Jack Dempsey II, I cornered him. Here, while rubbing down his horse's dripping legs with a clean piece of sacking, he told me this tale of Michael Joseph Kelleher, one time private in a regiment of United States infantry and now companion to a prince.

In me young days (began the old soldier) I was that flighty and unsettled that 'tis small wonder I found meself one fine day leadin' a regiment av me own forlorn hopes. I'd been sent to America to grow up into a shtreet-car conductor, but what wit' goin' broke a month afther landin', and the blandishmints av a recruitin' sergeant, I was forced to take on in the arrmy from necessity, and shtay wit' it from choice. I was out av' place in the infanthry, and left it afther two enlistments, bein' discharged a sergeant. I was the Firrst Djooty Sergeant av E Comp'ny av the Bloody Fourteenths, and as such it was me luck to acquire a reputation as a dhrillmasther. I was a bright, clane young man, if I do say it that should not, born wit' a good commandin' voice and a dislike for a dirrty soger. Back av that I had a tongue that was worse nor a clanin' rod across the back av a recruit, so 'tis no matther av wonder that the rooks did betther with me in awkward squad than most. I'd give a rook five days in the Manual av Arrms, right and left hand salute and squad formation, and bad luck to him if he didn't make comp'ny dhrill on the mornin' av the sixth. While 'tis usual to let every comp'ny dhrill its own recruits, whenever we got a large batch our Colonel (he had an eye on me) would say to the Adjutant: "Be in no hurry to assign these men to their comp'nies. Lave them mess wit' the band and do fatigue, and turrn them over to Sergeant Ryan av E Comp'ny for a week av eddication. They'll be the betther for it."

Well, sor, at the firrst call for volunteers in the war wit' Spain, I got Michael Joseph Kelleher. He come to me wit' a detachmint av rooks from Plattsburg Barracks, and the minute I clapped eye on him I knew him for the rascal he was. He was a long, handsome, red gossoon wit' grass on his teeth, as fine a figger av a man as ever shtepped into a Governmint sock, and me heart wint out to him. He hadn't his uniform issued him as yet and sure he was wearin' the corduroys he'd landed in, and them a ruin av rags entirely.

"Kelleher, avic," says I, "if there was ever a born colour sergeant, 'tis you," and I give him some good advice to guide him. For why should I not? He was wan av me own. And I give him me copy av the Blue Book and bade him shtudy hard, which he did, although be the same token 'tis little good it did him for many a day. Bright as a heliograph he was, but a hobbledehoy he was then and shtill is, and what wint in wan ear come out the other, double time.

Dear knows I rode him rough, but he'd only shtand and smile, like he was makin' game av me. Two mortial weeks I had him in the awkward squad, and I'll never believe till me dyin' day that he wasn't divilin' me afther the second dhrill. Glad I was to get rid of him for a spell the mornin' we bruk camp at the Presidio and hiked down to the transport.

Auld Bill Cooney, our Colonel, was shtandin' outside his tent watchin' the camp bein' shtruck, when Michael Joseph Kelleher come rompin' by, proud as could be bekase he was a soger bhoy and off to the wars, where he wanted to be; for, as he often remarrked to me (off djooty): "I didn't come here to fiddle me time away doin' fours right and fours left. I kem to fight," and he was the happy lad that mornin' to think he was bound to the fightin' at last. He seen auld Cooney shtandin' there as solemn as a bull carabao, and what wit' his youth and innocence and the good feelin' wit'in him he shtepped up in back av the Colonel and fetched him a slap bechune the shouldher blades that would have put a volunteer on the retired list.

"Well, Colonel darlint," says Private Kelleher, "we're off to the front at last, are we not? And good news, say I."

The Colonel coughed and shtaggered, and whilst waitin' to get back his breath he turrned slowly for a long, long look at Kelleher. Then he tossed an eye at me, shtandin' froze a little distance off. I come a-runnin'.

"Sergeant Ryan," says he, "who is this vagabone?"

"Private Michael Joseph Kelleher, sor," says I. "He do be a rookie, sor, and knows no betther," for I was fond av the omadhaun, for all his nonsense, and was for makin' it light for him.

"Have ye not, then, taught him his manners?" says the Colonel.

"I've thried, sor," says I. "Dear knows I've bruk me heart on his thick head."

"For the sake av his name and his brogue," says Cooney (he was Irish, but second-growth), "I'd like to overlook his insolince. But he do need dhrillin'. Havin' failed to learrn from the best dhrill sergeant in the regiment, let the sergeant av the guard have a hack at him. Take the blackguard and turrn him over to the guard. And tell the orficer av the day he's to be confined in an ambulance wit' the curtains drawn on his way to the thransport. 'Twould plaze him well to march t'rough the crowds wit' his cumrades, posin' as a hero, kissin' every girrl that looks at him, and struttin' wit' a posy in his piece. You vagabone!" says he, "you bloody young vagabone! Thirrty days and thirrty blind for your enthusiasm."

So I led the lad away and turrned him over to the guard. But others in the comp'ny had hearrd the Colonel call him out av his name, and from that day to this I've never hearrd him called aught but Mike the Vagabone, except at roll call.

And he was the "vagabone"! Well named he was. A clane suit av white ducks he never owned, and clane equipment av his own he was long showin' to the Adjutant at guard mount. He'd borrow mine instead. Let the regiment have ordhers to parade in pith helmets, white ducks, and brown leggings, and Mike the Vagabone would come sneakin' into line av file closers wit'out pipe-clay on his helmet, and wearin' fatigue clothes and yellow leggings. Let the order be to parade in karki and compaign hat and the Vagabone would fall in wit' blue trousers and forage cap and a white duck blouse. And when the comp'ny commandher would ax him what in this and that he meant be such actions, he'd lie and swear he'd sent to the wash the clothes he should have paraded in, but the thievin' Filipino had promised to bring them back and failed him. Or else some wan had stolen his white duck trousers, lavin' him only the blouse. He was borrn wit' a good excuse and the brass face that ye can never see the lie in back av. Well do I remember the day he appeared at guard mount wit' a week's growth av red beard. The Adjutant flew at him.

"Me man," says he, "how dare ye appear on guard mount lookin' like an ugly ducklin'? Have ye no razor? Shtop! Not a wurrd out av ye—I'll confine ye for this."

The Vagabone was took be surprise. What wit' my equipment, that I'd gone over wit' a burnishin' chain until I could see meself in the metal, and some clane new clothes from his cumrades, Mike was

lookin' like four aces and a king, barrin' his face, and to give the divil his due he'd clane forgot to shave that, and only remimbered it when he saw the Adjutant and the guardhouse shtarin' him in the eye. But 'twas a cute adjutant that could down the Vagabone.

"Confine me, if ye plaze, sor," says he, "but thry me ye must wit'in twenty-four hours, and the Colonel'll turrn me back to djooty. I've done nothin' amiss, may it plaze the Adjutant. I'm only raisin' a Van Dyke beard, and Gawd knows, sor, if I'm to raise a beard I've got to give it a shtart some time, and wan time is as good as another. What opportunity have I to raise it bechune guard mounts, sor? I'm detailed to guard wanst a week. Ye cannot thry a man for raisin' a beard. If ye're to thry anybody for my whiskers, sor, thry Sergeant Ryan. I axed him if I might raise a beard, and he inforrmed me that there was nothin' in the Regulations agin it," and he looked the Adjutant in the eye and winked at him, as much as to say: "Put that in yer pipe and smoke it."

Colonel Cooney, who'd been watchin' guard mount, hearrd him and sure he laughed long and loud, whilst the poor Adjutant grew red in the face. Well, they both realized the Vagabone's Irish wit had saved him in the nick av time, for all they knew he was a liar. In the arrmy ye cannot confine a man for raisin' a beard, even though a smooth-shaven man is considered dirrty if he doesn't shave! Arrah, 'tis the queer wurrld we live in—the queer wurrld!

Wan day he was walkin' No. 2 post, at the end av which he connected wit' a volunteer sinthry from a camp close by. Av coorse, bein' a sociable divil, he made friends wit' the volunteer and shtood gassin' with him instead av walkin' his post in a milit'ry manner, and auld Cooney, comin' down the shtreet of a sudden, almost surprised him in the act. But he turrned lazylike and walked back to meet the Colonel, for well he knew the Colonel had seen him and was bound to give him what Paddy gave the drum.

"Me man," says the Colonel, afther acknowledgin' the Vagabone's *Present arms*, "did I not see you talkin' wit' that volunteer sinthry just now as I turrned the corner? I'll have none av that in this regimint, and well ye know it. Call the Corpril av the Guard, and give me yer belt this minute."

"Sor," says the Vagabone, throwin' the look av murder into his eyes, "I'm only a private soger and ye can insult me if ye feel like it. But the day I get me discharrge ye'll apologize for the hurrt yer tongue has dealt me this minute. Corpril av the Guard! Relief! No. 2!" and he unbuckled his belt and handed it to the Colonel. The Colonel looked at him in the greatest surprise, wondherin' whether to get mad or hear what the Vagabone had to say further.

"I have not insulted ye, me man," says he, kindly, "I'm simply makin' ye do yer djooty. Ye know 'tis agin' milit'ry discipline for a sinthry to gossip on post."

The Vagabone raised his two eyes to heaven. "Dear knows," says he, "I'm not above a bit av gossip on post, provided I don't get caught at it, but gossip wit' a blackguard av a thievin' volunteer—may Gawd forgive ye, Colonel Cooney, but that's one thing I will *not* do. Kill, shteal, and lie I might, but forget I'm a regular soger—never!"

"Put on yer belt," says Cooney, "ye're a good soger and I was wrong to speak as I did. I wasn't sure, but I thought I saw ye at it."

"Sor, I never spoke to a volunteer in me life."

"Continue the motion, then. They'll do ye no good." And the Colonel saluted him and walked back to tell the Corpril av the Guard wit' the relief to go back about his business.

Two weeks later, Major Knox, the regimental trial orficer, and a good pious Catholic, wit' a heart as big as a breechblock, had the Vagabone before him for absince four days wit'out lave. He tackled the Vagabone in the usual way av all thrial orficers, shtrivin' to get a confession av past misdeeds before findin' him guilty av the present charrge. He give Mike a long, harrd look, and says he:

"Me man, when did I see you before?"

"I don't know, sor," says the Vagabone as meek as Moses, "unless it was at Mass in the Cathedral San Ignacio last Sunday."

At that the Major's hard look vanished, and says he: "So you were to Mass, were ye? Well, I can't deny I was there. Where was I sittin'?"

"Beggin' the Major's pardon, ye were not sittin', sor. Ye were kneelin'."

"Case dismissed," says the Major; "go to ye're quarthers and thry to behave yerself in the future. There can be no real harm in an enlisted man that goes to his Mass on Sunday."

So ye can see what I've just been tellin' ye what a rascal the Vagabone was. I was

full six months makin' a clane soger out av him and fillin' him wit' a proper pride in the serrvice, for a heedless divil he was and always will be. But be degrees I got him to shtand erect on his hips and keep his blouse buttoned and I shaved him wit' me sharp tongue, but left him a mustache. "A wide flowin' mustache for a soger, ye vagabone," says I, "but a Van Dyke beard for a Dutch docthor." So in time he blossomed out into a real soger, and won great respect be raison av challengin' and batin' the regimintal bully in the finest fight ever seen in the auld Eighth Corps. He was ripe for a corprilship when he decided he would get sick

Ye must know, sor, that from the 5th av February, '99, until the followin' April, our brigade lay quiet in the trinches we'd trun up from auld Fort San Antonio Abad on the bay, clear acrosst counthry to the Pasig, and whilst we had shootin' day and night on the outposts all that time, 'twas a quiet life we led, and the Vagabone got tired av it, as he got tired av everything else, and wanted a change. He was what Colonel Cooney called "a damned fine soger, but a timperamintal Irish jackass," and a little outpost firin' was hardly the kind av active service to suit a temperamintal jackass av the breed that only death can shtop wanst he's fixed bayonets and shtarted a charge. So the Vagabone grew lonely and sad, and what wit' frequent outpost, indifferent rations, mosquitoes, and the rainy season comin' on, he lost flesh and spirit, and made up his mind he'd quit sogerin' and go to the hospital until something wort' while developed in the way av war. The arrival av fifty pounds av books and auld magazines from a deluded maid-servant in the Shtates, to whom he'd give all his brass buttons before we sailed, put the idjee into his schamin' head.

"Be the Great Gun av Athlone," says he to himself, "I'll go to hospital now and spend a quiet three weeks or a month lyin' on the broad av me back in bed, readin' and smokin' and gossipin' with the other unfortunates and gettin' three good, well-cooked meals daily"—and wit' that he cast about in his wicked head for the right disease. Firrst he thried atin' soap to bring on a simblance av bowel complaint, but the soap had more lye in it than the Vagabone himself. He got sick to his stomach and give up the idjee simultanyus wit' the soap.

He had more luck wit' his next illness. Afther considherable speculation over the merits av lockjaw, insanity, rheumatism, Charley horrse, and locomotive-attacks-ye, he decided to fool the docthors and become paralyzed in his off hind leg!

Well, sor, the next mornin' he failed to answer reveille, but when the comp'ny was dismissed he come limpin' up to the comp'ny commandher, usin' his Krag for a crutch and dhraggin' his leg afther him like a run-over dog.

"I was unable to be present, sor, to answer me name," says he. "I have a great notion somethin's wrong wit' me. Whin I woke up this mornin' I had pins and needles in the calf av me leg. It spread to the knee, then to the middle av the thigh and then to the hip, and there it shtopped. Captain, dear, if I was to close me two eyes this minute, I'd have to take your worrd for it that I have two legs instead av wan. Divil a bit av feelin' in it at all, at all," and wit' that he comminced to whimper and fell in a heap agin the Captain.

"Musha now, me poor lad," says the Captain, "but this is terrible news ye have for me, Private Kelleher. I'll be a badly disapp'inted man if ye're not paralyzed," and he called four men to pack the Vagabone off to medical headquarthers down in the village av Pasay, whilst the Firrst Sergeant enthered the scamp's name in sick report.

Sick call went at eight o'clock, and at nine-thirty the Corpril in charrge av the sick report come back wit' the book and the information that Mike the Vagabone had been sent to the Second Reserve Hospital in Malate for observation and threatmint, and would wan av the bhoys be so kind as to bring his readin' matther and equipmint down to Pasay and put it in the ambulance alongside av him? Ye must know that in them days, wit' the throops on active serrvice, when a man went to the Second Reserve he took his field equipmint wit' him, and it was checked and stored at the hospital, for what wit' a big sick report and us in the field, we could not be hampered carryin' exthra equipmint around wit' us, whilst the owner was in the hands av the poultice wallopers.

So the Top Sergeant detailed a man to bring the Vagabone's effects down to the ambulance, and away he went, bag and baggage, to hospital. And at hospital the guard checked his rifle, belt, haversack, canteen, poncho, and shelter half, whilst a brace av big buck hospital corps men laid Mike on a stretcher and carried the malingerer upstairs to a clane, white bed in a

clane, cool room, along wit' half a dozen convalescents, where they shtripped him and bathed him and put a suit av pajamas on him and left him alone wit' his happiness and a flour sack filled wit' readin' matther.

And there the Vagabone shtayed for three mortial weeks, livin' on the fat av the land and foolin' the docthors. But wan av these was a bright young conthract surgeon, and after three weeks, when Mike's dead leg showed no signs av decay, he got suspicious that the Vagabone was malingerin' and said as much to the Major docthor in command.

"What makes ye think he's malingerin'?" says the Major docthor.

"His leg do have a healthy colour and it shows no shrinkage," says the young man: "besides which the red divil do look too happy for a man wit' one leg in the grave."

"Jab an inch av needle into his dead leg unbeknownst to him," says the Major docthor. "'Tis very simple. If he jumps he do not be paralyzed."

"I've jabbed the divil until in all pity I've had to lay off on him, sir. He do be as foxy as Napoleon Bonaparte, and divil a jump out av him. I think he suspected I might thry that trick, and he was primed and waitin' for the jab."

"Do he give ye a black look?" says the Major.

"He do."

"And ye say he's not melancholius and down in the mouth?"

"As brisk as a bee and as playful as a kitten. Sure he do be whistlin' like a t'rush from mornin' till night."

"Hah-hah!" says the Major docthor, for a wise auld lad was that same Major, and he hadn't been docthorin' sogers forty years for nothin'. So he knew a trick or two that Mike the Vagabone had never heard av.

"We'll give him his degree this day, then," says the Major docthor, "and if he come through it safe, be the Rock av Cashel, he do be paralyzed! Do you move all the convalescents out av No. 3 ward, save and exceptin' this Private Kelleher, and when ye have them all out do ye come back here and wrap me in cotton battin' from heels to hair, and put a nightcap on me. Then do you take two men and carry me on a stretcher into Kelleher's room and lay me in bed there. Bein' Irish, he's inquisitive, so he'll ask the nurses what's up wit' me. They'll tell him. I'm helpless and dyin' av inflammatory rheumatism. Lave Kelleher alone wit' me ten minutes, and then do you and half a dozen men come runnin' down the corridor, yellin' fire."

So 'twas done as the Major docthor ordhered, and, sure enough the minute the hullabaloo shtarted Mike the Vagabone forgot he was paralyzed. Faith, he was a soger agin. The time for action had arrived, and wit'out thinkin' he made one grand lep out av bed and made for the Major.

"Come with me, allanah," says he, "ye poor misfortunate divil; 'twould be like them to lave ye here to burrn to a crisp," and wit' that he scooped the Major docthor off the bed and went peltin' down the corridor wit' him to beat four av a kind! At the head av the stairs he was met be that young contract surgeon and the Sergeant av the Hospital Guard.

"Wan minute, please," says the Sergeant av the Guard, shovin' a bayonet agin' the Vagabone's belly, as the Major docthor shlipped out av his arrms.

"I congrate ye, Private Kelleher," says the contract surgeon. "Ye're a fine light lad on yer feet. Be the same token take a look at what ye've been runnin' away wit'," and the Vagabone looked, and there shtood the Major docthor wit' his nightcap off! The Vagabone knew the jig was up and that he'd been tricked be smarter men nor himself, but did he give up? Not he! He let out a whoop av pure joy and grabbed the young contract surgeon around the neck, for 'twould not have been policy for him to let on he'd recognized the Major docthor.

"God bless ye, docthor dear," says he, "I'm cured at last! Sure ye scared the paralysis out av me shoutin' fire, and I made wan lep on me good leg, and, glory be to the Heavenly Father, somethin' shnapped in me hip and there I was as well as ever. Sakes alive! 'Tis wondherful. Begorry, I'm as good as ever I was," and wit' that he gives a hop, skip and a jump and does a breakdown in his bare feet. "Have a care—would you shtick a needle in me now, docthor avic," says he, "I'd kill ye wit' a kick av that leg now. Whoop! Show me that kangaroo that can outlep me—but where in blue blazes is the fire and where is that poor divil wit' the inflammatory rheumatism? Oh, there you are! Praise the saints, he's cured too."

I've always maintained that if Mike the Vagabone's sowl is ever condemned to roast below, he'll laugh the divil out av his just rights. Sure that Major docthor could no more get mad at the villain than he could fly. He rowled on the floor in his cotton

battin' regimintals and praised his Maker for creatin' a Private Kelleher!

"I'm neglectful av me bounden djooty, you scamp," says he, "be not havin' a gineral court-martial sit on ye, but I haven't the heart. What the divil were ye up to, acushla, for ye're no coward? The way ye thried to save me proved that ye're the last man in the wurrld to think av yerself, and the first to think av others. What do ye mane be such actions?"

"Not givin' ye a short answer, sor," says the Vagabone, "I might as well admit I was be way av takin' the rest cure. Sure there was no fightin' to fit a man av spirit, and our comp'ny cook was an assassin, and I was tired av listenin' to tree lizards and upset lead whistlin' so high the thrill was all out av it. But I suppose I'll have to go back to it now," says he.

"What's your comp'ny and regimint, and where stationed?"

"E av the Fourteenth, sor. They're stationed in the trinches at Pasay on the south line."

"They're stationed there no longer. They moved out last night wit' Gineral Lawton. He's took them up the river in cascoes, and across Laguna de Bay to take Santa Cruz and the Lake towns. Faith, if it's wurrk ye're lookin' for to fit yer spirit, me lad, ye'll get yer belly full av it in the hill provinces."

The Vagabone's face fell a foot. "Then do I have to shtay here until they come back to the coast, sor?" says he.

"Ye do not. Ye've been here too long already, but as ye appear to have some good in ye I'll give ye a chanst. If ye have to wade t'rough hell fire and swim a bloody river, ye must report for djooty to yer comp'ny commandher wit'in forty-eight hours, or I'll prefer a charrge agin ye if the provost guard can find ye, and ye'll be bob-tailed out of the serrvice."

"I'll be off directly," says the Vagabone.

"Ye will take wit' ye a note to yer comp'ny commandher, which ye will present upon arrival. He will then give ye a receipt for yer worthless carcass, and ye will mail that receipt to me, or bring it in person if ye ever come back alive, which I much misdoubt. Forty-eight hours ye have to report for djooty somewhere in the wilds av Santa Cruz Province. Forty-nine hours will not save ye from charrges if I find it out, an find it out I will. Dhress now, get yer equipmint from the guard, dhraw two days' rations from the hospital commissary, and go where glory waits ye. The *Napidan* leaves the dock at Binondo at two o'clock to follow the throops that went up last night, and ye may get a ride on her."

The Vagabone saluted and went back to his room to dhress himself. Wan hour later, wit' a note to his comp'ny commandher in his pocket, two days' rations in his haversack, and the light av heaven in his eyes, he was shtandin on the Bridge av Spain, lookin' across the Pasig to where the *Napidan* was lyin' at Binondo. She was a little, light-draft, flat-bottomed river gunboat thrown together in a hurry and armoured wit' sheet steel just thick enough to shtop a Mauser bullet. She had a pirate crew av 'till rymen aboard, wit' a rovin' commission, two jackass guns, two Gatlings and two automatics chuckin' half-pound shrapnel. She was the joy av life on the river.

The Vagabone looked at her from the causeway on the Puente de Espana, and says he to himself, says he: "That divilish Major docthor said she'd sail at two o'clock. I have two hours to wait, and to kill time I'll cross into the Escolta, get a haircut and a shave and the last dhrink av San Miguel beer for many a day," and away he went. But what wit' hoppin' and jumpin' he took a beer too many, wit' the result that when he got down to Binondo at four o'clock the *Napidan* was twelve miles up the river beyond Pateros, and the 'tillerymen was that busy swappin' complimints wit' the amigos on each bank, a message from their guardian angels wouldn't have caused them to turrn about and wait for the Commandher-in-Chief himself. So what did Mike the Vagabone do but——

"Is Sergeant John Ryan somewhere around here?" demanded a booming voice from the stable entrance.

"Come in, ye divil," the sergeant yelled. Then, turning to me: "'Tis the Vagabone himself, God bless him! He's come to look me up for auld sake's sake." Then again—and aloud: "Come in, ye Vagabone, and explain to a betther man nor yourself why I find ye keepin' comp'ny wit' Chinamen. Have ye no pride, ye Sassenach?"

But Mike the Vagabone had entered, and his great arms closed around the bunkie of other days, the while he hugged him with an ursine hug.

"We were just talkin' about ye—" began the Sergeant.

"'Twas nothin' good, I'll warrant. But come out av this. I'm not used to bein' enthertained in a stable. Take me to the

canteen as a bunkie should, and let us have a beer, as sogers should."

The Sergeant raised his eyes mournfully. "The serrvice has gone to the dogs since you left it, Michael," he said. "We have no canteen. The W. C. T. U. took it away from us, God forgive them!"

"Which I shall not," supplemented the Vagabone, "for 'tis to beer I owe the greatest event av me entire life, and the proud position I at present occupy as Colonel av the Imperial Guard av the Chinese Empire. Sure, if I hadn't missed the *Napidan* goin' up the Pasig in April av '99——"

But here the Sergeant, remembering his manners, introduced me to Colonel Kelleher, who graciously acknowledged himself felicitated thereat and sat down on a bale of hay.

The Sergeant silently handed him a plug of vile black chewing tobacco, the Colonel bit off as much as he could, forgot his high station, and became again Mike the Vagabone.

The Sergeant winked at me, counseling silence, and presently the Vagabone spat at a crack and commenced his story.

"Ye will remimber, Jawn, in April av '99 I was took wit' a bad case av partial paralysis and sent to hospital in Malate. Well, sor, the day before I was discharrged cured, Lawton took a flyin' column up into the Laguna de Bay counthry——"

"Aye! Well do I remimber it! They've called us Lawton's Billposters ever since, from a habit we had in that campaign av rushin' a town and clanin' it out; afther which we'd post up notices in Tagalog and Spanish, tellin' the poor divils av natives our intintions were peaceful, and nobody but a fool blind to his own best intherests would doubt it. Dear knows, we thried hard to give them the glad right hand av brotherly love——"

"We did—back av the ear," supplemented Mike the Vagabone, dreamily.

"Gwan wit' your shtory," continued the Sergeant, "and tell us no lies. Ye were malingerin' in hospital, and the docthor found ye out firrst and kicked ye out afterward. Ye were to go up river on the *Napidan*, and ye went hellin' around and missed her. That much we know. Proceed, ye Vagabone."

Well, sor (the Vagabone resumed patiently), I arrived at the stone wall where the river boats touch at Binondo, to find all things as quiet as could be and divil a gunboat in sight. The siesta was not yet over, and every coolie and cargador was currled up sound asleep wherever he would find a bit av shade, but I shpotted a Kansas volunteer fightin' wit' a switch engine at the terminus av the Manila & Dagupan Railroad, back av the Captain av the Port's office. Ye will recall they made the Kansans run the railroad on the advance to Malolos. 'Twas too hot to walk over to him, so I yelled. Says I:

"Ye Kansas man! There's a regular talkin' to ye. Where is the *Napidan* avic?"

"To hear ye ax that question," says he, very uppish, "wan would think I had her in me pocket. Go to the divil and hunt for her."

"Will ye fight?" says I, for I had little use for militiamen.

He got down from the engine and come over for a look at me. "Will *you* fight?" says he.

"Troth I will, and gladly," says I, puttin' up me dukes.

"Indeed!" says he, "ye surprise me. I didn't think ye would."

"And why not?" says I.

"For the reason that ye're regimint's in action up in Santa Cruz Province this very minute, whilst you're loafin' around here, dhrunk and disordherly. Faith, if you're a regular, I'm glad I'm a volunteer."

I was on the p'int of assassinatin' him when a carromata dhruv up behind me, and a small, slight, red little fox av a man wit thick eyeglasses shtepped out.

"What's this?" says he. "Have ye nothin' else to do save make a brawl in public?"

The Kansas man flew back to his engine, whilst I faced about and give the new arrival the figger four. And whilst salutin' I had a chanst to look at him. He was wan av these auld-young men that might have been thirty-five or sixty, according to the light he was in. He was wearin' a broad, flat, cork helmet wit' a sun cloth hangin' down over the back av his neck, like the pictures av Stanley in Darkest Africa, an enlisted man's blue Chambray shirt, corded drab ridin' trousers, pigskin puttees, and tan shoes wit' toe caps on them—and he was hidin' a bit av a smile as he looked at me.

"Bad luck to ye," says I, "but ye shpoiled a beautiful fight. I thought ye were an orficer, for ye have the same nasty-nice way av addhressin' a man. I'll give ye to undherstand I'll have no war correspondents makin' game av me, ye little scrawny gossoon." I was a mad young

man, for I'd give him a salute he was not entitled to, and, as I said, he was wishful to smile his contimpt at me. "Wipe off that smile," says I, "or be the Rock av Cashel, I'll shpank ye. I've ducked many a man in the river for less."

At that he burst out laughin' and shtuck out his hand. "Peace! Peace!" says he. "Did ye not see the Kansas man had a monkey wrench in his pocket? He'd have kilt ye wit' it if I hadn't snapped out at ye like an orficer. What have ye rolled up in that paper undher yer arrm?"

"Not givin' ye a short answer," says I, shakin' hands wit' him, "'tis a quart bottle av Milwaukee beer, no less. Did ye think it was a map av me father's estates in Ireland?"

"I did not," says he, "but ye might have the manners to ask a man if he has a mouth. 'Tis crool hot on this open dock. Shtep into the carromata."

So we got into the carromata and I unwrapped the bottle and produced a corkscrew, for in them days I always went arrmed. I handed the bottle to him for a slantha.

"I'd dhrink to ye wit' more pleasure," says he, "if I knew yer name. I can tell yer comp'ny and regimint from the device in yer campaign hat, but if I'm to dhrink wit' a man I must know his name."

"I'm Private Michael Joseph Kelleher," says I, "number wan in the front rank av the firrst set av fours, firrst squad, firrst section, firrst platoon, second comp'ny, firrst battalion av the finest regimint in the second brigade, firrst division av the Eighth Arrmy Corps. Dhrink hearty, misther——"

"Van der Houten," says he, "Rudolph Van der Houten av the Chicago 'Record Press.' Howl" and he tipped the bottle on his head.

"Yer name's agin' ye, Rudolph," says I, "although I will say this: Wanst I met a good Dutchman. If I might make so bowld, where did ye think ye were goin' just now?"

"I was lookin' for the *Napidan*," says he, "but they tell me in the Captain av the Port's office she went up river two hour ago."

"Then bad luck to them," says I, "for that means a gineral court-martial for me," and I towld him av the tight pinch I was in and the reason for bein' in it. He laughed like a hyena and swore he must write to his paper about it. "If ye do," says I, "I'll break yer back for ye, Rudolph," so he laughed agin and swore be the Nine Gods av War I was a man afther his own heart.

"And where are ye bound now, Private Kelleher?" says he.

"To report for djooty wit' me comp'ny, wherever it is," says I. "I'm goin' up the river this night if I have to swim every shtep av the way."

"Private Kelleher," says he, plaintive-like, "'tis up the Pasig River and across the Laguna de Bay I must go this night also. 'Twould not be a bad idjee if we were to tackle it together and take our chances agin fire, floods, and the public enemy. Sure, I'll be charmed at yer comp'ny, more particular since I notice ye have a Krag and a belt full av ammunition."

"He ye hearrd aught av the plan av campaign av the Gineral commandhin'?" says I.

"I have," says he. "The column's to tackle Santa Cruz this afthernoon, and follow the lake shore to the nort'."

"Then we'll follow, too," says I, "and the sound av volley firin' will guide us home."

"And pray, how?" says he.

"Ye shall engage a launch for us," says I. "Bein' a war correspondent, ye have a limitless expinse account, if half av what I've heard av war correspondents be true. Hire a launch and I'll go wit' ye. Are ye arrmed at all, at all, Rudolph?"

"I have a serrvice pistol and fifty rounds av ammunition. Non-combatant that I am, nevertheless I am not a fool."

"And ye will engage a launch, alla-nah?" says I.

"I suppose I must," says he, and the wurrds weren't out av his mouth when a little Chinaman walked out av the door av the Captain av the Port's office and come over to us, helmet in hand. Faith, he was no common coolie. I was sober enough to see that. He was dhressed in a pongee uniform, av a civilized cut, and was wearin' goold eye-glasses and a little tickler av a dress-parade sword.

"I beg yer pardon, gintlemin," says he, and as Gawd is my judge, I thought he was an Englishman wit' an Oriental cast av countenance, "but the fact av the matther is I am very desirous av j'inin your Gineral Lawton's column in Santa Cruz Province, and the Chinese Consul has graciously placed his private launch at my disposal. Fortunately, I learned in the office yonder that you two gintlemin had missed the *Napidan*, and it occurred to me that I could give ye a bit av a lift up-river. I should be charmed, indeed," says he, bowin' low, "to offer ye me poor hospitality aboard the consul's launch."

"Answer him, Rudolph," says I, "for I'm speechless." And I was.

"Thank ye, sir," says Rudolph, liftin' his hat politely. "We accept wit' the utmost pleasure. To whom are we indebted for this delightful invitation?"

The eddicated Chino hands up a bit av a card, and I looked over Rudolph's shouldher and read it. He was Captain Woo Ting Hock av the Chinese Arrmy, milit'ry attachay to the United Shtates forces operatin' in the Philippine Islands.

"Learrnin' the art av war at firrst hand from them that knows it," says I. "'Tis a grrand idjee. Ye should come to the Bloody Fourteenth, Captain Woo Ting Hock, if it's action ye're lookin' for. 'Tis the regulars that does the real wurrk."

"I regret that I have no card available, me dear Captain Woo Ting Hock," says the war correspondent, "but me name is Rudolph Van der Houten av the Chicago 'Record-Press,' and this brave young man is Private Mike Kelleher av E Comp'ny av the Fourteenth Infanthry."

"They're the right av the line, Captain dear," says I, "and the pride av the serrvice." I shtood up, and, wit' the remainder av the beer in me hand, I give a toast for the benefit av the Kansas volunteer, he bein' in earshot. "Two cigars for two hussars, but a chew av tobacco for a militiaman," says I, and threw the impty bottle at the switch engine. "Come, Rudolph," says I, "and we'll accomp'ny this pleasant Captain Woo, for a finer little Chino 'twould be hard to find in or out av China."

So Rudolph paid off his cochero and we went aboard a beautiful launch wit' a dragon flag floatin' above it and the Shtars and Shtripes above that. There was a bit av a cabin amidships, wit' a long cushioned seat on each side, and the minute I was aboard I excused meself to Rudolph and Captain Woo and lay down for a wink av sleep, for to tell the truth I was a bit heavy wit' that black San Miguel beer I'd dhrunk earlier in the day. Besides, I wanted to get the fog out av me brain, for I knew, afther we passed Pateros and the last av our outposts on the river, we'd get promisc'ous shootin' from bot' banks, wit' or wit'out the askin', and I had hopes av collectin' heavy toll for the disturbance. More be the same token, seein' that Captain Woo and Rudolph was both as innocent as lambs, figurin' on a peaceful trip, I said nothin'. For why should I worry and excite them? 'Tis time enough to cross a bridge when ye come to it, and 'twas far from me intintion to frighten them into changin' their minds at the prospect av a bit av fire, and puttin' back to Manila to wait for an armoured boat. That would have left me at the merrcy av the Major docthor, so I planned to let them run into the mess unbeknownst to them, and wanst into it 'twould be as safe to keep on as turrn back. As for the crew av the launch, I had no worries. They was both Chinamen.

Well, sor, things kem out as I thought they would. Two mile beyant Pateros I was awakened be a handful av broken glass shpillin' in me face, so I knew some sniper had taken a crack at us and the bullet had gone t'rough the cabin window. I got up on me two knees and took a look out the window, and sure enough on the left bank I could see a squad of amigos! They was a fair target, what wit' their white tunics and scarlet trousers, so I poked me Krag t'rough the broken window and bid them the time av day. Three av them was overcome at me excessive politeness.

"More power to ye, Mike," says the war correspondent, whom I now detected sittin' quiet and peaceful, playin' double-dummy bridge wit' Captain Woo.

"I'm a quick-tempered man when I'm woke up suddint, Rudolph," says I.

"'Twill be dark in half an hour, Private Kelleher," says the Captain. "Sure they've been shootin' at us this last half hour, and 'tis only now they've hit the launch at all, at all," and he give a cowld, disdainful smile, and I knew him for a man and a soger, for all that he was a Chinaman wit' an English accent, on account av havin' been eddicated in Europe.

"Then ye'll not be for turrnin' back?"

Chinaman that he were, I almost said "Sor."

"Hardly," says he.

"Thank ye, sor," says I.

"That's betther," says Rudolph, and he had that same precise little crackle in his voice that shtopped me from lambastin' the volunteer at Binondo. I fair jumped at the sound av it, but he was only grinnin' at me, so I said nothin', not bein' certain av his meanin'. I continued swappin' a shot here and there until sunset, and then a coolie dhrew the curtains around the cabin windows, lit a light, and set out a pleasant bit av supper from a big hamper basket. 'Twas very dark, but we took it aisy, feelin' our way up-shtream, for the coolie at the wheel knew the river like a

fish, and we had no worries. Wanst in a while we'd use the searchlight.

Afther supper we all three sat down to a friendly game av poker (I had twelve dollars Mex, goin' in), but, thanks to Captain Woo, I didn't last long, so I turned in for the night, whilst Rudolph and Captain Woo went back to double-dummy bridge at a cent a p'int.

I was awakened be the launch bangin' into the bank, and rappin' me head agin the bulkhead. I rolled out fightin' mad. "Was that a shrapnel hit us, I dunno," says I.

"A shtray bullet hit us, Mike," says Rudolph, "and we're in the divil's own fix. It went t'rough the gasoline tank, more's the pity, and every last dhrop av fuel has leaked out into the bilges. The firrst we knew av it was when the engine died and the boat swung wit' the current and drifted."

"Heaven help us," says I, for 'tis small appetite I have for dhriftin' into the hands av an enemy wit' a taste for anatomical research. 'Twas the habit av Pico del Pilar's men to mutilate and kill all prisoners, and well I knew it. D'ye mind the corpril from the Ninth that was crucified at San Francisco de Malabon?

"Where are we, avic?" says I to Captain Woo Ting Hock.

"The pilot says we cannot be far from Taguig," says he. "Do ye know aught av Taguig, Private Mike?"

"Divil a bit, Captain Woo, save and exceptin' 'tis a wicked barrio, swarmin' wit' brown men in red runnin' breeks, for all that the river gunboats have shelled it out a dozen times." And that was the truth, for I'd hearrd av Taguig from a wounded man that was brought into the Second Reserve.

Rudolph comminced to talk most shamelessly. "That settled it," says he, "for av coorse, wit' our gasoline gone, we can proceed no further. We must drift down shtream wit' the current and wait in Manila for the gunboat."

"I fear we must," says Captain Woo.

"I fear we must not," says I. "We're as safe in the back yards av Taguig as we'll be for twenty miles down river. You and Rudolph may return to Manila if ye think ye can make it alive, but I shall not. Taguig is a barrio at the head av the river, where it kisses the lake, and I shall land, make a reconnoissance in the rear av the town, shteal a banca from the beach if I can, and paddle thirrty miles across Laguna de Bay to report to me comp'ny commandher. Mark me, gintlemin, there's current enough in the river to give ye steerageway, but ye may shtrike a bit av shtill wather and drift ashore, or a banca filled wit' bolomen may come alongside and dissect ye. Ye have naught but a serrvice pistol, Rudolph, to make reply."

"Faith," says Captain Woo, "I'm thinkin' we might do worse nor trust ourselves to Private Mike and his rifle."

"Very well," says Rudolph. "Forward! Let the battle commince. But how about this launch and her crew?"

"Let them take a chance on the river," says Captain Woo coldly, "and the gods protect them." He was careless and cowld where his own was concerned, as I've since found out. "'Tis an hour till daylight. We'll rest agin the bank till then, afther which we'll land and place ourselves undher the protection av Private Mike. Havin' come this far to see a bit av a Yankee fight, I'll not turrn back now."

And so 'twas done. When 'twas light enough to see, we landed, the two coolies went overboard and shoved the launch off the bit av bar where she rested, and away they went down river.

"Ye will now," says I, turrnin' to Captain Woo and Rudolph, "pay shtrict attintion to me and do as I bid ye. There forninst ye is a thick-topped mango-tree. Do the two av ye climb into it and wait until I come back from a bit av a scoutin' expedition. I'll get the lay av the land about Taguig, and, God willin', I'll come back to ye. If I do not, ye will know it be the shootin'. Shtay hid in the mango-tree until ye see the *Napidan* comin' down river, then hail her, and go back to Manila. Ye might have the kindness to write to me comp'ny commandher and tell him to take me name off the muster rolls." And wit' that I was off, pokin' along up the river bank.

I found a trail t'rough the bush and followed it for a matther av two miles, until presintly I hearrd the sound av dogs barkin', so I knew I was near a barrio. I moved off be the right flank to circle around the Barrio, and be good luck I enthered a big field av pole beans, where I could make fast time bechune the rows wit'out bein' seen. From the bean field I went into a shtrip av bamboo, and from the bamboo I went smack into the arrms av a Filipino sinthry! He shtepped out at me from behint a tree and t'rew up his Mauser to shoot. I hurrled me Krag at him, butt firrst, and took him in the belly before he could fire,

and he sagged into the grass; whereupon I took off his scarlet trousers, tore them into shtrips, and tied him up nicely, put him and his rifle and a haversack filled wit' ammunition across me shouldher, and carried him a half-mile. I hid him in a bit av cogon grass, gagged him, and went on about me business until I hearrd ducks quackin be the hundreds, so I knew I was close to wather, and as I was thravelin' at right angles to the river now I knew it must be the Laguna de Bay. So I crept along quietlike, and sure enough I come out on the lakeshore, and there was nothin' but wather as far as I could see. Taguig lay below me a matther av half a mile, with a dozen bancas drawn up on the beach and as many more settin' out for the fishin'. There was a fair sprinklin' av scarlet trousers along the beach, so I knew betther nor to show myself.

However, I had small need to worry now, for I'd got the lay av the land and I knew where the bancas was beached. I decided to lay quiet till sunset, then sneak down the lake shore afther dark, shteal a big banca, put out acrost the lake, and be out av sight av Taguig be daylight. So I went back to the cogon grass, where I hid me prisoner, untied his legs, and marched him be devious paths to the bean field. I shtruck me auld trail here and backtracked until I found Rudolph and Captain Woo sittin' in the mango-tree.

Faith, their two eyes popped out when they saw me wit' a prisoner and an exthra piece, wit' lashin's and lavin's av ammunition for the same. Rudolph was as happy as a child. He give his serrvice pistol and belt to Captain Woo and equipped himself wit' the Mauser. I showed him how to wurrk it, and give him some shlight dhrill in aimin'—takin' a full deep breath, exhalin' slowly and pullin' the thrigger when the breath was half exhaled. The range scale was be the metric system, but I set the sights to point-blank range, which, as ye know, is good for anything up to three hundred yards.

"And now,' says I. "I have a fine field av pole beans to hide in. The hoein' and cultivatin' has been done, and the beans will not be ripe for harvest for a month, in consekens av which there'll be no men in that field but ourselves," and I led the way to the bean field wit' our prisoner, and the four av us went in and sat down. I spread me shelter half for Rudolph and Captain Woo, and they went at their double dummy whist agin whilst I looked afther me prisoner. We lunched and breakfasted on me two days' rations I had in me haversack at noon.

Half an hour before sunset we moved out av the bean field and down t'rough the cogon grass to the lake shore, and the minute it was dark I left Captain Woo and Rudolph to watch the prisoner whilst I shlipped down the beach to forage for a banca. The beach was deserrted, so I found a banca, launched it, and piled into it every paddle I could find in the other bancas! 'Tis attintion to small details that wins great victories, and I was minded to discourage pursuit before ever it shtarted.

I was paddlin' back to the p'int where I'd left the lads when all av a sudden a light flashed up, and I knew the cogon grass was afire. Simultanyus wit' that I hearrd the bark av a six-shooter and a yell av "Madre de Dios!" From the beach forninst me a man challenged "Quien vive!" and shot at me wit'out waitin' for an answer—which he wouldn't have got, and knew it! A bugle blew in Taguig, and I hearrd a Filipino orficer yellin' to an outpost off in the woods a bit.

"Damned pig!" says the voice av that iligant Captain Woo. "Wan av them found our trail in that bean field and followed us."

"Well, I've kilt the beggar for settin' the grass afire, at any rate," says Rudolph. Maybe he said more. I never hearrd it if he did, for the outpost beyant in the woods was shootin' at the fire, and I knew 'twould be like Woo and Rudolph to run down the beach in the dark, lookin' for me, little thinkin' that the firrst p'int the main guard in Taguig would rush to protect would be the boats! And if the lads missed me in the dark I knew they'd run to their death amongst the bancas!

I was less than a hundred yards from them, and, av coorse, they could not see me paddlin' up, a little offshore, but the flames from the burrnin' cogon grass was leapin' high, and I could see Captain Woo and Rudolph retreatin'. Over a little five-foot cut bank down to the beach they lepped just as a dozen av the native outpost comes chargin' into the clean space the fire had burrned over, and I knew unless I could shtop them 'twas Fiddler's Green for the three av us. I fired at them, but well over their heads, and they shtopped at the whine av the bullets, not knowin' which way to turn, for the sinthry on the bank below them was shootin', too—at me! I could not hope to paddle in to Rudolph and Captain Woo and get them into the banca and off again wit' all that fine shootin' light from

the burrnin' grass; and in the twinkle av an eye I knew there was but wan thing to do—disperse the outpost and escape in the banca before the arrival av the main guard from Taguig!

"Back where ye were and undher the cut bank!" I yelled like a Bull av Bashan. "Engage the divils whilst I come ashore and flank them!"

"Bully for ye, Mike," says Rudolph, and back he and Captain Woo run for the cut bank. The outpost orficer was indiscreet enough to come runnin' to the cut bank and look over, and Captain Woo reached up and grabbed him be his bare ankles and jerked him down on his face. Rudolph tappin' him simultanyus wit' the butt av the Mauser. As I turrned the banca inshore and bint to the paddle I could see Captain Woo unbucklin' the man's belt. It contained an auld Webley revolver and a long Spanish cavalry broadsword, and Woo buckled it on, tossin' away his own belt and the little tickler av a dress-parade sword.

I saw no more av the Donnybrook undher the cut bank, for at that instant the banca grounded on the shingle and I lepped out, dhraggin' her high and dhry. In the meantime the sinthry in front av me, and below Rudolph and Captain Woo, kept bangin' away, which was not wise av him, for he shot from the hip continyus, and I marked him down be the flashes av his piece. I fixed me bayonet, bint double, and went into the bush afther him. He emptied his magazine at me as I kem, but every shot went high, and I went into him up to the lockin' ring and passed on.

A slight night breeze was blowin' the fire down the beach toward Taguig, and the enemy (there was a dozen av him) kept followin' in the wake av the flames, shootin' wild, and wishful to get bechune us and the bancas. But Rudolph and Captain Woo, more power to them, had the good sinse to follow the fire too, thus dhrawin' the enemy along wit' the light av the flames and makin' things aisy for me when I should fall upon them from the rear.

What wit' the shootin' and cracklin' av the fire I broke t'rough the bush unbeknownst to the enemy, swung around in his rear, and come out into the burrned-over space. 'Twas grand shootin' light, and I'd dhropped four av them before they woke up to the fact that they was flanked, and then, thinkin' they was totally surrounded, they did what a Malay will always do when he's cornered! They emptied their pieces at me, and disdainful av reloadin', fixed bayonets and dhrew bolos, turrned and went over the cut bank afther Captain Woo and Rudolph. Two men they felt certain av, and those two they would have.

Och, wirra! wirra! 'twas the frightened man I was. I fixed me own bayonet back on agin as I run afther them. When I come out on the bank, ready for the jump, and looked down, if I live to be a t'ousand years old, divil a prettier sight will I see than I saw at that minute. Captain Woo and Rudolph had moved out onto the beach where they had fightin' room and a good light, and there all hands were at it like Kilkenny cats. Eight men went over the cut bank afther Captain Woo and Rudolph, and five av them bit the dust before they reached the cinter av action. Rudolph's Mauser had jammed (a rusty auld divil she was, and small blame to her) and he'd taken the Webley from Captain Woo, imptied that, picked up the Mauser agin, fixed the bayonet on it and met the survival av the rush. As for Captain Woo, his pistol was impty, but he had it in his left hand, parryin' cuts from bolos, whilst wit' his right he went feelin' around wit' the auld Spanish broadsword. He was yellin' and screamin' like a wildcat. 'Twas hard to tell whether he was bilin' mad or frightened to death, and had I not been a busy man and in command av the expedition I'd have sat down to laugh at him.

All av these things I saw out av the tail av me eye as I lepped down into the scrimmage. Two men wit' bayonets was worryin' Rudolph whilst Captain Woo did a fencin' match wit' wan, so I went to the aid av Rudolph, he bein' a civilian and not accustomed to such wurrk, like Woo and meself, although be the same token he was givin' as fine an exhibition av bayonet practice as a man could wish. I give wan av the skuts "butts to the front" on the back av his head, and dhropped him just as his cumrade dhruv his bayonet clear t'rough Rudolph's thigh, and the little man went down as flat as a flounder. Out come the steel and up it went, but before the native could dhrive it t'rough poor Rudolph's midsection I shtruck up the gun and he turrned on me, backin' away.

"Mike," says Rudolph, cryin' wit' rage, "do you take the conceit out av that lad for me."

"Trust me, Rudolph," says I, and I shtepped around that red-breeched Malay like a cooper around a barrel. Sure 'twas sinful. He knew naught av bayonet exer-

:ise, and I polished him off in a jiffy, turrnin' just in time to see poor Captain Woo, wit' his rusty auld Spanish broadsword bruk in :wo, fendin' off a horrible cut from the bolo. The blade come down on the barrel av his mpty pistol a glancin' blow, but heavy, slid off, and bit clane t'rough the little Chinaman's helmet into his skull. He wilted like a cabbage, wit' the blood shpoutin' over his ace, and the boloman backed away to ace me.

I come right at him wit' the bayonet and ie give ground. Sure he knew he had no hanst, so what does he do but flip his bolo t me and rip it clear t'rough me right houlder muscles, high up on the neck. I lucked it out, threw it at him, missed, and ept advancin', backin' him into the wather, nd when I shlipped a shell into the breech ie fell on his two knees, beggin' for mercy. 'd have kilt him undher other conditions.

"Come here, ye skut," says I, "and pick p that little dead Chino."

Wit' a little persuasion he did as he was id, I got a grip around Rudolph wit' me eft arm, and, dhraggin' him afther me, we eached the banca and piled them into it. Then the prisoner and I shoved her off, and bade him shtep in and pick up a paddle /hilst I lepped in afther him and sat on the dge av the sterrn wit' the muzzle av me Cragg contiguous to his backbone.

"Donde?" (where?) says he. "To Santa Cruz," says I, and he bent to his wurrk. For n hour he paddled wit'out missin' a stroke, /hilst I sat and enjoyed the yellin' and the creamin' on the beach when the paddles vere found missin' from the other bancas! As I said before, 'tis the little things in life hat count.

By and by I felt me crew givin' a back wist and dhrag to his paddle. So quiet he vas I would not have noticed it had I not een expectin' the same. He was gradually urrnin' the banca in the dark, to head back oward Taguig, so I tapped him one for ood luck, and we hove to till mornin'. Vhilst waitin' for the native to show signs v life (for I bumped him well wit' the butt) crawled over him to Rudolph. I had a first-id package and some matches, and whilst e lit the matches I ripped off wan leg of hose iligant English corded ridin' britches nd done up his leg. He'd bled a lot and was veak—but cheerful. He swore continyus nd was much plazed when I towld him damn fine soger had been shp'iled to make good-for-nothin' little war correspondent.

"Begorra, ye little wasp," says I, "where id ye learrn how to handle a bayonet? 'Twas a grand spectacle ye put up. Sure ye juggled yer piece like a band leader juggles a baton. Where did ye learrn how?"

"In the militia," says he.

"Ye're a liar," says I. "Ye did not."

"We had a captain that had been a regular," says he.

"That explains it," says I.

"Is Woo kilt, Mike?"

"He is," says I, "and more's the pity, for a fine little Chinaman he was, and a gintlemin every inch. I would not abandon his body, for Chino that he is, a fine fightin' man and a kindly host he was, and I would not lave his body for the pariah dogs. A milit'ry funeral he shall have if I have to give it him meself."

"He was the only man," says Rudolph, "that ever give me a batin' at double-dummy bridge. He had me I. O. U. for a hundhred and forty dollars. Shtill, for all that, I wouldn't have wished him dead," and poor Rudolph choked up.

'Twas a long night—longer be token av the fact that I'd lost me pipe in the ructions at Taguig. 'Twas a curly briar root, well cured, and the pride av me whole existence. I've never had another like it. But the sun come up at last, and all about us was the mist off the lake and nothin' livin' as far as I could see around us. Me prisoner was lyin' quiet enough, wit' a bump on his head like a biscuit and a black look in the eyes av him, and Rudolph was sound asleep on the broad av his back, wit' his head restin' on Captain Woo's body.

Now, 'tis not becomin' that a white man should use a dead Chino for a pillow, even a fine little Oriental like Captain Woo Ting Hock av the Chinese Imperial Guard, so I took Rudolph be the legs and dhrug him back a bit.

"Thank ye kindly, Private Mike," says the voice av Captain Woo. "He's had his hard head in me kidneys all night and I hated to move for fear av disturbin' him. Is he badly hurrted, poor lad?"

"Ye little Chinese skyrocket!" says I, "are ye dead?"

"No, thank ye, Private Mike," says he, "but I'm hungry enough to ate a child wit' smallpox, and there's no circulation in me legs. What wit' Rudolph's head on me all night long I'm cramped and paralyzed."

"Howld over yer head till I look at it," says I, and I was the happy man. Praise be, 'twas a glancin' cut, though faith, be the way he'd bled, I thought his skull had been chopped in two halves. I shtraightened him around and made him comfortable, and

waited for the mists to rise. And when they did, across the lake, twenty mile away, I see the white steeple av a cathedral, so I knew that must be Santa Cruz. So the prisoner was put to wurrk again at paddlin', and about noon we was off the city. But there was no signs av life on the beach, naught but a mess av impty Krag shells, so we took to the banca agin and paddled nort', and in the cool av the evenin' we heard a jackass batthery in action. We followed the sound and come to Muntinlupa, and I could see the Fourth Cavalry disembarkin' from some cascos undher the fire av the *Napidan.*

When the fightin' was over and the Bill-posters come flockin' into town we went ashore, and a detail av hospital corps men took Captain Woo Ting Hock and Rudolph Van der Houten in charrge, whilst I went up to report to me comp'ny commandher. I found him undher a tree lickin' his chops and watchin' his dog robber cookin' a chicken they'd shtolen together. I reported to him and give him the docthor's note. He read it and scowled, for I was two hours late!

"Well, me man," says he, "ye have not fulfilled yer conthract wit' the Major docthor, so I'm sadly afraid ye're in throuble up to yer schamin' neck. If there's wan thing in life I hate and despise 'tis a cowld-footed malingerin'—be the Great Gun of Athlone! How come this blood on the back av the envelope?"

"I don't know, sor," says I.

"Go and report to the Firrst Sergeant," says he. "I'll have ye thried the first chance I get," and I went away, but not to the Firrst Sergeant. Off to the field hospital I went, to have the hole in me shoudler dhressed, and who should I see the minute I came in but Captain Woo wit' his head bandaged and Rudolph shtretched out on a field cot. They was talkin' to the Lootenant Colonel.

"Come here to me," says Rudolph, but I was afraid av the Lootenant Colonel, and winked at him to lave off, and shook me head.

"Lootenant Colonel," says he, "have the kindness to ordher Private Kelleher to come here." So the auld man turrned and give me a look, and I come up like a sheep-killin' dog.

"Me man," says the Lootenant Colonel, "do ye know who this is?"

"The finest fightin' Dutchman that ever fingered a gun, sor," says I.

"He's yer new colonel," says the auld man.

"Me what!" says I, and the hair rose on me head like the quills on a hedgehog, whilst Rudolph lay back and laughed himself sick.

"Explain yerself, Rudolph," says I sternly. "What joke is this?"

"Divil a bit av a joke, Mike," says he. "Sure me name isn't Rudolph Van der Houten at all, at all. It bein' a rare hot day when I met ye afther landin' in the island, I had laid aside me blouse. I'd shtepped out av the carromata to give ye a dhressin' down wit' me tongue, but left me blouse on the seat inside; so I was sportin' no insignias av rank when you turrned to face me. Right away ye became impudint, and sure ye amused me. Then, findin' ye was Irish and a private in me own regimint that I'd just been app'inted to command, thinks I to meself I'll tell him I'm Dutch and see what he says. Ye suspected me av bein' a war correspondent and I encouraged ye in the deception, and ye're a fine, jolly lad, Private Michael Joseph Kelleher, and 'tis the rattlin' good time we had together thravelin' on the same democratic footin'. I would not have missed it for the stars av a brigadier."

"Sor," says I, comin' to attintion and salutin' him, "I thank ye kindly for them sintimints. For a Dutchman I had me suspicions av ye when I saw ye in action. Beggin' the Colonel's pardon, 'tis more belike some Irishman chased wan av yer ancesthors—and caught her," says I, "back in the days when men shtole their wives and wooed them wit' a club. There's but wan bit av shame I feel for the whole thransaction, sor, and that's to think I had the insolince to dhrill ye in aimin' a rifle——"

Well, sor, at that him and Captain Woo and the Lootenant Colonel had a fine hearrty laugh, whilst I shtood there like a fool until Rudolph reached up and shook me be the right hand whilst Captain Woo took me be the left.

"We have to thank ye for our lives and a most delightful journey, Mike Kelleher," says Rudolph, "and I'm thinkin' neither Captain Woo Ting Hock nor meself will forget ye for that. A great soger," says he, turrnin' to the Lootenant Colonel. "I'd sell me immortal sowl for a regimint like him. He's the finest fightin' Irishman Gawd A'mighty ever created."

"And I'm to be thried for malingerin' bekase I was two hours late reportin' for djooty," says I. "Seein' that the Colonel has some slight personal knowledge av the difficulties av the journey and the sincerity av me intintions, 'tis belike he might put in a good wurrd for me wit' me comp'ny com-

mandher and not leave me to be made the laughin' shtock av me comrades."

"Laughin' shtock, is it?" says he, his two eyes snappin'. "Faith, the man that laughs at you must laugh at a medal-av-honour man——"

"And whip me into the bargain," says Captain Woo, squeezin' me hand.

Mike the Vagabone ceased speaking and dreamily nibbled a straw for the space of a minute before resuming.

And so Rudolph and Captain Woo, God bless them, made much av me for a bit, and then I had me shoulder dressed, and I went about me business, for I knew me place. But when I got me discharrge undher Gineral Ordher No. 40, Captain Woo sent for me to come down to the Hotel d'Orient, where he was shtayin'.

"Private Mike," says he, "China needs men like you to dhrill her sogers. That was a hard batin' the Japanese give us, and maybe 'twould not have happened wit' men like you to counsel us. I have a captain's commission for ye. Do you come wit' me, Friend Kelleher, and I'll make ye a colonel yet."

And so (continued the Vagabone dreamily) I went to China wit' Captain Woo Ting Hock, and I'm a colonel av the Imperial Guard this day. Sure, I'm the Prince's bodyguard wherever he goes, and wit' diamonds and pearls and jade he do load me for the slightest favours. Divil a wurrd av lie in it, Jawn.

"You Vagabone," murmured Sergeant Ryan. "You bloody Vagabone!"

The Artist—(*Preface to "The Picture of Dorian Gray"*)—By OSCAR WILDE

THE artist is the creator of beautiful things.

To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim.

The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things.

The highest as the lowest form of criticism is a mode of autobiography.

Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope.

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty.

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

The nineteenth century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass.

The nineteenth century dislike of Romanticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass.

The moral life of man forms part of the subject-matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium.

No artist desires to prove anything. Even things that are true can be proved.

No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style.

No artist is ever morbid. The artist can express everything.

Thought and language are to the artist instruments of an art.

Vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art.

From the point of view of form, the type of all the arts is the art of the musician. From the point of view of feeling, the actor's craft is the type.

All art is at once surface and symbol.

Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.

Those who read the symbol do so at their peril.

It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors.

Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital.

When critics disagree, the artist is in accord with himself.

We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely.

All art is quite useless.

Vine Center Vignettes

True Tales of Some Small-Town Americans

By JAMES GORDON FRASER

DOCTOR DAVE MOORE

YOUNG Doctor Dave Moore is well liked in Vine Center, but he would be even more popular if he had a duller tongue. When the Civic Improvement Society was taking up the proposal to adopt a new name, and sentiment was about evenly divided between Restwood and Happyhurst, some of the ladies got Doctor Dave to attend one of the meetings. He listened for fully an hour to the discussion, which was quite spirited, and then got up, intending to leave. But Mrs. Willie Hatton-Jordan, who was presiding, stopped him.

"Doctor Moore," she said. "We know you are a very busy man. But won't you give us the benefit of your advice on this important—this vitally important—question? I know the ladies would like a suggestion from you."

Doctor Dave hesitated, but seeing that there was no escape, stopped near the door.

"Why not call it Afton?" he suggested. "Robbie Burns did."

After he had gone, Mrs. Hatton-Jordan asked little Miss May Mannering, who teaches English in the High School, what Doctor Dave meant.

"I don't know," said Miss Mannering. "Unless—well, you know Afton was the loveliest village of——"

She stopped a moment, and Mrs. Hatton-Jordan, who did not like her, expressed impatience.

"Well, go on," she said. "Of what?"

"Of the plain," said Miss Mannering.

JERRY RIPTON

Jerry Ripton, who is now a handy man at the Palace Garage, used to be the night man at Sponnable's livery stable.

For many years, he was locally famous as the only atheist in the community. He did not believe in God, he said publicly, nor in religion, as such.

"There is no God," he would say, frequently, to the loungers who gathered nightly in the little stable office where he had his bed and only home. "Religion is only a name for a code of conduct, such as is necessary if human beings are to live in contact with each other. Jesus Christ was nothing more than a great leader, a strong personality, like Mohammed, Confucius and other great leaders and personalities. He was no more divine than any of them.

"Abraham Lincoln would have been as successful as Jesus Christ, if he had attempted to start a new religion. So would Bryan, or this man Roosevelt, or a dozen others. Most of the Bible—the historical part—is probably true. But the miracles never happened, and, if Christ died, he stayed dead. There is no proof anywhere outside the Bible—which was written by believers—that Christianity is any more true than Confucianism or Buddhism or Mohammedanism. They are all codes of conduct—nothing more."

The crowd that hung around Sponnable's stable liked to hear him talk, and traveling men who came here regularly made it a point to get him started. But there were many people who felt that he was an evil influence. Most husbands and children were under strict orders not to go near him; and while devout people frequently prayed publicly that he might see the error of his ways, his case was generally regarded as hopeless.

Jerry had been at Sponnable's almost ten years when the barns were struck by lightning and burned to the ground—the happening which led Bert Sponnable to build the Palace Garage and start in the

new automobile business. The Sunday following the fire, the Reverend Mr. Guthrie preached a strong sermon on the text: "Vengeance Is Mine, Saith the Lord," and was considerably put out when old Jim Jordan inquired after the service if "he didn't think 'twas a mite slow."

EVERETT WOOD

Everybody was pleased when Mary Barstow announced her engagement to Everett Wood, not only because it was believed he would make her a good husband, but because it was felt she would be the ideal wife for him.

Everett had been taking care of his mother ever since he became old enough to clerk in Emerson's Big Store. His father died suddenly and left little or nothing. Mrs. Wood took in sewing, and they managed to get along, some way or other, until Everett's wages got big enough to meet the bills. Everett was always a good boy, never in any serious scrapes and always friendly, likable and obliging. He and Mary Barstow had been sweethearts in their school days, and had kept company steadily for several years. She was a quiet, well-mannered girl, not especially pretty or talented, but thoroughly nice and well-liked. She might have done better, financially, than Everett, but she seemed to be satisfied with him when she announced her engagement.

Mrs. Wood was, she told all her friends, delighted with "the new daughter Everett is bringing me." She invited Mary to dinner, and in a frank talk, while they were washing up the dishes, expressed herself in a way that made Mary a little ashamed of the doubts she had been harbouring. "I will be glad to have you take over the work of making a home for him," Mrs. Wood said. "I have done my best to make him happy, but, of course, he wants a wife—and children. I've always looked forward to the day when I could welcome his wife, and I'm glad, my dear, that he picked out such a nice girl." They both cried a little and felt better.

After a trip to Niagara Falls, the newly-weds came home to set up housekeeping. Mrs. Wood welcomed Mary royally and, for a time, everything was idyllic. People began to notice, though, after a time, several little things that gave rise to talk. It was noticed that Mrs. Wood did not speak so enthusiastically of her daughter-in-law as she had done, and that Mary had begun making her calls alone. It was also said that Everett had stopped bragging about the superiority of married life over a bachelor existence.

Before long, it was generally known that Everett's mother and his wife were not getting along together so well as they had expected. Neighbours heard things which strengthened this impression, and women who knew both Mary and Mrs. Wood commenced to discuss the matter and express sympathy with one or the other. One meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society was almost broken up in this way, but nothing was settled.

It was said by friends of Mrs. Wood that Mary was very unfair to her mother-in-law, not in the larger matters, but in small things—such as baking potatoes when she knew Mrs. Wood preferred them boiled, rearranging furniture which Mrs. Wood had placed, washing Mondays instead of Wednesdays as Mrs. Wood had always done, and keeping the temperature in the house lower than Mrs. Wood liked it.

Mary's friends, on the other hand, declared that Mrs. Wood was very unfair to her daughter-in-law—purposely trying to humiliate her before her husband by calling attention to mistakes in cookery, criticizing her housekeeping and disagreeing with everything she said.

Publicly, Mrs. Wood wore an attitude of patient resignation. "After all, I'm only a mother," she would say. "They don't seem to count any more, do they?" Then she would dab her eyes with her handkerchief and presently find some cause for referring, by inference or otherwise, to her "unhappy state." Such as asking for a second piece of Aunt Kate Tennant's cherry pie, with the explanation: "I don't seem to get things I relish at home any more."

Mary said nothing to any one, even to her own mother, about her troubles, but it was plain to every one that she was not happy. When Doctor Menzie began to call at the house regularly, it was undecided whether his calls meant what might be expected—or something else. Wilhelmina Porter undertook to ask him, but got nothing for her pains beyond a growled "Damned fool women!" that might have meant either Mrs. Wood or Mary or Wilhelmina, or all three of them.

All this was obviously hard on Everett. He had always been a careful, conscientious worker, but he became careless and indifferent. He took to sitting for long

periods with his chin on his hand, staring at nothing. Customers began to complain, and Captain Emerson had to reprimand Everett. He took him into the back office, and they were there some time.

It was immediately after that Mrs. Wood left Everett's and went to board with Aunt Kate Tennant. No one knows exactly what happened, because Everett and Mary have never said a word about it, even to their closest friends. Mrs. Wood has talked freely and bitterly, but she does not seem to grasp it all, herself.

"I can't understand it," she confesses, when questioned. "Everett was always such a good boy. He always said his mother was his best girl. I'm sure I only wanted him to be happy. How could he change so suddenly—turn on me, who gave up everything for him? But I'm not complaining. It's my cross—I'll have to bear it. We mothers have so much to bear, haven't we?"

To those who do not know about "her cross," it appears that Mrs. Wood lives very comfortably. Everett pays her board and gives her a regular allowance, besides. There has been some criticism of Everett by those who hold that his first duty is to his mother. Captain Emerson, however, stands by him.

"The boy did just right," he says. "It was a case of too many birds in the nest. The one that could fly alone got out. Better that than breaking all the eggs."

It was a boy, and Mary told Kitty McKay the other day that she has made only one definite resolution for his future.

"I will never," she said, "spend more than two weeks at a time on a visit to his wife."

TONY PALUMBO

When the new mill brought in about 100 Italian, Hungarian and Slavic families to live in the little houses on "The Flats," there was some indignation on the part of the townspeople.

It was felt that "the foreigners" probably would be noisy, quarrelsome and generally undesirable, and their strange appearance and customs were regarded with suspicion. Even when it developed that they kept to themselves and seldom went off "The Flats," their presence in the community was greatly deplored.

A great deal of this feeling has disappeared now, because of Tony Palumbo.

Tony, whose age was never determined definitely, did not go to work in the mill. Neither did he enter school, although apparently of school age. Instead, he rented a little coop of a store next to the trolley station, and launched a fruit and candy business.

It grew slowly, largely because of the general prejudice against foreigners, but Tony persevered. Before long, he had installed a soda fountain and had opened a bank account. He was so cheerful, so respectful, so eager to please, and kept such fresh goods, that some of our best people began giving him their trade.

Then came the famous run on the County National Bank. It was afterward said that Bert Hagar started it because he had been refused a loan. However that may be, it grew rapidly. In almost no time at all, the bank was crowded and depositors were collecting in the street. None knew why they were demanding their money, except that others were doing it, and there seemed to be a calamity impending.

President Rutherford went out of his office and talked to the depositors, telling them there was no reason for alarm. Plenty of cash to pay every dollar of deposits, he said, was on its way from the city. He pleaded with them to wait—not to force the bank to the disgrace of a temporary suspension of business. But very little attention was paid to him, except by some of the leading business men who were connected with the bank and knew that what he said was true.

While the excitement was at its height, Tony Palumbo learned from Sadie Weatherwax—who had got her money out, and stopped in for some apples on the way home—what was going on. He expressed regret.

"Oh, dat's-a too bad!" he said. "Mister Ruth'fo'd is fine man! Good man for bank—good man for town! Dat's-a too bad! You say da cash comes, mebbe, too late? Close-a da bank, mebbe? *Si?*"

"Yes," confirmed Sadie. "That's what he said. I guess they need cash, all right—more than they're likely to get! But I got mine, anyway." She patted her skirt-pocket satisfiedly.

"You better hurry!" she added, as Tony locked his door after following her out. Sadie supposed, of course, he intended to follow her example.

At the Board of Trade banquet, where the life membership was presented to Tony Palumbo, Chief Singleton was called upon for a speech. This is what he said:

"The first I saw of this lad, here, our

new member, was when he came charging up Main Street from the direction of 'The Flats,' at the head of what looked to me like a mob. Mostly women, with a few mill hands. They all carried something in their hands—stockings or bags or bundles rolled in a handkerchief. I am ashamed to say I thought of bombs, and decided to try and stop them.

"But Tony—Mr. Palumbo, I mean—yelled to me to get out of the way. 'They put him in!' he yelled. 'No take him out—put him in!' Then I realized that every last man and woman in the crowd was carrying—money! So I helped them get into the bank and—well, you all know the rest. The president hasn't told us how much it was that those folks on 'The Flats' had hidden away under the mattresses, but anyway, it was plenty, even if the money hadn't come from the city."

WILHELMINA PORTER

Wilhelmina Porter is a spinster. She lives alone in a house her father left her, and she is usually very well informed concerning what is going on in Vine Center. In fact, young Doctor Dave Moore once told Editor Roy Park that the *Valley Era* would never pay well so long as it had to compete with "The Morning, Evening and Sunday Bulletin," meaning Wilhelmina Porter. But Doctor Dave and Wilhelmina have not been on good terms for several years, since the time the famous "Jack, the Grabber" caused so much excitement here.

Wilhelmina is well enough liked by the women who know her, and is always welcomed when she drops in for a cup of tea and a little chat—a custom to which she devotes much of her time. She is not very popular, however, with the men. This may be because she is indisputably not a beauty, being tall and thin, with a goiter which is very prominent. Many think she made a mistake, also, when she bobbed her hair.

One evening during the period when the "Grabber" was active, Wilhelmina rushed into the Odd Fellows' Club and collapsed. When she was revived, she said she had been seized and hugged by the "Grabber" on the dark side of the square. She also said that he had made improper suggestions to her.

Chief Singleton was sent for and asked Wilhelmina for a description of the "Grabber," but she was unable to give it with any clarity or accuracy. When she had been taken home, Doctor Moore made the remark which Wilhelmina has ever since resented.

"This attack," he told Chief Singleton, "confirms a theory I have had for some time. The 'grabbing' is being done by a blind man, crazy drunk!"

GLENN ESPIE

Glenn Espie is generally regarded as a martyr to filial devotion.

In fact, there is only one person in Vine Center, so far as is known, who does not so regard him.

When Glenn had almost finished at college, his widowed mother died. Her last words to him were: "Take care of Sister, boy. You must not marry and leave her while she needs you." Glenn promised, and his mother's last moments were happier for that reason.

It was not believed, at the time, that the promise would mean much, because Elizabeth Espie, who was a year older than Glenn, had been going steadily with Stewart Johnson, and it was regarded as a sure match. Even Myrtis Bostwick, who had an understanding with Glenn, felt that it would make very little difference in their plans—perhaps postponement of the wedding for a year or so.

But, soon after Glenn had left college and gone to work in Cox's drugstore, Stewart Johnson was drowned, and Elizabeth Espie became a semi-invalid. She has rarely been out of the house since Stewart's funeral, and has no interest in life other than Glenn, who is now past forty and getting fat and bald. Myrtis waited nearly three years for him and then broke off the engagement and married Johnny Miller, but the match has not turned out well. Johnny drinks heavily, and sometimes plays cards half the night at the livery stable office, and neighbours say he and Myrtis quarrel terribly when he does go home.

Glenn spends many of his evenings at the Odd Fellows' Club, goes to the city frequently to see a good show, drives a good car and now owns a half-interest in the drugstore. He never complains of his lot, but his friends never forget the sacrifice he has made, and treat him with special consideration because of it. People who know the story feel sorry for him and frequently point him out to strangers as a martyr.

This is never done, however, by Johnny Miller, who married Myrtis Bostwick.

The City as a Summer Resort

By FINLEY PETER DUNNE

F. P. Dunne.

"WHERE'S Dorsey, the plumber, these days?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Haven't ye heerd?" said Mr. Dooley. "Dorsey's become a counthry squire. He's landed gintry, like me folks in th' ol' dart. He lives out among th' bur-rds an' th' bugs, in a house that looks like a cuckoo clock. In an hour or two ye'll see him go by to catch the five-five. He won't catch it, because there ain't anny five-five. Th' la-ad that makes up th' time-table found las' week that if he didn't get away arlier he cudden't take his girl f'r a buggy ride, an' he's changed th' five-five to four forty-eight. Dorsey will wait f'r th' six-siven, an' he'll find that it don't stop at Paradise Manor, where he lives, on Saturdahs an' Winsdahs, except Fridahs in Lent. He'll get home at iliven o'clock, an' if his wife's f'rgot to lave th' lanthern in th' deepo, he'll crawl up to th' house on his hands an' knees. I see him las' night in at th' dhrug sthore, buyin' ile iv peppermint f'r his face. 'Tis a gran' life in th' counthry,' says he, 'far' he says, 'fr'm th' madding crowd,' says he. 'Ye have no idee,' he says, 'how good it makes a man feel,' he says, 'to escape th' dust an' grime iv th' city,' he says, 'an' watch th' squrls at play,' he says. 'Whin I walk in me own garden,' he says, 'an' see th' viggytables comin' up, I hope, an' hear me own cow lowin' at th' gate iv th' fence,' he says, 'I f'rget,' he says, 'that they'se such a thing as a jint to be wiped or a sink to be repaired,' he says. He had a box iv viggytables an' a can iv condensed milk undher his arm. 'Th' wife is goin' away nex' week,' he says, 'do ye come out an' spind a few days with me,' he says. 'Not while I have the strenth to stay here,' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'maybe,' he says, 'I'll r-run in an' see ye,' he says. 'Is there annything goin' on at th' theaytres?' he says.

"I wanst spint a night in th' counthry, Hinnissy. 'Twas whin Hogan had his villa out near th' river. 'Twas called a villa to distinguish it fr'm a house. If 'twas a little bigger 'twud be big enough f'r th' hens, an' if 'twas a little smaller, 'twud be small enough f'r a dog. It looked as if 'twas made with a scroll saw, but Hogan mannyfacthered it himself out iv a design in th' pa-aper. 'How to make a counthry home on wan thousan' dollars. Puzzle: find th' money.' Hogan kidnaped me wan afthernoon an' took me out there in time to go to bed. He boosted me up a laddher into a bedroom adjinin' th' roof. 'I hope,' says I, 'I'm not discommodin' th' pigeons,' I says. 'There ain't anny pigeons here,' says he. 'What's that?' says I. 'That's a mosquito,' says he. 'I thought ye didn't have anny here,' says I. ''Tis th' first wan I've seen,' says he, whackin' himself on th' back iv th' neck. 'I got ye that time, assassin,' he says, hurlin' th' remains to th' ground. 'They on'y come,' he says, 'afther a heavy rain or a heavy dhry spell,' he says, 'or whin they'se a little rain,' he says, 'followed be some dhryness,' he says. 'Ye mustn't mind thim,' he says. 'A mosquito on'y lives f'r a day,' he says. ''Tis a short life an' a merry wan,' says I. 'Do they die iv indigisthion?' I says. So he fell down through th' thrap dure an' left me alone.

"Well, I said me prayers an' got into bed an' lay there, thinkin' iv me past life an' wondherin if th' house was on fire. 'Twas warrum, Hinnissy. I'll not deny it. Th' roof was near enough to me that I cud smell th' shingles, an' th' sun had been rollin' on it all day long, an' though it had gone away, it'd left a ray or two to keep th' place. But I'm a survivor iv th' gr-reat fire, an' I often go down to th' rollin' mills, an' besides, mind ye, I'm iv that turn iv mind that whin 'tis hot I say 'tis hot an' lave it go at that. So I whispers to mesilf, 'I'll dhrop off,' I says,

'into a peaceful slumber,' I says, 'like th' healthy ploughboy that I am,' says I. An' I counted as far as I knew how an' conducted a flock iv sheep in a steeple chase an' I'd just begun f'r to wondher how th' las' thing I thought iv came into me head, whin a dog started to howl in th' yard. They was a frind iv this dog in th' nex' house that answered him, an' they had a long chat. Some other dogs butted in to be companionnable. I heerd Hogan rollin' in bed, an' thin I heerd him goin' out to get a dhrink iv wather. He thripped over a chair befure he lighted a match to look at th' clock. It seemed like an hour befure he got back to bed. Be this time, th' dogs was tired, an' I was thinkin' I'd take a nap whin a bunch iv crickets undher me windows begun f'r to discoorse. I've heerd iv th' crickets on th' hearth, Hinnissy, an' I used to think they were all th' money, but anny time they get on me hearth I buy me a pound iv insect powdher. I'd rather have a pianola on th' hearth anny day, an' Gawd save me fr'm that! An' so 'twas dogs an' mosquitos an' crickets an' mosquitos an' a screech owl an' mosquitos an' a whip-poor-will an' mosquitos an' cocks beginnin' to crow at two in th' mornin' an' mosquitos, so that whin th' sun bounced up an' punched me in th' eye at four, I knew what th' thruth is, that th' counthry is th' noisiest place in th' wurruld. Mind ye, there's a roar in th' city, but in th' counthry th' noises beats on ye'er ear like carpet tacks bein' driven into th' dhrum. Between th' chirp iv a cricket an' th' chirp iv the hammer at th' mills, I'll take th' hammer. I can go to sleep in a boiler shop, but I spint th' rest iv that night at Hogan's settin in th' bath tub.

"I saw him in th' mornin' at breakfast. We had canned peaches an' condinsed milk. 'Ye have ye'er valise,' says he. 'Aren't ye goin to stay out?' 'I am not,' says I. 'Whin th' first rattler goes by ye'll see me on th' platform fleein' th' peace an' quiet iv th' counthry, f'r th' turmoil an' heat,' I says, 'an' food iv a gr-reat city,' I says. 'Stay on th' farm,' says I. 'Commune,' I says 'with nature,' I says. 'Enjoy,' I says, 'th' simple rustic life iv th' merry farmer boy that goes whistlin' to his wurruk befure breakfast,' says I. 'But I must go back,' I says, 'to th' city,' I says, 'where there is nawthin' to eat but what ye want an' nawthin' to dhrink but what ye can buy,' I says. 'Where th' dust is laid be th' sprinklin' cart, where th' ice-man comes reg'lar an' th' roof garden is in bloom an' ye're waked not be the sun but be th' milkman,' I says. 'I want to be near a doctor whin I'm sick an' near eatable food whin I'm hungry, an' where I can put me hand out early in th' mornin' an' hook in a newspaper,' says I. 'Th' city,' says I, 'is th' on'y summer resort f'r a man that has iver lived in th' city,' I says. An' so I come in.

"'Tis this way, Hinnissy: th' counthry was all right whin we was young and hearty, befure we become enfeebled with luxuries, d'ye mind. 'Twas all right whin we cud sthand it. But we're not so sthrong as we was. We're diff'rent men, Hinnissy. Ye may say, as Hogan does, that we're ladin' an artificyal life but, be Hivins, ye might as well tell me I ought to be paradin' up an' down a hillside in a suit iv skins, shootin' th' antylope an' th' moose, be gorry, an' livin' in a cave, as to make me believe I ought to get along without sthreet cars an' ilicthric lights an' illyvators an' sody-wather an' ice. 'We ought to live where all th' good things iv life come fr'm,' says Hogan. 'No,' says I. 'Th' place to live in is where all th' good things iv life goes to.' Ivrything that's worth havin' goes to th' city; th' counthry takes what's left. Ivrything that's worth havin' goes to th' city an' is iced. Th' cream comes in an' th' skim-milk stays; th' sunburnt viggytables is consumed be th' hearty farmer boy an' I go down to Callaghan's store an' ate th' sunny half iv a peach. Th' farmer boy sells what he has f'r money, an' I get th' money back whin he comes to town in th' winther to see th' exposition. They give us th' products iv th' sile an' we give thim cottage organs an' knock-out dhrops, an' they think they've broke even. Don't lave annywan con-vince ye th' counthry's th' place to live, but don't spread th' news yet f'r a while. I'm goin' to advertise, 'Dooleyville-be-th'-river. Within six siconds iv sthreet cars an' railway thrains an' aisy reach iv th' theaytres an' ambulances. Spind th' summer far fr'm th' busy haunts iv the fly an' th' bug be th' side iv th' purlin' ice wagon.' I'll do it, I tell ye. I'll organ-ize excursions an' I'll have th' poor iv th' counthry in here settin' on th' cool steps an' passin' the can fr'm hand to hand; I'll take thim to th' ball-game an' th' theaytre; I'll lave thim sleep till breakfast time an' I'll sind thim back to their overcrowded homes to dhream iv th' happy life in town. I will so."

"I'm glad to hear ye say that," said Mr. Hennessy. "I wanted to go out to th' country, but I can't unless I sthrike."

"That's why I said it," replied Mr. Dooley.

Hercules and Atlas

By GIACOMO LEOPARDI

Translated by Leslie Cross

HERCULES—Jove sends me, Sire Atlas, and bids me give you greeting, and, if you tire beneath that weight, burden myself with it for a brief space as I did ages ago, that you may catch breath and rest yourself a little.

ATLAS—Thank you, fair Hercules: I avow I owe much to Jove's kingliness. Yet the earth is grown light, and the mantle I bear to shelter me from snow presses on me more heavily than it. Were it not Jove's command that I tarry here and uplift this little ball on my back, I should thrust it under my arm, or in a fold of my raiment, or let it dangle from a hair of my beard, and pursue affairs of my own.

HERCULES—What has come to lighten it? I clearly make out that it is changed in shape, and has grown like a baker's bun. It was spherical when I read cosmography before sailing off on that mighty voyage with the Argonauts. Still, I can not see how the weight you carry is less than of old.

ATLAS—I know not why; but if you are willing to take it in your hands for a moment and try its lightness, I can prove it to you.

HERCULES—Faith of Hercules, had I not tried it, I could not believe it! And here is another singularity: the last time I lifted it, I felt a strong pulsing against my back, as if it were some beast's heart, and heard a unique and continuous murmuring that made me think of a wasp. Now the pulsing is so listless and aberrant it seems a clock with a broken mainspring, and I hear no sound of murmuring.

ATLAS—This, too, I can not understand. The earth ceased to stir long ago, and all audible sound has left it. For several days I feared it was dead, and I half expected to be tainted with its rotting loathsomeness,—yes, even thought of a place where I might bury it, and of the epitaph I would inscribe there. But when it did not rot away, I conjectured that it had changed from a beast—its original state—to a vegetable thing, after the fashion of Daphne and a few others; that, owing to this transformation, it no longer moved and breathed. I had not a doubt that it would fling its roots about my shoulders and twine there.

HERCULES—I believe it likelier the earth is sleeping, and its repose is like Epimenide's, which lasted more than half a century. It may be like Hermotimus, whose ghost issued from his body whenever he chose, and wandered about for long years, hunting solace through the many lands and returning to life. To end the madness, his friends at last burnt the corpse, and when the ghost came back he found his habitation gone; after that, he haunted an inn or another's flesh when shelterless. And the earth may sleep on forever, or some friend or benefactor, thinking it dead, may lay it on the pyre to burn, unless we try some way of awaking it.

ATLAS—True, but how could we?

HERCULES—I might strike it with my club but for fear it would crack under the blow and dribble like a broken egg. The race of men, who in my day fought limb against limb with lions, and now struggle with fleas, would swoon at the shock. It is better we put by our mantle and club, and play at ball with the wretched little sphere. I regret I have not brought the armlets and rackets that Mercury and I use at sport in the house of Jove and its garden. I suppose we can play without them.

ATLAS—Yes, of course—so your father, seeing us at romps, will want to join us, and with his own fiery ball precipitate the twain of us we know not where. Once he cast Phaeton into the Po.

HERCULES—That might befall us if I, like Phaeton, were a poet's child and not his own; while the poets thronged the cities

with the sound of lyres, sky and earth would become peopleless at the sound of my club. A blow of my foot would send that ball of his hurtling to the outermost bound of vaulted heaven. No, rest at ease. Were it my fancy to pluck out five or six stars in my sport, and seize the flaming tail of a comet and make at a mark with such a sling, my father would connive at my humour. Now, in this sport our intent is to benefit the earth, while Phaeton meant only to display his nimbleness before the Hours, who bore up the stairway when he mounted to the car, and to take fame as a skilled charioteer before Andromeda, Callisto, and those other fair constellations to whom, it is said, he flung sweetmeats amid showers of light, and flower-favours of burnished splendour. He hungered for eminence above the gods of Olympus on his course that day, which was hallowed with feasting. Think nothing more of my sire's anger. Whatever the consequence, I shall take all blame on myself. Lay aside your garment, and throw the ball to me.

ATLAS—Even though I am unwilling, I am forced to sport with you, for you are armed and strong in body, while I am old and defenseless. Take care lest it fall; it would be bruised and swollen with new abrasions and fissures like the one that separates Sicily from Italy, and Africa from Spain. If it were jarred harshly, there would be war at the secession of a province or kingdom, as men would call it.

HERCULES—I realize all that.

ATLAS—Here, then, catch it. See—it dips in the air with its faulty shape.

HERCULES—Strike it more heavily; your strokes fall short.

ATLAS—The stroke is of no avail, for the southwest wind, as usual, carries it off course, and the ball is swerved out by its own lightness.

HERCULES—It is its old vice of following the wind.

ATLAS—We ought to puff it up: it bounds no better than a melon.

HERCULES—That is a modern failing. In old time, it danced and frolicked like a kid.

ATLAS—Catch it! Quick, I tell you! Heaven's vengeance, if it falls! Plague take the hour you came hither!

HERCULES—Your stroke was so bad I could not catch it in time, even at the risk of a broken neck. Alas, poor little creature, how are you? Do you feel ill anywhere? I can not hear it breathe. Not a soul moves. Everything is still sleeping.

ATLAS—Give it to me, by the horns of the Styx, that I may lay it back on my shoulders. Take up your club and hurry to heaven to absolve me with Jove, for it was entirely your fault.

HERCULES—Indeed I shall. . . . For many centuries there has dwelt in my sire's abode a certain poet, Horace by name, who was received as court-minstrel at the suggestion of Augustus, the emperor Jove raised among the gods for furthering the sway of Rome. This poet chants his lyrics as he walks along, and among others is one in which he says that the just man would not stir if even the earth fell. I believe all men are just in this age, for the world has fallen and no one has stirred!

ATLAS—Yes, who doubts the justice of men? Let no more time slip by, but hasten and defend me to your father. Momently I fear a bolt of lightning will change me from Atlas to an Ætna.

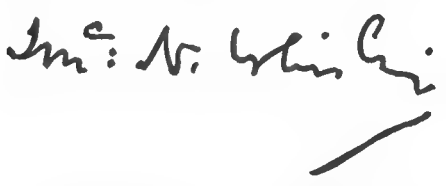
Life

By MILDRED MASSON

RAIN,
Down it comes.
Does it care if it wets you?
Rain, thunder, hail,
Does it care if you haven't
An umbrella or a slicker?
Lightning,
Giant blue flashes,
Thunder,
Deafening booms.
More sheets of rain
Filling every crevice and corner,
Sweeping over the banquette like a stream,
Beating down the little new plants
Ruthlessly, relentlessly,
Bending down the strong old plants,
Slowly, surely
Life——

"Ten o'Clock"

By JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER



IT IS with great hesitation and much misgiving that I appear before you, in the character of the Preacher.

If timidity be at all allied to the virtue modesty, and can find favour in your eyes, I pray you, for the sake of that virtue, accord me your utmost indulgence.

I would plead for my want of habit, did it not seem preposterous, judging from precedent, that aught save the most efficient effrontery could be ever expected in connection with my subject—for I will not conceal from you that I mean to talk about Art. Yes, Art—that has of late become, as far as much discussion and writing can make it, a sort of common topic for the tea-table.

Art is upon the town!—to be chucked under the chin by the passing gallant—to be enticed within the gates of the householder—to be coaxed into company, as a proof of culture and refinement.

If familiarity can breed contempt, certainly Art—or what is correctly taken for it—has been brought to its lowest stage of intimacy.

The people have been harassed with Art in every guise, and vexed with many methods as to its endurance. They have been told how they shall love Art, and live with it. Their homes have been invaded, their walls covered with paper, their very dress taken to task—until, roused at last, bewildered and filled with the doubts and discomforts of senseless suggestion, they resent such intrusion, and cast forth the false prophets, who have brought the very name of the beautiful into disrepute, and derision upon themselves.

Alas! ladies and gentlemen, Art has been maligned. She has naught in common with such practices. She is a goddess of dainty thought—reticent of habit, abjuring all obtrusiveness, purposing in no way to better others.

She is, withal, selfishly occupied with her own perfection only—having no desire to teach—seeking and finding the beautiful in all conditions and in all times, as did her high priest Rembrandt, when he saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks.

As did Tintoret and Paul Veronese, among the Venetians, while not halting to change the brocaded silks for the classic draperies of Athens.

As did, at the Court of Philip, Velasquez, whose Infantas, clad in inæsthetic hoops, are, as works of Art, of the same quality as the Elgin marbles.

No reformers were these great men—no improvers of the ways of others! Their productions alone were their occupation, and, filled with the poetry of their science, they required not to alter their surroundings—for, as the laws of their Art were revealed to them, they saw, in the development of their work, that real beauty which, to them, was as much a matter of certainty and triumph as is to the astronomer the verification of the result, foreseen with the light given to him alone. In all this, their world was completely severed from that of their fellow-creatures with whom sentiment is mistaken for poetry; and for whom there is no perfect work that shall not be explained by the benefit conferred upon themselves.

Humanity takes the place of Art, and God's creations are excused by their usefulness. Beauty is confounded with virtue, and, before a work of Art, it is asked: "What good shall it do?"

Hence it is that nobility of action, in this life, is hopelessly linked with the merit of the work that portrays it; and thus the people have acquired the habit of looking, as who should say, not at a picture, but through it, at some human fact, that shall, or shall not, from a social point of view, better their mental or moral state. So we have come to hear of the painting that elevates, and of the duty of the painter—of the picture that is full of thought, and of the panel that merely decorates.

A favourite faith, dear to those who teach, is that certain periods were especially artistic, and that nations, readily named, were notably lovers of Art.

So we are told that the Greeks were, as a people, worshipers of the beautiful, and that in the fifteenth century Art was ingrained in the multitude.

That the great masters lived in common understanding with their patrons—that the early Italians were artists—all—and that the demand for the lovely thing produced it.

That we, of to-day, in gross contrast to this Arcadian purity, call for the ungainly, and obtain the ugly.

That, could we but change our habits and climate—were we willing to wander in groves—could we be roasted out of broadcloth—were we to do without haste, and journey without speed, we should again require the spoon of Queen Anne, and pick at our peas with the fork of two prongs. And so, for the flock, little hamlets grow near Hammersmith, and the steam horse is scorned.

Useless! quite hopeless and false is the effort!—built upon fable, and all because "a wise man has uttered a vain thing and filled his belly with the East wind."

Listen! There never was an artistic period.

There never was an Art-loving nation.

In the beginning, man went forth each day—some to do battle, some to the chase; others, again, to dig and to delve in the field—all that they might gain and live, or lose and die. Until there was found among them one, differing from the rest, whom pursuits attracted not, and so he stayed by the tents with the women, and traced strange devices with a burnt stick upon a gourd.

This man, who took no joy in the ways of his brethren—who cared not for conquest, and fretted in the field—this designer of quaint patterns—this deviser of the beautiful—who perceived in Nature about him curious curvings, as faces are seen in the fire—this dreamer apart, was the first artist.

And when, from the field and from afar, there came back the people, they took the gourd—and drank from out of it.

And presently there came to this man another—and, in time, others—of like nature, chosen by the Gods—and so they worked together; and soon they fashioned, from the moistened earth, forms resembling the gourd. And with the power of creation, the heirloom of the artist, presently they went beyond the slovenly suggestion of Nature, and the first vase was born, in beautiful proportion.

And the toilers tilled, and were athirst; and the heroes returned from fresh victories, to rejoice and to feast; and all drank alike from the artists' goblets, fashioned cunningly, taking no note the while of the craftsman's pride, and understanding not his glory in his work; drinking at the cup, not from choice, not from a consciousness that it was beautiful, but because, forsooth, there was none other!

And time, with more state, brought more capacity for luxury, and it became well that men should dwell in large houses, and rest upon couches, and eat at tables; whereupon the artist, with his artificers, built palaces, and filled them with furniture, beautiful in proportion and lovely to look upon.

And the people lived in marvels of art—and ate and drank out of masterpieces—for there was nothing else to eat and to drink out of, and no bad building to live in; no article of daily life, of luxury, or of necessity, that had not been handed down from the design of the master, and made by his workmen.

And the people questioned not, and had nothing to say in the matter.

So Greece was in its splendour, and Art reigned supreme—by force of fact, not by election—and there was no meddling from the outsider. The mighty warrior would no more have ventured to offer a design for the temple of Pallas Athena than would the sacred poet have proffered a plan for constructing the catapult.

And the amateur was unknown—and the Dilettante undreamed of!

And history wrote on, and conquest accompanied civilization, and Art spread or rather its products were carried by the victors among the vanquished from one country to another. And the customs of cultivation covered the face of the earth,

so that all peoples continued to use what *the artist alone produced*.

And centuries passed in this using, and the world was flooded with all that was beautiful, until there arose a new class, who discovered the cheap, and foresaw fortune in the facture of the sham.

Then sprang into existence the tawdry, the common, the gewgaw.

The taste of the tradesman supplanted the science of the artist, and what was born of the million went back to them, and charmed them, for it was after their own heart; and the great and the small, the statesman and the slave, took to themselves the abomination that was tendered, and preferred it—and have lived with it ever since!

And the artist's occupation was gone, and the manufacturer and the huckster took his place.

And now the heroes filled from the jugs and drank from the bowls—with understanding—noting the glare of their new bravery, and taking pride in its worth.

And the people—this time—had much to say in the matter—and all were satisfied. And Birmingham and Manchester arose in their might—and Art was relegated to the curiosity shop.

Nature contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music.

But the artist is born to pick, and choose, and group with science, these elements, that the result may be beautiful—as the musician gathers his notes, and forms his chords, until he bring forth from chaos glorious harmony.

To say to the painter, that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player, that he may sit on the piano.

That Nature is always right, is an assertion, artistically, as untrue, as it is one whose truth is universally taken for granted. Nature is very rarely right, to such an extent even, that it might almost be said that Nature is usually wrong: that is to say, the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worthy a picture is rare, and not common at all.

This would seem, to even the most intelligent, a doctrine almost blasphemous. So incorporated with our education has the supposed aphorism become, that its belief is held to be part of our moral being, and the words themselves have, in our ear, the ring of religion. Still, seldom does Nature succeed in producing a picture.

The sun blares, the wind blows from the east, the sky is bereft of cloud, and without, all is of iron. The windows of the Crystal Palace are seen from all points of London. The holiday maker rejoices in the glorious day, and the painter turns aside to shut his eyes.

How little this is understood, and how dutifully the casual in Nature is accepted as sublime, may be gathered from the unlimited admiration daily produced by a very foolish sunset.

The dignity of the snow-capped mountain is lost in distinctness, but the joy of the tourist is to recognize the traveler on the top. The desire to see, for the sake of seeing, is with the mass. alone the one to be gratified, hence the delight in detail.

And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her.

To him her secrets are unfolded, to him her lessons have become gradually clear. He looks at her flower, not with the enlarging lens, that he may gather facts for the botanist, but with the light of the one who sees in her choice selection of brilliant tones and delicate tints suggestions of future harmonies.

He does not confine himself to purposeless copying, without thought, each blade of grass, as commended by the inconsequent, but, in the long curve of the narrow leaf, corrected by the straight tall stem, he learns how grace is wedded to dignity, how strength enhances sweetness, that elegance shall be the result.

In the citron wing of the pale butterfly, with its dainty spots of orange, he sees before him the stately halls of fair gold, with their slender saffron pillars, and is taught how the delicate drawing high upon the walls shall be traced in tender tones of orpiment, and repeated by the base in notes of graver hue.

In all that is dainty and lovable he finds hints for his own combinations, and *thus* is Nature ever his resource and always at his service, and to him is naught refused.

Through his brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which began with the Gods, and which they left him to carry out.

Set apart by them to complete their works, he produces that wondrous thing called the masterpiece, which surpasses in perfection all that they have contrived in what is called Nature; and the Gods stand by and marvel, and perceive how far away more beautiful is the Venus of Melos than was their own Eve.

For some time past, the unattached writer has become the middleman in this matter of Art, and his influence, while it has widened the gulf between the people and the painter, has brought about the most complete misunderstanding as to the aim of the picture.

For him a picture is more or less a hieroglyph or symbol of story. Apart from a few technical terms, for the display of which he finds an occasion, the work is considered absolutely from a literary point of view; indeed, from what other can he consider it? And in his essays he deals with it as with a novel—a history—or an anecdote. He fails entirely and most naturally to see its excellences, or demerits—artistic—and so degrades Art, by supposing it a method of bringing about a literary climax.

It thus, in his hands, becomes merely a means of perpetrating something further, and its mission is made a secondary one, even as a means is second to an end.

The thoughts emphasized, noble or other, are inevitably attached to the incident, and become more or less noble, according to the eloquence or mental quality of the writer, who looks, the while, with disdain, upon what he holds as "mere execution"—a matter belonging, he believes, to the training of the schools, and the reward of assiduity. So that, as he goes on with his translation from canvas to paper, the work becomes his own. He finds poetry where he would feel it were he himself transcribing the event, invention in the intricacy of the *mise en scène*, and noble philosophy in some detail of philanthropy, courage, modesty, or virtue, suggested to him by the occurrence.

All this might be brought before him, and his imagination be appealed to, by a very poor picture—indeed, I might safely say that it generally is.

Meanwhile, the *painter's* poetry is quite lost to him—the amazing invention, that shall have put form and colour into such perfect harmony, that exquisiteness is the result, he is without understanding—the nobility of thought, that shall have given the artist's dignity to the whole, says to him absolutely nothing.

So that his praises are published, for virtues we would blush to possess—while the great qualities, that distinguish the one work from the thousand, that make of the masterpiece the thing of beauty that it is—have never been seen at all.

That this is so, we can make sure of, but looking back at old reviews upon past exhibitions, and reading the flatteries lavished upon men who have since been forgotten altogether—but, upon whose works, the language has been exhausted, in rhapsodies—that left nothing for the National Gallery.

A curious matter, in its effect upon the judgment of these gentlemen, is the accepted vocabulary, of poetic symbolism, that helps them, by habit, in dealing with Nature: a mountain, to them, is synonymous with height—a lake, with depth—the ocean, with vastness—the sun, with glory.

So that a picture with a mountain, a lake, and an ocean—however poor in paint—is inevitably "lofty," "vast," "infinite," and "glorious"—on paper.

There are those also, somber of mien, and wise with the wisdom of books, who frequent museums and burrow in crypts; collecting — comparing — compiling — classifying—contradicting.

Experts these—for whom a date is an accomplishment—a hall-mark, success!

Careful in scrutiny are they, and conscientious of judgment—establishing, with due weight, unimportant reputations—discovering the picture, by the stain on the back—testing the torso, by the leg that is missing—filling folios with doubts on the way of that limb—disputatious and dictatorial, concerning the birthplace of inferior persons—speculating, in much writing, upon the great worth of bad work.

True clerks of the collection, they mix memoranda with ambition, and, reducing Art to statistics, they "file" the fifteenth century, and "pigeon-hole" the antique!

Then the Preacher—"appointed!"

He stands in high places—harangues and holds forth.

Sage of the Universities—learned in many matters, and of much experience in all, save his subject.

Exhorting—denouncing—directing.

Filled with wrath and earnestness.

Bringing powers of persuasion, and polish of language, to prove—nothing.

Torn with much teaching—having naught to impart.

Impressive—important—shallow.

Defiant—distressed—desperate.

Crying out, and cutting himself—while the Gods hear not.

Gentle priest of the Philistine withal, again he ambles pleasantly from all point, and through many volumes, escaping scientific assertion—"babbles of green fields."

So Art has become foolishly confounded with education—that all should be equally qualified.

Whereas, while polish, refinement, culture, and breeding are in no way arguments for artistic result, it is also no reproach to the most finished scholar or greatest gentleman in the land that he be absolutely without eye for painting or ear for music—that in his heart he prefer the popular print to the scratch of Rembrandt's needle, or the songs of the hall to Beethoven's "C minor Symphony."

Let him have but the wit to say so, and not feel the admission a proof of inferiority.

Art happens—no hovel is safe from it, no Prince may depend upon it, the vastest intelligence cannot bring it about, and puny efforts to make it universal end in quaint comedy, and coarse farce.

This is as it should be—and all attempts to make it otherwise are due to the eloquence of the ignorant, the zeal of the conceited.

The boundary line is clear. Far from me to propose to bridge it over—that the pestered people be pushed across. No! I would save them from further fatigue. I would come to their relief, and would lift from their shoulders this incubus of Art.

Why, after centuries of freedom from it, and indifference to it, should it now be thrust upon them by the blind—until, wearied and puzzled, they know no longer how they shall eat or drink—how they shall sit or stand—or wherewithal they shall clothe themselves—without afflicting Art?

But, lo! there is much talk without!

"Triumphantly they cry, "Beware! This matter does indeed concern us. We also have our part in all true Art!—for, remember the 'one touch of Nature' that 'makes the whole world kin.'"

True, indeed. But let not the unwary jauntily suppose that Shakespeare herewith hands him his passport to Paradise, and thus permits him speech among the chosen. Rather, learn that, in this very sentence he is condemned to remain without—continue with the common.

This one chord that vibrates with al this "one touch of Nature" that calls alc to the response of each—that explains popularity of the "Bull" of Paul Potte that excuses the price of Murillo's "C ception"—this one unspoken sympa that pervades humanity, is—Vulgarity!

Vulgarity—under whose fascinating fluence "the many" have elbowed " few," and the gentle circle of Art swa with the intoxicated mob of mediocri whose leaders prate and counsel, and aloud, where the Gods once spoke in whis

And now from their midst the Diletta stalks abroad. The amateur is loosed. voice of the æsthete is heard in the la and catastrophe is upon us.

The meddler beckons the vengeance the Gods, and ridicule threatens the daughters of the land.

And there are curious converts to weird *culte*, in which all instinct for tractiveness—all freshness and sparkl all woman's winsomeness—is to give w to a strange vocation for the unlovely—a this desecration in the name of the Grac

Shall this gaunt, ill-at-ease, distress abashed mixture of *mauvaise honte* a desperate assertion, call itself artistic, a claim cousinship with the artist—who lights in the dainty—the sharp, bri gaiety of beauty?

No!—a thousand times no! Here no connections of ours.

We will have nothing to do with them

Forced to seriousness, that emptiness n be hidden, they dare not smile——

While the artist, in fulness of heart a head, is glad, and laughs aloud, and happy in his strength, and is merry at pompous pretension—the solemn sillin that surrounds him.

For Art and Joy go together, with b openness, and high head, and ready han fearing naught, and dreading no exposure

Know, then, all beautiful women, t we are with you. Pay no heed, we p you, to this outcry of the unbecomin this last plea for the plain.

It concerns you not.

Your own instinct is nearer the trut your own wit far surer guide than untaught ventures of thick-heeled Apol

What! will you up and follow the f piper that leads you down Petticoat La there, on a Sabbath, to gather, for week, from the dull rags of ages, wherew to bedeck yourselves? that, beneath y

ravestied awkwardness, we have trouble o find your own dainty selves? Oh, fie! s the world, then, exhausted? and must ve go back because the thumb of the nountebank jerks the other way?

Costume is not dress.

And the wearers of wardrobes may not e doctors of taste!

For by what authority shall these be retty masters? Look well, and nothing ave they invented—nothing put together or comeliness' sake.

Haphazard from their shoulders hang he garments of the hawker—combining in heir person the motley of many manners ith the medley of the mummers' closet.

Set up as a warning, and a finger-post of anger, they point to a disastrous effect of rt upon the middle classes.

Why this lifting of the brow in deprecaion of the present—this pathos in reference o the past?

If Art be rare to-day, it was seldom herefore.

It is false, this teaching of decay.

The master stands in no relation to the ioment at which he occurs—a monument f isolation—hinting at sadness—having o part in the progress of his fellow men.

He is also no more the product of civilizaon than is the scientific truth, asserted, ependent upon the wisdom of a period. he assertion itself requires the man to ake it. The truth was from the beginning.

As art is limited to the infinite, and, eginning there, can not progress.

A silent indication of its wayward indeendence from all extraneous advance is the absolutely unchanged condition and rm of implement since the beginning of ings.

The painter has but the same pencil—e sculptor the chisel of centuries.

Colours are not more since the heavy angings of night were first drawn aside, nd the loveliness of light revealed.

Neither chemist nor engineer can offer ew elements of the masterpiece.

False again, the fabled link between the andeur of Art and the glories and virtues the State, for Art feeds not upon nations, nd peoples may be wiped from the face of e earth, but Art *is*.

It is indeed high time that we cast aside e wary weight of responsibility and coartnership, and know that, in no way do ir virtues minister to its worth, in no way o our vices impede its triumph!

How irksome! how hopeless! how superuman this self-imposed task of the nation! How sublimely vain the belief that it shall live nobly or art perish!

Let us reassure ourselves, at our own option is our virtue. Art we in no way affect.

A whimsical goddess, and capricious, her strong sense of joy tolerates no dulness, and, live we never so spotlessly, still may she turn her back upon us.

As, from time immemorial, has she done upon the Swiss in her mountains.

What more worthy people! Whose every Alpine gap yawns with tradition, and is stocked with noble story; yet, the perverse and scornful one will none of it, and the sons of patriots are left with the clock that turns the mill, and the sudden cuckoo, with difficulty restrained in its box!

For this was Tell a hero! For this did Gessler die!

Art, the cruel jade, cares not, and hardens her heart, and hies her off to the East, to find, among the opium-eaters of Nankin, a favourite with whom she lingers fondly—caressing his blue porcelain, and painting his coy maidens, and marking his plates with her six marks of choice—indifferent, in her companionship with him, to all save the virtue of his refinement!

He it is who calls her—he who holds her!

And again to the West, that her next lover may bring together the Gallery at Madrid, and show to the world how the Master towers above all; and in their intimacy they revel, he and she, in this knowledge; and he knows the happiness untasted by other mortal.

She is proud of her comrade, and promises that, in after years, others shall pass that way, and understand.

So in all times does this superb one cast about for the man worthy of her love—and Art seeks the Artist alone.

Where he is, there she appears, and remains with him—loving and fruitful—turning never aside in moments of hope deferred—of insult—and of ribald misunderstanding; and when he dies she sadly takes her flight, though loitering yet in the land, from fond association, but refusing to be consoled.

With the man, then, and not with the multitude, are her intimacies; and in the book of her life the names inscribed are few; scant, indeed, and the list of those who have helped to write her story of love and beauty.

From the sunny morning, when, with her glorious Greek relenting, she yielded up the secret of repeated line, as, with his

hand in hers, together they marked, in marble, the measured rhyme of lovely limb and draperies flowing in unison,—to the day when she dipped the Spaniard's brush in light and air, and made his people live within their frames, and stand upon their legs, that all nobility and sweetness, and tenderness, and magnificence should be theirs by right,—ages had gone by, and few had been her choice.

Countless, indeed, the horde of pretenders! But she knew them not.

A teeming, seething, busy mass, whose virtue was industry, and whose industry was vice!

Their names go to fill the catalogue of the collection at home, of the gallery abroad, for the delectation of the bagman and the critic.

Therefore have we cause to be merry!—and to cast away all care—resolved that all is well—as it ever was—and that it is not meet that we should be cried at, and urged to take measures!

Enough have we endured of dulness! Surely are we weary of weeping, and our tears have been cozened from us falsely, for they have called out woe! when there was no grief—and, alas! where all is fair!

We have then but to wait—until, with the mark of the Gods upon him—there come among us again the chosen—who shall continue what has gone before. Satisfied that, even were he never to appear, the story of the beautiful is already complete—hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon—and broidered, with the birds, upon the fan of Hokusai—at the foot of Fujiyama.

Song

By FRANCIS VIÉLÉ-GRIFFIN

Translated by A. Pauline Locklin

I HAVE caught the rain with my palms held up
(Rain warm as the tears we weep).
From out that forbidden and magical cup
Have I drunk deep;
To the end that my spirit in yours may sleep.

I have taken the wheat from the dusky bin
(Wheat that spatters like hail-stones tossed)
To sow ere the earliest rays begin
To soften the tillage all hard with frost;
That you hunger not when the sheaves are in.

I have gathered the fall leaves into a truss
(Leaves and grasses dead long ago)
And kindled a tall flame odorous
With the essence of sap that has ceased to flow;
That your morning vigil be sweeter thus.

Your cheeks and your lips that were mine to seize,
Your happy hair and your glance that sings—
I have fashioned me red dawn out of these,
And beams of joy and my zither strings—
And full day-chants like a hive of bees.

Dimond Cut Dimond

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE name of my nex master was, if posbil, still more ellygant and youfonious than that of my fust. I now found myself boddy servant to the Honrabble Halgernon Percy Deuceace, youngest and fifth son of the Earl of Crabs.

Halgernon was a barrystir—that is, he lived in Pump Cort, Temple: a wulgar naybrood, witch praps my readers don't no. Suffiz to say, it's on the confines of the Citty, and the choasen aboad of the lawyers of this metrappolish.

When I say that Mr. Deuceace was a barrystir, I don't mean that he went sesshums or surcoats (as they call 'em) but simply that he kep chambers, lived in Pump Cort, and looked out for a commitionarship, or a revisinship, or any other place that the Wig guvvyment could give him. His father was a Wig pier (as the landriss told me), and had been a Toary pier. The fack is, his Lordship was so poar, that he would be anythink or nothink, to get provisions for his sons and an inkum for himself.

I phansy that he aloud Halgernon two hundred a year; and it would have been a very comforable maintenants, only he knever paid him.

Owever, the young genlmn was a genlmn, and no mistake; he got his allowents of nothing a year, and spent it in the most honrabble and fashnabble manner. He kep a kab—he went to Holmax—and Crockfud's—he moved in the most xquizzit suckles and trubbld the law boox very little, I can tell you. Those fashnabble gents have ways of getten money, witch comman pipple doan't understand.

Though he only had a therd floar in Pump Cort, he lived as if he had the welth of Cresas. The tenpun notes floo abowt as common as haypince—clarrit and shampang was at his house as vulgar as gin; and verry glad I was, to be sure, to be a valley to a zion of the nobillaty.

Deuceace had, in his sittin-room, a large pictur on a sheet of paper. The names of his family was wrote on it; it was wrote in the shape of a tree, a-groin out of a man-in-armer's stomick, and the names were on little plates among the bows. The pictur said that the Deuceaces kem into England in the year 1066, along with William Conqueruns. My master called it his podygree. I do bleev it was because he had this pictur, and because he was the *Honrabble* Deuceace, that he mannitched to live as he did. If he had been a common man, you'd have said he was no better than a swinler. It's only rank and buth that can warrant such singularities as my master show'd. For it's no use disgysing it—the Honrabble Halgernon was a GAMBLER. For a man of wulgar family, it's the wust trade that can be—for a man of common feelinx of honesty, this profession is quite imposbil; but for a real thoroughbread genlmn, it's the easiest and most prophetable line he can take.

It may praps appear curious that such a fashnabble man should live in the Temple; but it must be recklected, that it's not only lawyers who live in what's called the Ins of Cort. Many batchylers, who have nothink to do with lor, have here their loginx, and many sham barrysters, who never put on a wig and gownd twise in their lives, kip apartments in the Temple, instead of Bon Street, Pickledilly, or other fashnabble places.

Frinstance, on our stairkis (so these houses are called), there was 8 sets of chamberses, and only 3 lawyers. These was bottom floar, Screwson, Hewson, and Jewson, attorneys; fust floar, Mr. Sergeant Flabber—opsite, Mr. Counslor Bruffy; and secknd pair, Mr. Haggerstony, an Irish counslor, praktising at the Old Baly, and lickwise what they call reporter to the *Morning Post* nyouspapper. Opsite him was wrote

MR. RICHARD BLEWITT;

and on the thud floar, with my master, lived one Mr. Dawkins.

This young fellow was a new-comer into the Temple, and unlucky it was for him too—he'd better have never been born; for it's my firm opinion that the Temple

ruined him—that is, with the help of my master and Mr. Dick Blewitt: as you shall hear.

Mr. Dawkins, as I was gave to understand by his young man, had jest left the Universary of Oxford, and had a pretty little fortn of his own—six thousand pound or so—in the stox. He was jest of age, an orfin who had lost his father and mother; and having distinkwished hisself at Collitch, where he gained seffral prices, was come to town to push his fortn, and study the barryster's bisness.

Not bein of a very high fammly hisself—indeed, I've heard say his father was a chismonger, or somethink of that lo sort—Dawkins was glad to find his old Oxford frend, Mr. Blewitt, yonger son to rich Squire Blewitt, of Listershire, and to take rooms so near him.

Now, tho' there was a considdrable intimacy between me and Mr. Blewitt's gentleman, there was scarcely any betwixt our masters,—mine being too much of the aristoxy to associate with one of Mr. Blewitt's sort. Blewitt was what they call a bettin man; he went reglar to Tattlesall's, kep a pony, wore a white hat, a blue berd's-eye handkercher, and a cut-away coat. In his manners he was the very contrary of my master, who was a slim ellygant man as ever I see—he had very white hands, rayther a sallow face, with sharp dark ise, and small wiskus neatly trimmed and as black as Warren's jet—he spoke very low and soft—he seemed to be watchin the person with whom he was in convysation, and always flatterd everybody. As for Blewitt, he was quite of anothner sort. He was always swearin, singing, and slappin people on the back, as hearty as posbill. He seemed a merry, careless, honest cretur, whom one would trust with life and soul. So thought Dawkins, at least; who, though a quiet young man, fond of his boox, novvles, Byron's poems, floot-playing, and such like scientafic amusemints, grew hand in glove with honest Dick Blewitt, and soon after with my master, the Honrabble Halgernon. Poor Daw! he thought he was makin good connexions and real friends—he had fallen in with a couple of the most etrocious swinlers that ever lived.

Before Mr. Dawkins's arrivial at our house, Mr. Deuceace had barely condysended to speak to Mr. Blewitt; it was only about a month after that suckumstance that my master, all of a sudding, grew very friendly with him. The reason was pretty clear,—Deuceace *wanted him.* Dawkins had not been an hour in master's company before he knew that he had a pidgin to pluck.

Blewitt knew this too: and bein very fond of pidgin, intended to keep this one entirely to himself. It was amusin to see the Honrabble Halgernon manuvring to get this poor bird out of Blewitt's clause, who thought he had it safe. In fact, he'd brought Dawkins to these chambers for that very porpos, thinking to have him under his eye, and strip him at leisure.

My master very soon found out what was Mr. Blewitt's game. Gamblers know gamblers, if not by instink, at least by reputation; and though Mr. Blewitt moved in a much lower speare than Mr. Deuceace, they knew each other's dealins and caracters puffickly well.

"Charles, you scoundrel," says Deuceace to me one day (he always spoak in that kind way), "who is this person that has taken the opsit chambers, and plays the floot so industrusly?"

"It's Mr. Dawkins, a rich young gentleman from Oxford, and a great friend of Mr. Blewittses, sir," says I; "they seem to live in each other's rooms."

Master said nothink, but he *grin'd*—my eye, how he did grin. Not the fowl find himself could snear more satannickly.

I knew what he meant:

Imprimish. A man who plays the floot is a simpleton.

Secknly. Mr. Blewitt is a raskle.

Thirdmo. When a raskle and a simpleton is always together, and when the simpleton is *rich*, one knows pretty well what will come of it.

I was but a lad in them days, but I knew what was what, as well as my master; it's not gentlemen only that's up to snough. Law bless us! there was four of us on this stairkes, four as nice young men as you ever see: Mr. Bruffy's young man, Mr. Dawkinses, Mr. Blewitt's, and me—and we knew what our masters was about as well as they did theirselfs. Frinstance, I can say this for *myself*, there wasn't a paper in Deuceace's desk or drawer, not a bill, a note, or mimerandum, which I hadn't read as well as he: with Blewitt's it was the same—me and his young man used to read 'em all. There wasn't a bottle of wine that we didn't get a glass out of, nor a pound of sugar that we didn't have some lumps of it. We had keys to all the cubbards—we pipped into all the letters that kem and went—we pored over all the bill-files—we'd

the best pickens out of the dinners, the livvers of the fowls, the forcemit balls out of the soup, the egs from the sallit. As for the coals and candles, we left them to the landrisses. You may call this robry—nonsince—it's only our rights—a suvvant's purquizzits is as sacred as the laws of Hengland.

Well, the long and short of it is this. Richard Blewitt, esquire, was sityouated as follow: He'd an incum of three hunderd a year from his father. Out of this he had to pay one hunderd and ninety for money borrowed by him at collidge, seventy for chambers, seventy more for his hoss, aty for his suvvant on bord wagis, and about three hunderd and fifty for a sepparat establishment in the Regency Park; besides this, his pockit-money, say a hunderd, his eatin, drinkin, and wine-marchant's bill, about two hunderd moar. So that you see he laid by a pretty handsome sum at the end of the year.

My master was diffrent; and being a more fashionable man than Mr. B., in course he owed a deal more mony. There was fust:—

Account *contray*, at Crockford's	£ 3711	0	0
Bills of xchange and I.O.U.'s (but he didn't pay these in most cases).	4963	0	0
21 tailors' bills, in all	1306	11	9
3 hossdealers' do.	402	0	0
2 coachbuilder	506	0	0
Bills contracted at Cambridtch.....	2193	6	8
Sundries.....	987	10	0
	£14,069	8	5

I give this as a curosity—pipple doan't know how in many cases fashnabble life is carried on; and to know even what a real genlmn *owes* is somethink instructif and agreeable.

But to my tail. The very day after my master had made the inquiries concerning Mr. Dawkins, witch I mentioned already, he met Mr. Blewitt on the stairs; and by-outiffle it was to see how this genlmn, who had before been almost cut by my master, was now received by him. One of the sweetest smiles I ever saw was now vizzable on Mr. Deuceace's countenance. He held out his hand, covered with a white kid glove, and said, in the most frenly tone of vice posbill, "What? Mr. Blewitt? It is an age since we met. What a shame that such near naybors should see each other so seldom!"

Mr. Blewitt, who was standing at his door, in a pe-green dressing-gown, smoaking a segar, and singing a hunting coarus, looked surprised, flattered, and then suspicious.

"Why, yes," says he, "it is, Mr. Deuceace, a long time."

"Not, I think, since we dined at Sir George Hookey's. By-the-bye, what an evening that was—hay, Mr. Blewitt? What wine! what capital songs! I recollect your 'May-day in the morning'—cuss me, the best comick song I ever heard. I was speaking to the Duke of Doncaster about it only yesterday. You know the Duke, I think?"

Mr. Blewitt said, quite surly, "No, I don't."

"Not know him!" cries master; "why, hang it, Blewitt! he knows *you;* as every sporting man in England does, I should think. Why, man, your good things are in everybody's mouth at Newmarket."

And so master went on chaffin Mr. Blewitt. That genlmn at fust answered him quite short and angry: but, after a little more flummery, he grew as pleased as posbill, took in all Deuceace's flatry, and bleeved all his lies. At last the door shut, and they both went into Mr. Blewitt's chambers together.

Of course I can't say what past there; but in an hour master kem up to his own room as yaller as mustard, and smellin sadly of backo-smoke. I never see any genlmn more sick than he was: *he'd been smoakin seagars* along with Blewitt. I said nothink, in course, tho' I'd often heard him xpress his horrow of backo, and knew very well he would as soon swallow pizon as smoke. But he wasn't a chap to do a thing without a reason: if he'd been smoakin, I warrant he had smoked to some porpus.

I didn't hear the convysation betwean 'em; but Mr. Blewitt's man did: it was,—"Well, Mr. Blewitt, what capital seagars! Have you one for a friend to smoak?" (The old fox, it wasn't only the *seagars* he was a-smoakin!) "Walk in," says Mr. Blewitt; and they began a-chaffin together; master very ankshous about the young gintleman who had come to live in our chambers, Mr. Dawkins, and always coming back to that subject,—saying that people on the same stairkis ot to be frenly; how glad he'd be, for his part, to know Mr. Dick Blewitt, and *any friend of his*, and so on. Mr. Dick, howsever, seamed quite aware of the trap laid for him. "I really don't know this Dawkins," says he: "he's a chismonger's son, I hear; and tho I've exchanged visits with him, I doan't intend to continyou the acquaintance,—not wishin to assoshate with that kind of pipple."

So they went on, master fishin, and Mr. Blewitt not wishin to take the hook at no price.

"Confound the vulgar thief!" muttard my master, as he was laying on his sophy, after being so very ill; "I've poisoned myself with his infernal tobacco, and he has foiled me. The cursed swindling boor! he thinks he'll ruin this poor cheesemonger, does he? I'll step in, and *warn* him."

I thought I should bust a-laffin, when he talked in this style. I knew very well what his "warning" meant,—lockin the stable-door but stealin the hoss fust.

Next day, his strattygam for becoming acquainted with Mr. Dawkins we exicuted; and very pritty it was.

Besides potry and the flute, Mr. Dawkins, I must tell you, had some other parshallities —wiz., he was very fond of good eatin and drinkin. After doddling over his music and boox all day, this young genlmn used to sally out of evenings, dine sumptiously at a tavern, drinkin all sots of wine along with his friend Mr. Blewitt. He was a quiet young fellow enough at fust; but it was Mr. B. who (for his own porpuses, no doubt) had got him into this kind of life. Well, I needn't say that he who eats a fine dinner, and drinks too much overnight, wants a bottle of soda-water, and a gril, praps, in the morning. Such was Mr. Dawkinses case; and reglar almost as twelve o'clock came, the waiter from "Dix Coffy-house" was to be seen on our stairkis, bringing up Mr. D.'s hot breakfast.

No man would have thought there was anythink in such a trifling cirkumstance; master did, though, and pounced upon it like a cock on a barlycorn.

He sent me out to Mr. Morell's in Pickledilly, for wot's called a Strasbug-pie—in French, a "patty defau graw." He takes a card, and nails it on the outside case (patty defaw graws come generally in a round wooden box, like a drumb); and what do you think he writes on it? why, as follos: "*For the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace, &c. &c. &c. With Prince Talleyrand's compliments.*"

Prince Tallyram's complimints, indeed! I laff when I think of it, still, the old surpint! He *was* a surpint, that Deuceace, and no mistake.

Well, by a most extrornary piece of illluck, the nex day punctially as Mr. Dawkinses brexfas was coming *up* the stairs, Mr. Halgernon Percy Deuceace was going *down*. He was as gay as a lark, humming an Oppra tune, and twizzting round his head his hevy gold-headed cane. Down he went very fast, and by a most unlucky axdent struck his cane against the waiter's tray, and away went Mr. Dawkinses gril, kayann, kitchup, soda-water and all! I can't think how my master should have choas such an exact time; to be sure, his windo looked upon the cort, and he could see every one who came into our door.

As soon as the axdent had took place, master was in such a rage as, to be sure, no man ever was in before; he swoar at the waiter in the most dreddfle way; he threatened him with his stick, and it was only when he see that the waiter was rather a bigger man than hisself that he was in the least pazzyfied. He returned to his own chambres; and John, the waiter, went off for more gril to Dixes Coffy-house.

"This is a most unlucky axdent, to be sure, Charles," says master to me, after a few minits paws, during witch he had been and wrote a note, put it into an anvelope, and sealed it with his big seal of arms. "But stay—a thought strikes me—take this note to Mr. Dawkins, and that pye you brought yesterday; and hearkye, you scoundrel, if you say where you got it I will break every bone in your skin!"

These kind of prommises were among the few which I knew him to keep: and as I loved boath my skinn and my boans, I carried the noat, and of cors said nothink. Waiting in Mr. Dawkinses chambus for a few minnits, I returned to my master with an answer. I may as well give both of these documence, of which I happen to have taken coppies:—

I

The Hon. A. P. Deuceace to T. S. Dawkins, Esq.

"TEMPLE: *Tuesday.*

"Mr. DEUCEACE presents his compliments to Mr. Dawkins, and begs at the same time to offer his most sincere apologies and regrets for the accident which has just taken place.

"May Mr. Deuceace be allowed to take a neighbour's privilege, and to remedy the evil he has occasioned to the best of his power? If Mr. Dawkins will do him the favour to partake of the contents of the accompanying case (from Strasbourg direct, and the gift of a friend, on whose taste as a gourmand Mr. Dawkins may rely), perhaps he will find that it is not a bad substitute for the *plat* which Mr. Deuceace's awkwardness destroyed.

"It will also, Mr. Deuceace is sure, be no small gratification to the original donor of the *pâté* when he learns that it has fallen into the hands of so celebrated a *bon vivant* as Mr. Dawkins.

"*T. S. Dawkins, Esq., &c. &c. &c.*"

II

From T. S. Dawkins, Esq., to the Hon. A. P. Deuceace.

"MR. THOMAS SMITH DAWKINS presents his grateful compliments to the Hon. Mr. Deuceace,

and accepts with the greatest pleasure Mr. Deuceace's generous proffer.

"It would be one of the *happiest moments* of Mr. Smith Dawkins's life, if the Hon. Mr. Deuceace would *extend his generosity* still further, and condescend to partake of the repast which his *munificent politeness* has furnished.

"TEMPLE: *Tuesday.*"

Many and many a time, I say, have I grin'd over these letters, which I had wrote from the original by Mr. Bruffy's copying clark. Deuceace's flam about Prince Tallyram was puffickly successful. I saw young Dawkins blush with delite as he red the note; he toar up for or five sheets before he composed the answer to it, which was as you red abuff, and roat in a hand quite trembling with pleasyer. If you could but have seen the look of triumph in Deuceace's wicked black eyes, when he read the noat! I never see a deamin yet, but I can phansy I, a holding a writhing soal on his pitchfrock, and smilin like Deuceace. He dressed himself in his very best clothes, and in he went, after sending me over to say that he would xcept with pleasyour Mr. Dawkins's invite.

The pie was cut up, and a most frenly conversation begun betwixt the two genlmin. Deuceace was quite captivating. He spoke to Mr. Dawkins in the most respeckful and flatrin manner,—agread in everythink he said,—prazed his taste, his furniter, his coat, his classick nolledge, and his playin on the floot; you'd have thought, to hear him, that such a polygon of exlens as Dawkins did not breath,—that such a modist, sinsear, honrabble genlmn as Deuceace was to be seen nowhere xcept in Pump Cort. Poor Daw was complitly taken in. My master said he'd introduce him to the Duke of Doncaster, and Heaven knows how many nobs more, till Dawkins was quite intawsicated with pleasyour. I know as a fac (and it pretty well shows the young genlmn's carryter), that he went that very day and ordered 2 new coats, on porpos to be introjuiced to the lords in.

But the best joak of all was at last. Singin, swagrin, and swarink—upstares came Mr. Dick Blewitt. He flung open Mr. Dawkins's door, shouting out, "Daw, my old buck, how are you?" when, all of a sudden, he sees Mr. Deuceace: his jor dropt, he turned chocky white, and then burnin red, and looked as if a stror would knock him down. "My dear Mr. Blewitt," says my master, smilin and offring his hand, "how glad I am to see you. Mr. Dawkins and I were just talking about your pony! Pray sit down."

Blewitt did; and now was the question, who should sit the other out; but law bless you! Mr. Blewitt was no match for my master: all the time he was fidgetty, silent, and sulky; on the contry, master was charmin. I never herd such a flo of conversatin, or so many wittacisms as he uttered. At last, completely beat, Mr. Blewitt took his leaf; that instant master followed him, and passin his arm through that of Mr. Dick, led him into our chambers, and began talkin to him in the most affabl and affeckshnat manner.

But Dick was too angry to listen; at last, when master was telling him some long story about the Duke of Doncaster, Blewitt burst out—

"A plague on the Duke of Doncaster! Come, come, Mr. Deuceace, don't you be running your rigs upon me; I ain't the man to be bamboozl'd by long-winded stories about dukes and duchesses. You think I don't know you; every man knows you and your line of country. Yes, you're after young Dawkins there, and think to pluck him; but you shan't,—no, by —— you shan't." (The reader must recklect that the oaths which interspussed Mr. B.'s convysation I have left out.) Well, after he'd fired a wolley of 'em, Mr. Deuceace spoke as cool as possibll.

"Heark ye, Blewitt. I know you to be one of the most infernal thieves and scoundrels unhung. If you attempt to hector with me, I will cane you; if you want more, I'll shoot you; if you meddle between me and Dawkins, I will do both. I know your whole life, you miserable swindler and coward. I know you have already won two hundred pounds of this lad, and want all. I will have half, or you never shall have a penny." It's quite true that master knew things; but how was the wonder.

I couldn't see Mr. B.'s face during this dialogue, bein on the wrong side of the door; but there was a considdrable paws after thuse complymints had passed between the two genlmn,—one walkin quickly up and down the room,—tother, angry and stupid, sittin down, and stampin with his foot.

"Now listen to this, Mr. Blewitt," continues master at last. "If you're quiet, you shall half this fellow's money: but venture to win a shilling from him in my absence, or without my consent, and you do it at your peril."

"Well, well, Mr. Deuceace," cries Dick, "it's very hard, and I must say, not fair: the game was of my startin, and you've no right to interfere with my friend."

"Mr. Blewitt, you are a fool! You professed yesterday not to know this man, and I was obliged to find him out for myself. I should like to know by what law of honour I am bound to give him up to you?"

It was charmin to hear this pair of raskles talking about *honour*. I declare I could have found it in my heart to warn young Dawkins of the precious way in which these chaps were going to serve him. But if *they* didn't know what honour was, *I* did; and never, never did I tell tails about my masters when in their sarvice—*out*, in cors, the hobligation is no longer binding.

Well, the nex day there was a gran dinner at our chambers. White soop, turbit, and lobstir sos; saddil of Scoch muttn, grous, and M'Arony; wines, shampang, hock, maderia, a bottle of poart, and ever so many of clarrit. The compny presint was three; wiz., the Honrabble A. P. Deuceace, R. Blewitt, and Mr. Dawkins, Exquires. My i, how we genlmn in the kitchin did enjoy it. Mr. Blewittes man eat so much grous (when it was brot out of the parlor), that I reely thought he would be sik; Mr. Dawkinses genlmn (who was only abowt 13 years of age) grew so il with M'Arony and plumb-puddn, as to be obleeged to take sefral of Mr. D.'s pils, which ½ kild him. But this is all promiscuous: I an't talkin of the survants now, but the masters.

Would you bleeve it? After dinner and praps 8 bottles of wine between the 3, the genlmn sat down to *écarty*. It's a game where only 2 plays, and where, in coarse, when there's only 3, one looks on.

Fust, they playd crown pints, and a pound the bett. At this game they were wonderful equill; and about supper-time (when grilled am, more shampang, devld biskits, and other things, was brot in) the play stood thus: Mr. Dawkins had won 2 pounds; Mr. Blewitt, 30 shillings; the Honrabble Dr. Deuceace having lost £3, 10s. After the devvle and the shampang the play was a little higher. Now it was pound pints, and five pound the bet. I thought, to be sure, after hearing the complymints between Blewitt and master in the morning, that now poor Dawkins's time was come.

Not so: Dawkins won always, Mr. B. betting on his play, and giving him the very best of advice. At the end of the evening (which was abowt five o'clock the nex morning) they stopt. Master was counting up the skore on a card.

"Blewitt," says he, "I've been unlucky. I owe you—let me see—yes, five-and-forty pounds?"

"Five-and-forty," says Blewitt, "and no mistake!"

"I will give you a check," says the honrabble genlmn.

"Oh! don't mention it, my dear sir!" But master got a grate sheet of paper, and drew him a check on Messeers. Pump, Algit, and Co., his bankers.

"Now," says master, "I've got to settle with you, my dear Mr. Dawkins. If you had backd your luck, I should have owed you a very handsome sum of money. *Voyons*, thirteen points at a pound—it is easy to calculate"; and drawin out his puss, he clinked over the table 13 goolden suverings, which shon till they made my eyes wink.

So did pore Dawkinses, as he put out his hand, all trembling, and drew them in.

"Let me say," added master, "let me say (and I've had some little experience), that you are the very best *écarté* player with whom I ever sat down."

Dawkinses eyes glissened as he put the money up, and said, "Law, Deuceace, you flatter me."

Flatter him! I should think he did. It was the very think which master ment.

"But mind you, Dawkins," continyoud he, "I must have my revenge; for I'm ruined—positively ruined—by your luck."

"Well, well," says Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins, as pleased as if he had gained a millium, "shall it be to-morrow? Blewitt, what say you?"

Mr. Blewitt agreed, in course. My master, after a little demurring, consented too. "We'll meet," says he, "at your chambers. But mind, my dear fellow, not too much wine: I can't stand it at any time, especially when I have to play *écarté* with *you*."

Pore Dawkins left our rooms as happy as a prins. "Here, Charles," says he, and flung me a sovring. Pore fellow! pore fellow! I knew what was a-comin!

But the best of it was, that these 13 sovrings which Dawkins won, *master had borrowed them from Mr. Blewitt!* I brought 'em, with 7 more, from that young genlmn's chambers that very morning: for, since his interview with master, Blewitt had nothing to refuse him.

Well, shall I continue the tail? If Mr. Dawkins had been the least bit wiser, it would have taken him six months befoar he lost his money; as it was, he was such a confunded ninny, that it took him a very short time to part with it.

Nex day (it was Thursday, and master's acquaintance with Mr. Dawkins had only

commenced on Tuesday), Mr. Dawkins, as I said, gev his party,—dinner at 7. Mr. Blewitt and the two Mr. D.'s as befoar. Play begins at 11. This time I knew the bisness was pretty serious, for we suvvants was packed off to bed at 2 o'clock. On Friday, I went to chambers—no master—he kem in for 5 minutes at about 12, made a little toilit, ordered more devvles and soda-water, and back again he went to Mr. Dawkins's.

They had dinner there at 7 again, but nobody seamed to eat, for all the vittles came out to us genlmn: they had in more wine though, and must have drunk at least two dozen in the 36 hours.

At ten o'clock, however, on Friday night, back my master came to his chambers. I saw him as I never saw him before, namly, reglar drunk. He staggered about the room, he danced, he hickpid, he swoar, he flung me a heap of silver, and, finely, he sunk down exosted on his bed; I pullin off his boots and close, and making him comfrabble.

When I had removed his garmints, I did what it's the duty of every servant to do—I emptied his pockits, and looked at his pockitbook and all his letters: a number of axdents have been prevented that way.

I found there, among a heap of things, the following pretty dockyment:

> I.O.U.
> £4700.
> THOMAS SMITH DAWKINS.
> *Friday, 16th January.*

There was another bit of paper of the same kind—"I.O.U. four hundred pounds: Richard Blewitt:" but this, in corse, ment nothink.

. . . . .

Nex mornin, at nine, master was up, and as sober as a judg. He drest, and was off to Mr. Dawkins. At ten, he ordered a cab, and the two gentlmn went together.

"Where shall he drive, sir?" says I.

"Oh, tell him to drive to THE BANK."

Pore Dawkins! his eyes red with remors and sleepliss drunkenniss, gave a shudder and a sob, as he sunk back in the wehicle; and they drove on.

That day he sold out every hapny he was worth, xcept five hundred pounds.

. . . . .

Abowt 12 master had returned, and Mr. Dick Blewitt came stridin up the stairs with a sollum and important hair.

"Is your master at home?" says he.

"Yes, sir," says I; and in he walks. I in coars, with my ear to the keyhole, listning with all my mite.

"Well," says Blewitt, "we maid a pretty good night of it, Mr. Deuceace. You've settled, I see, with Dawkins."

"Settled!" says master. "Oh yes—yes—I've settled with him."

"Four thousand seven hundred, I think?"

"About that—yes."

"That makes my share—let me see—two thousand three hundred and fifty; which I'll thank you to fork out."

"Upon my word—why—Mr. Blewitt," says master, "I don't really understand what you mean."

"*You don't know what I mean!*" says Blewitt, in an axent such as I never before heard. "You don't know what I mean! Did you not promise me that we were to go shares? Didn't I lend you twenty sovereigns the other night to pay our losings to Dawkins? Didn't you swear, on your honour as a gentleman, to give me half of all that might be won in this affair?"

"Agreed, sir," says Deuceace; "agreed."

"Well, sir, and now what have you to say?"

"Why, *that I don't intend to keep my promise!* You infernal fool and ninny! do you suppose I was labouring for *you?* Do you fancy I was going to the expense of giving a dinner to that jackass yonder, that you should profit by it? Get away, sir! Leave the room, sir! Or, stop—here—I will give you four hundred pounds—your own note of hand, sir, for that sum, if you will consent to forget all that has passed between us, and that you have ever known Mr. Algernon Deuceace."

I've seen pipple angery before now, but never any like Blewitt. He stormed, groaned, bellowed, swoar! At last, he fairly began blubbring; now cussing and nashing his teeth, now praying dear Mr. Deuceace to grant him mercy.

At last, master flung open the door (Heaven bless us! it's well I didn't tumble hed over eels into the room!), and said, "Charles, show the gentleman downstairs!" My master looked at him quite steddy. Blewitt slunk down, as misrabble as any man I ever see. As for Dawkins, Heaven knows where he was!

. . . . .

"Charles," says my master to me, about an hour afterwards, "I'm going to Paris; you may come, too, if you please."

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

HAS ANY COLLECTOR BEGUN TO GATHER PAUL REVERE TEETH?

Advertisement in Boston Gazette & County Journal, September 19, 1768

Whereas many Persons are so unfortunate as to lose their Fore-Teeth by Accident, and otherways, to their great Detriment, not only in Looks, but speaking both in Public and Private:—This is to inform all such, that they may have them replaced with Artificial Ones, that looks as well as the Natural, & answers the End of Speaking to all Intents, by PAUL REVERE, Goldsmith, near the Head of Dr. Clark's Wharf, Boston.

. . . All Persons who have had false Teeth fixt by Mr. John Baker, Surgeon-Dentist, and they have got loose (as they will in Time) may have them fastened by the above, who learnt the Method of fixing them from MR. BAKER.

Boston Gazette & County Journal, 1770

"ARTIFICIAL-TEETH"

Paul Revere

Takes this Method of returning his most Sincere Thanks to the Gentlemen and Ladies who have employed him in the care of their Teeth he would now inform them and all others, who are so unfortunate as to lose their Teeth by accident or otherways, that he still continues the Business of a Dentist, and flatters himself that from the Experience he has had these Two Years (in which Time he has fixt some Hundreds of Teeth) that he can fix them as well as any Surgeon-Dentist who ever came from London, he fixes them in such a Manner that they are not only an Ornament, but of real Use in Speaking and Eating: He cleanses the Teeth and will wait on any Gentleman or Lady at their Lodgings, he may be spoke with at his Shop opposite Dr. Clark's at the North End, where the Gold and Silversmith's Business is carried on in all its Branches.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

1920 Buick 6 Touring Car, 5 Cord tires, very good. Refinished in dust proof gray. Lady driver. Everything O. K.....$135

Schrup Motor Car Co.

Dubuque (Iowa) paper.

NOTICE

Whoever stole a load of my wood from the Jim Frost timber, may think he's a man, but I think he is a sneaking thief and skunk. A. E. Snyder.

Arapahoe (Nebr.) Gazette.

"HE IS O. K."

What better recommendation can any one have than that. And it is so easy to obtain if you will just meet your bills promptly. In turn that means—

Budget Your Income
Budget Your Expenses

And then see that the latter is at least equal to the former.

MERCHANT'S CREDIT ASS'N
of
Grand Forks and East Grand Forks

Grand Forks (N. D.) Sunday Herald.

WANTED—To buy 100 bu. of thin young cattle to pasture. J. L. Harrison, Ridgeway, S. C.

Columbia (S. C.) State.

Long Branch Window Cleaning Co.
Tel. 232
Windows Cleaned in Private Residents, Hotels, Everywhere.

Business sign at Long Branch, N. J.

Please insert the following in your papers: To-wit, there will be great rejoicing by the Know-Nothings and the Do-Nothings over the fact that Daniel G. Tenney of 39 Curtis street has been pinched—rum, still and all—and that he rejoices over the fact and feels like a big sunflower that nods in the breezes and his heart is as light as the winds.

The lover of good, pure rum will be sorry and so will the Gas Company, Groceries Company, Telephone Company and his landlord. He only wishes he could have been as square with his plumbers as he is with the afore-mentioned business men.

Haverhill (Mass.) newspaper.

FOR SALE—Big, fat hog. Come out and see me. Jim Larkin.

Minnesota newspaper.

RIFLE FOR SALE: Ancient relic taken from off the Mayflower at Plymouth, Mass., in 1492; handed down for nine generations; must sell cheap. 4329 Campbell.

New England paper.

BIRTHS

LOGAN.—On Dec. 1, 1926, at Philadelphia, U. S. A., to Brenda, wife of Michael L. Logan—a daughter. (By cable.)

London Times.

Paul's Case

By WILLA CATHER

IT WAS Paul's afternoon to appear before the faculty of the Pittsburgh High School to account for his various misdemeanours. He had been suspended a week ago, and his father had called at the Principal's office and confessed his perplexity about his son. Paul entered the faculty room suave and smiling. His clothes were a trifle outgrown, and the tan velvet on the collar of his open overcoat was frayed and worn; but for all that there was something of the dandy about him, and he wore an opal pin in his neatly knotted black four-in-hand, and a red carnation in his button-hole. This latter adornment the faculty somehow felt was not properly significant of the contrite spirit befitting a boy under the ban of suspension.

Paul was tall for his age and very thin, with high, cramped shoulders and a narrow chest. His eyes were remarkable for a certain hysterical brilliancy, and he continually used them in a conscious, theatrical sort of way, peculiarly offensive in a boy. The pupils were abnormally large, as though he were addicted to belladonna, but there was a glassy glitter about them which that drug does not produce.

When questioned by the Principal as to why he was there, Paul stated, politely enough, that he wanted to come back to school. This was a lie, but Paul was quite accustomed to lying; found it, indeed, indispensable for overcoming friction. His teachers were asked to state their respective charges against him, which they did with such a rancour and aggrievedness as evinced that this was not a usual case. Disorder and impertinence were among the offences named, yet each of his instructors felt that it was scarcely possible to put into words the real cause of the trouble, which lay in a sort of hysterically defiant manner of the boy's; in the contempt which they all knew he felt for them, and which he seemingly made not the least effort to conceal. Once, when he had been making a synopsis of a paragraph at the blackboard, his English teacher had stepped to his side and attempted to guide his hand. Paul had started back with a shudder and thrust his hands violently behind him. The astonished woman could scarcely have been more hurt and embarrassed had he struck her. The insult was so involuntary and definitely personal as to be unforgettable. In one way and another, he had made all his teachers, men and women alike, conscious of the same feeling of physical aversion. In one class he habitually sat with his hand shading his eyes; in another he always looked out of the window during the recitation; in another he made a running commentary on the lecture, with humorous intent.

His teachers felt this afternoon that his whole attitude was symbolized by his shrug and his flippantly red carnation flower, and they fell upon him without mercy, his English teacher leading the pack. He stood through it smiling, his pale lips parted over his white teeth. (His lips were continually twitching, and he had a habit of raising his eyebrows that was contemptuous and irritating to the last degree.) Older boys than Paul had broken down and shed tears under that ordeal, but his set smile did not once desert him, and his only sign of discomfort was the nervous trembling of the fingers that toyed with the buttons of his overcoat, and an occasional jerking of the other hand which held his hat. Paul was always smiling, always glancing about him, seeming to feel that people might be watching him and trying to detect something. This conscious expression, since it was as far as possible from boyish mirthfulness, was usually attributed to insolence or "smartness."

As the inquisition proceeded, one of his instructors repeated an impertinent remark of the boy's, and the Principal asked him whether he thought that a courteous speech

to make to a woman. Paul shrugged his shoulders slightly and his eyebrows twitched.

"I don't know," he replied. "I didn't mean to be polite or impolite, either. I guess it's a sort of way I have, of saying things regardless."

The Principal asked him whether he didn't think that a way it would be well to get rid of. Paul grinned and said he guessed so. When he was told that he could go, he bowed gracefully and went out. His bow was like a repetition of the scandalous red carnation.

His teachers were in despair, and his drawing master voiced the feeling of them all when he declared there was something about the boy which none of them understood. He added: "I don't really believe that smile of his comes altogether from insolence; there's something sort of haunted about it. The boy is not strong, for one thing. There is something wrong about the fellow."

The drawing master had come to realize that, in looking at Paul, one saw only his white teeth and the forced animation of his eyes. One warm afternoon the boy had gone to sleep at his drawing-board, and his master had noted with amazement what a white, blue-veined face it was; drawn and wrinkled like an old man's about the eyes, the lips twitching even in his sleep.

His teachers left the building dissatisfied and unhappy; humiliated to have felt so vindictive toward a mere boy, to have uttered this feeling in cutting terms, and to have set each other on, as it were, in the gruesome game of intemperate reproach. One of them remembered having seen a miserable street cat set at bay by a ring of tormentors.

As for Paul, he ran down the hill whistling the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust," looking wildly behind him now and then to see whether some of his teachers were not there to witness his lightheartedness. As it was now late in the afternoon and Paul was on duty that evening as usher at Carnegie Hall, he decided that he would not go home to supper.

When he reached the concert hall the doors were not yet open. It was chilly outside, and he decided to go up into the picture gallery—always deserted at this hour—where there were some of Raffelli's gay studies of Paris streets and an airy blue Venetian scene or two that always exhilarated him. He was delighted to find no one in the gallery but the old guard, who sat in the corner, a newspaper on his knee, a black patch over one eye and the other closed. Paul possessed himself of the place and walked confidently up and down, whistling under his breath. After a while he sat down before a blue Rico and lost himself. When he bethought him to look at his watch, it was after seven o'clock, and he rose with a start and ran downstairs, making a face at Augustus Cæsar peering out from the cast-room, and an evil gesture at the Venus of Milo as he passed her on the stairway.

When Paul reached the ushers' dressing-room half-a-dozen boys were there already, and he began excitedly to tumble into his uniform. It was one of the few that at all approached fitting, and Paul thought it very becoming—though he knew the tight, straight coat accentuated his narrow chest, about which he was exceedingly sensitive. He was always excited while he dressed, twanging all over to the tuning of the strings and the preliminary flourishes of the horns in the music-room; but to-night he seemed quite beside himself, and he teased and plagued the boys until, telling him that he was crazy, they put him down on the floor and sat on him.

Somewhat calmed by his suppression, Paul dashed out to the front of the house to seat the early comers. He was a model usher. Gracious and smiling, he ran up and down the aisles. Nothing was too much trouble for him; he carried messages and brought programs as though it were his greatest pleasure in life, and all the people in his section thought him a charming boy, feeling that he remembered and admired them. As the house filled, he grew more and more vivacious and animated, and the colour came to his cheeks and lips. It was very much as though this were a great reception and Paul were the host. Just as the musicians came out to take their places, his English teacher arrived with checks for the seats which a prominent manufacturer had taken for the season. She betrayed some embarrassment when she handed Paul the tickets, and a *hauteur* which subsequently made her feel very foolish. Paul was startled for a moment, and had the feeling of wanting to put her out; what business had she here among all these fine people and gay colours? He looked her over and decided that she was not appropriately dressed and must be a fool to sit downstairs in such togs. The tickets had probably been sent her out of kindness, he reflected, as he put down a seat for her, and she had about as much right to sit there as he had.

When the symphony began Paul sank into one of the rear seats with a long sigh of relief, and lost himself as he had done before the Rico. It was not that symphonies, as such, meant anything in particular to Paul, but the first sigh of the instruments seemed to free some hilarious spirit within him; something that struggled there like the Genius in the bottle found by the Arab fisherman. He felt a sudden zest of life; the lights danced before his eyes, and the concert hall blazed into unimaginable splendour. When the soprano soloist came on, Paul forgot even the nastiness of his teacher's being there, and gave himself up to the peculiar intoxication such personages always had for him. The soloist chanced to be a German woman, by no means in her first youth, and the mother of many children; but she wore a satin gown and a tiara, and she had that indefinable air of achievement, that world-shine upon her, which always blinded Paul to any possible defects.

After a concert was over, Paul was often irritable and wretched until he got to sleep, —and to-night he was even more than usually restless. He had the feeling of not being able to let down; of its being impossible to give up this delicious excitement which was the only thing that could be called living at all. During the last number he withdrew, and, after hastily changing his clothes in the dressing-room, slipped out to the side door where the singer's carriage stood. Here he began pacing rapidly up and down the walk, waiting to see her come out.

Over yonder the Schenley, in its vacant stretch, loomed big and square through the fine rain, the windows of its twelve stories glowing like those of a lighted card-board house under a Christmas tree. All the actors and singers of any importance stayed there when they were in the city, and a number of the big manufacturers of the place lived there in the winter. Paul had often hung about the hotel, watching the people go in and out, longing to enter and leave school-masters and dull care behind him forever.

At last the singer came out, accompanied by the conductor, who helped her into her carriage and closed the door with a cordial *auf wiedersehen*,—which set Paul to wondering whether she were not an old sweetheart of his. Paul followed the carriage over to the hotel, walking so rapidly as not to be far from the entrance when the singer alighted and disappeared behind the swinging glass doors which were opened by a negro in a tall hat and a long coat. In the moment that the door was ajar, it seemed to Paul that he, too, entered. He seemed to feel himself go after her up the steps, into the warm, lighted building, into an exotic, a tropical world of shiny, glistening surfaces and basking ease. He reflected upon the mysterious dishes that were brought into the dining-room, the green bottles in buckets of ice, as he had seen them in the supper-party pictures of the Sunday supplement. A quick gust of wind brought the rain down with sudden vehemence, and Paul was startled to find that he was still outside in the slush of the gravel driveway; that his boots were letting in the water and his scanty overcoat was clinging wet about him; that the lights in front of the concert hall were out, and that the rain was driving in sheets between him and the orange glow of the windows above him. There it was, what he wanted—tangibly before him, like the fairy world of a Christmas pantomime; as the rain beat in his face, Paul wondered whether he were destined always to shiver in the black night outside, looking up at it.

He turned and walked reluctantly toward the car tracks. The end had to come some time; his father in his night-clothes at the top of the stairs, explanations that did not explain, hastily improvised fictions that were forever tripping him up, his upstairs room and its horrible yellow wall-paper, the creaking bureau with the greasy plush collar-box, and over his painted wooden bed the pictures of George Washington and John Calvin, and the framed motto, "Feed my Lambs," which had been worked in red worsted by his mother, whom Paul could not remember.

Half an hour later, Paul alighted from the Negley Avenue car and went slowly down one of the side streets off the main thoroughfare. It was a highly respectable street, where all the houses were exactly alike, and where business men of moderate means begot and reared large families of children, all of whom went to Sabbath-school and learned the shorter catechism, and were interested in arithmetic; all of whom were as exactly alike as their homes, and of a piece with the monotony in which they lived. Paul never went up Cordelia Street without a shudder of loathing. His home was next the house of the Cumberland minister. He approached it to-night with the nerveless sense of defeat, the hopeless feeling of sinking back forever into ugliness

and commonness that he had always had when he came home. The moment he turned into Cordelia Street he felt the waters close above his head. After each of these orgies of living, he experienced all the physical depression which follows a debauch; the loathing of respectable beds, of common food, of a house permeated by kitchen odours; a shuddering repulsion for the flavourless, colourless mass of every-day existence; a morbid desire for cool things and soft lights and fresh flowers.

The nearer he approached the house, the more absolutely unequal Paul felt to the sight of it all; his ugly sleeping chamber; the cold bath-room with the grimy zinc tub, the cracked mirror, the dripping spiggots; his father, at the top of the stairs, his hairy legs sticking out from his night-shirt, his feet thrust into carpet slippers. He was so much later than usual that there would certainly be inquiries and reproaches. Paul stopped short before the door. He felt that he could not be accosted by his father to-night; that he could not toss again on that miserable bed. He would not go in. He would tell his father that he had no car fare, and it was raining so hard he had gone home with one of the boys and stayed all night.

Meanwhile, he was wet and cold. He went around to the back of the house and tried one of the basement windows, found it open, raised it cautiously, and scrambled down the cellar wall to the floor. There he stood, holding his breath, terrified by the noise he had made; but the floor above him was silent, and there was no creak on the stairs. He found a soap-box, and carried it over to the soft ring of light that streamed from the furnace door, and sat down. He was horribly afraid of rats, so he did not try to sleep, but sat looking distrustfully at the dark, still terrified lest he might have awakened his father. In such reactions, after one of the experiences which made days and nights out of the dreary blanks of the calendar, when his senses were deadened, Paul's head was always singularly clear. Suppose his father had heard him getting in at the window and had come down and shot him for a burglar? Then, again, suppose his father had come down, pistol in hand, and he had cried out in time to save himself, and his father had been horrified to think how nearly he had killed him? Then, again, suppose a day should come when his father would remember that night, and wish there had been no warning cry to stay his hand? With this last supposition Paul entertained himself until daybreak.

The following Sunday was fine; the sodden November chill was broken by the last flash of autumnal summer. In the morning Paul had to go to church and Sabbath-school, as always. On seasonable Sunday afternoons the burghers of Cordelia Street usually sat out on their front "stoops," and talked to their neighbours on the next stoop, or called to those across the street in neighbourly fashion. The men sat placidly on gay cushions placed upon the steps that led down to the sidewalk, while the women, in their Sunday "waists," sat in rockers on the cramped porches, pretending to be greatly at their ease. The children played in the streets; there were so many of them that the place resembled the recreation grounds of a kindergarten. The men on the steps—all in their shirt sleeves, their vests unbuttoned—sat with their legs well apart, their stomachs comfortably protruding, and talked of the prices of things, or told anecdotes of the sagacity of their various chiefs and overlords. They occasionally looked over the multitude of squabbling children, listened affectionately to their high-pitched, nasal voices, smiling to see their own proclivities reproduced in their offspring, and interspersed their legends of the iron kings with remarks about their sons' progress at school, their grades in arithmetic, and the amounts they had saved in their toy banks.

On this last Sunday of November, Paul sat all the afternoon on the lowest step of his "stoop," staring into the streets, while his sisters, in their rockers, were talking to the minister's daughters next door about how many shirt-waists they had made in the last week, and how many waffles some one had eaten at the last church supper. When the weather was warm, and his father was in a particularly jovial frame of mind, the girls made lemonade, which was always brought out in a red-glass pitcher, ornamented with forget-me-nots in blue enamel. This the girls thought very fine, and the neighbours joked about the suspicious colour of the pitcher.

To-day Paul's father, on the top step, was talking to a young man who shifted a restless baby from knee to knee. He happened to be the young man who was daily held up to Paul as a model, and after whom it was his father's dearest hope that he would pattern. This young man was of a ruddy complexion, with a compressed, red mouth, and faded, near-sighted eyes, over which

he wore thick spectacles, with gold bows that curved about his ears. He was clerk to one of the magnates of a great steel corporation, and was looked upon in Cordelia Street as a young man with a future. There was a story that, some five years ago—he was now barely twenty-six—he had been a trifle "dissipated," but in order to curb his appetites and save the loss of time and strength that a sowing of wild oats might have entailed, he had taken his chief's advice, oft reiterated to his employees, and at twenty-one had married the first woman whom he could persuade to share his fortunes. She happened to be an angular school-mistress, much older than he, who also wore thick glasses, and who had now borne him four children, all near-sighted, like herself.

The young man was relating how his chief, now cruising in the Mediterranean, kept in touch with all the details of the business, arranging his office hours on his yacht just as though he were at home, and "knocking off work enough to keep two stenographers busy." His father told, in turn, the plan his corporation was considering, of putting in an electric railway plant at Cairo. Paul snapped his teeth; he had an awful apprehension that they might spoil it all before he got there. Yet he rather liked to hear these legends of the iron kings, that were told and retold on Sundays and holidays; these stories of palaces in Venice, yachts on the Mediterranean, and high play at Monte Carlo appealed to his fancy, and he was interested in the triumphs of cash boys who had become famous, though he had no mind for the cash-boy stage.

After supper was over, and he had helped to dry the dishes, Paul nervously asked his father whether he could go to George's to get some help in his geometry, and still more nervously asked for car-fare. This latter request he had to repeat, as his father, on principle, did not like to hear requests for money, whether much or little. He asked Paul whether he could not go to some boy who lived nearer, and told him that he ought not to leave his school work until Sunday; but he gave him a dime. He was not a poor man, but he had a worthy ambition to come up in the world. His only reason for allowing Paul to usher was that he thought a boy ought to be earning a little.

Paul bounded upstairs, scrubbed the greasy odour of the dish-water from his hands with the ill-smelling soap he hated, and then shook over his fingers a few drops of violet water from the bottle he kept hidden in his drawer. He left the house with his geometry conspicuously under his arm, and the moment he got out of Cordelia Street and boarded a downtown car, he shook of the lethargy of two deadening days, and began to live again.

The leading juvenile of the permanent stock company which played at one of the downtown theaters was an acquaintance of Paul's, and the boy had been invited to drop in at the Sunday-night rehearsals whenever he could. For more than a year Paul had spent every available moment loitering about Charley Edwards's dressing-room. He had won a place among Edwards's following not only because the young actor, who could not afford to employ a dresser, often found him useful, but because he recognized in Paul something akin to what churchmen term "vocation."

It was at the theater and at Carnegie Hall that Paul really lived; the rest was but a sleep and a forgetting. This was Paul's fairy-tale, and it had for him all the allurement of a secret love. The moment he inhaled the gassy, painty, dusty odour behind the scenes, he breathed like a prisoner set free, and felt within him the possibility of doing or saying splendid, brilliant things. The moment the cracked orchestra beat out the overture from "Martha," or jerked at the serenade from "Rigoletto," all stupid and ugly things slid from him, and his senses were deliciously, yet delicately fired.

Perhaps it was because, in Paul's world, the natural nearly always wore the guise of ugliness, that a certain element of artificiality seemed to him necessary in beauty. Perhaps it was because his experience of life elsewhere was so full of Sabbath-school picnics, petty economies, wholesome advice as to how to succeed in life, and the unescapable odours of cooking, that he found this existence so alluring, these smartly-clad men and women so attractive, that he was so moved by these starry apple orchards that bloomed perennially under the limelight.

It would be difficult to put it strongly enough how convincingly the stage entrance of that theater was for Paul the actual portal of Romance. Certainly none of the company ever suspected it, least of all Charley Edwards. It was very like the old stories that used to float about London of fabulously rich Jews, who had subterranean halls, with palms, and fountains, and soft lamps and richly appareled women who

never saw the disenchanting light of London day. So, in the midst of that smoke-palled city, enamoured of figures and grimy toil, Paul had his secret temple, his wishing-carpet, his bit of blue-and-white Mediterranean shore bathed in perpetual sunshine.

Several of Paul's teachers had a theory that his imagination had been perverted by garish fiction; but the truth was, he scarcely ever read at all. The books at home were not such as would either tempt or corrupt a youthful mind, and as for reading the novels that some of his friends urged upon him—well, he got what he wanted much more quickly from music; any sort of music, from an orchestra to a barrel organ. He needed only the spark, the indescribable thrill that made his imagination master of his senses, and he could make plots and pictures enough of his own. It was equally true that he was not stage-struck—not, at any rate, in the usual acceptation of that expression. He had no desire to become an actor, any more than he had to become a musician. He felt no necessity to do any of these things; what he wanted was to see, to be in the atmosphere, float on the wave of it, to be carried out, blue league after blue league, away from everything.

After a night behind the scenes, Paul found the school-room more than ever repulsive; the bare floors and naked walls; the prosy men who never wore frock coats, or violets in their buttonholes; the women with their dull gowns, shrill voices, and pitiful seriousness about prepositions that govern the dative. He could not bear to have the other pupils think, for a moment, that he took these people seriously; he must convey to them that he considered it all trivial, and was there only by way of a joke, anyway. He had autograph pictures of all the members of the stock company which he showed his classmates, telling them the most incredible stories of his familiarity with these people, of his acquaintance with the soloists who came to Carnegie Hall, his suppers with them and the flowers he sent them. When these stories lost their effect, and his audience grew listless, he would bid all the boys good-by, announcing that he was going to travel for a while; going to Naples, to California, to Egypt. Then, next Monday, he would slip back, conscious and nervously smiling; his sister was ill, and he would have to defer his voyage until spring.

Matters went steadily worse with Paul at school. In the itch to let his instructors know how heartily he despised them, and how thoroughly he was appreciated elsewhere, he mentioned once or twice that he had no time to fool with theorems; adding—with a twitch of the eyebrows and a touch of that nervous bravado which so perplexed them—that he was helping the people down at the stock company; they were old friends of his.

The upshot of the matter was, that the Principal went to Paul's father, and Paul was taken out of school and put to work. The manager at Carnegie Hall was told to get another usher in his stead; the doorkeeper at the theater was warned not to admit him to the house; and Charley Edwards remorsefully promised the boy's father not to see him again.

The members of the stock company were vastly amused when some of Paul's stories reached them—especially the women. They were hard-working women, most of them supporting indolent husbands or brothers, and they laughed rather bitterly at having stirred the boy to such fervid and florid inventions. They agreed with the faculty and with his father, that Paul's was a bad case.

The east-bound train was ploughing through a January snow-storm; the dull dawn was beginning to show gray when the engine whistled a mile out of Newark. Paul started up from the seat where he had lain curled in uneasy slumber, rubbed the breath-misted window glass with his hand, and peered out. The snow was whirling in curling eddies above the white bottom lands, and the drifts lay already deep in the fields and along the fences, while here and there the long dead grass and dried weed stalks protruded black above it. Lights shone from the scattered houses, and a gang of labourers who stood beside the track waved their lanterns.

Paul had slept very little, and he felt grimy and uncomfortable. He had made the all-night journey in a day coach because he was afraid if he took a Pullman he might be seen by some Pittsburgh business man who had noticed him in Denny & Carson's office. When the whistle woke him, he clutched quickly at his breast pocket, glancing about him with an uncertain smile. But the little, clay-bespattered Italians were still sleeping, the slatternly women across the aisle were in open-mouthed oblivion, and even the crumby, crying babies were for the nonce stilled. Paul settled back to struggle with his impatience as best he could.

When he arrived at the Jersey City station, he hurried through his breakfast,

manifestly ill at ease and keeping a sharp eye about him. After he reached the Twenty-third Street station, he consulted a cabman, and had himself driven to a men's furnishing establishment which was just opening for the day. He spent upward of two hours there, buying with endless reconsidering and great care. His new street suit he put on in the fitting-room; the frock coat and dress clothes he had bundled into the cab with his new shirts. Then he drove to a hatter's and a shoe house. His next errand was at Tiffany's, where he selected silver mounted brushes and a scarf-pin. He would not wait to have his silver marked, he said. Lastly, he stopped at a trunk shop on Broadway, and had his purchases packed into various traveling bags.

It was a little after one o'clock when he drove up to the Waldorf, and, after settling with the cabman, went into the office. He registered from Washington; said his mother and father had been abroad, and that he had come down to await the arrival of their steamer. He told his story plausibly and had no trouble, since he offered to pay for them in advance, in engaging his rooms; a sleeping-room, sitting-room and bath.

Not once, but a hundred times Paul had planned this entry into New York. He had gone over every detail of it with Charley Edwards, and in his scrap book at home there were pages of description about New York hotels, cut from the Sunday papers.

When he was shown to his sitting-room on the eighth floor, he saw at a glance that everything was as it should be; there was but one detail in his mental picture that the place did not realize, so he rang for the bell boy and sent him down for flowers. He moved about nervously until the boy returned, putting away his new linen and fingering it delightedly as he did so. When the flowers came, he put them hastily into water, and then tumbled into a hot bath. Presently he came out of his white bathroom, resplendent in his new silk underwear, and playing with the tassels of his red robe. The snow was whirling so fiercely outside his windows that he could scarcely see across the street; but within, the air was deliciously soft and fragrant. He put the violets and nonquils on the tabouret beside the couch, and threw himself down with a long sigh, covering himself with a Roman blanket. He was thoroughly tired; he had been in such haste, he had stood up to such a strain, covered so much ground in the last twenty-four hours, that he wanted to think how it had all come about. Lulled by the sound of the wind, the warm air, and the cool fragrance of the flowers, he sank into deep, drowsy retrospection.

It had been wonderfully simple; when they had shut him out of the theater and concert hall, when they had taken away his bone, the whole thing was virtually determined. The rest was a mere matter of opportunity. The only thing that at all surprised him was his own courage—for he realized well enough that he had always been tormented by fear, a sort of apprehensive dread that, of late years, as the meshes of the lies he had told closed about him, had been pulling the muscles of his body tighter and tighter. Until now, he could not remember a time when he had not been dreading something. Even when he was a little boy, it was always there—behind him, or before, or on either side. There had always been the shadowed corner, the dark place into which he dared not look, but from which something seemed always to be watching him—and Paul had done things that were not pretty to watch, he knew.

But now he had a curious sense of relief, as though he had at last thrown down the gauntlet to the thing in the corner.

Yet it was but a day since he had been sulking in the traces; but yesterday afternoon that he had been sent to the bank with Denny & Carson's deposit as usual—but this time he was instructed to leave the book to be balanced. There was above two thousand dollars in checks, and nearly a thousand in the bank-notes which he had taken from the book and quietly transferred to his pocket. At the bank he had made out a new deposit slip. His nerves had been steady enough to permit of his returning to the office, where he had finished his work and asked for a full day's holiday to-morrow, Saturday, giving a perfectly reasonable pretext. The bank book, he knew, would not be returned before Monday or Tuesday, and his father would be out of town for the next week. From the time he slipped the bank notes into his pocket until he boarded the night train for New York, he had not known a moment's hesitation.

How astonishingly easy it had all been; here he was, the thing done; and this time there would be no awakening, no figure at the top of the stairs. He watched the snowflakes whirling by his window until he fell asleep.

When he awoke, it was four o'clock in the afternoon. He bounded up with a start; one of his precious days gone already! He spent nearly an hour in dressing, watching

every stage of his toilet carefully in the mirror. Everything was quite perfect; he was exactly the kind of boy he had always wanted to be.

When he went downstairs, Paul took a carriage and drove up Fifth Avenue toward the Park. The snow had somewhat abated; carriages and tradesmen's wagons were hurrying soundlessly to and fro in the winter twilight; boys in woolen mufflers were shoveling off the doorsteps; the Avenue stages made fine spots of colour against the white street. Here and there on the corners whole flower gardens blooming behind glass windows, against which the snowflakes stuck and melted; violets, roses, carnations, lilies of the valley—somehow vastly more lovely and alluring that they blossomed thus unnaturally in the snow. The Park itself was a wonderful stage winter-piece.

When he returned, the pause of the twilight had ceased, and the tune of the streets had changed. The snow was falling faster, lights streamed from the hotels that reared their many stories fearlessly up into the storm, defying the raging Atlantic winds. A long, black stream of carriages poured down the Avenue, intersected here and there by other streams, tending horizontally. There were a score of cabs about the entrance of his hotel, and his driver had to wait. Boys in livery were running in and out of the awning stretched across the sidewalk, up and down the red velvet carpet laid from the door to the street. Above, about, within it all, was the rumble and roar, the hurry and toss of thousands of human beings as hot for pleasure as himself, and on every side of him towered the glaring affirmation of the omnipotence of wealth.

The boy set his teeth and drew his shoulders together in a spasm of realization; the plot of all dramas, the text of all romances, the nerve-stuff of all sensations was whirling about him like the snowflakes. He burnt like a faggot in a tempest.

When Paul came down to dinner, the music of the orchestra floated up the elevator shaft to greet him. As he stepped into the thronged corridor, he sank back into one of the chairs against the wall to get his breath. The lights, the chatter, the perfumes, the bewildering medley of colour—he had, for a moment, the feeling of not being able to stand it. But only for a moment; these were his own people, he told himself. He went slowly about the corridors, through the writing-rooms, smoking-rooms, reception-rooms, as though he were exploring the chambers of an enchanted palace, built and peopled for him alone.

When he reached the dining-room he sat down at a table near a window. The flowers, the white linen, the many-coloured wine glasses, the gay toilettes of the women, the low popping of corks, the undulating repetitions of the "Blue Danube" from the orchestra, all flooded Paul's dream with bewildering radiance. When the roseate tinge of his champagne was added—that cold, precious, bubbling stuff that creamed and foamed in his glass—Paul wondered that there were honest men in the world at all. This was what all the world was fighting for, he reflected; this was what all the struggle was about. He doubted the reality of his past. Had he ever known a place called Cordelia Street, a place where fagged looking business men boarded the early car? Mere rivets in a machine they seemed to Paul—sickening men, with combings of children's hair always hanging to their coats, and the smell of cooking in their clothes. Cordelia Street—Ah, that belonged to another time and country! Had he not always been thus, had he not sat here night after night, from as far back as he could remember, looking pensively over just such shimmering textures, and slowly twirling the stem of a glass like this one between his thumb and middle finger? He rather thought he had.

He was not in the least abashed or lonely. He had no especial desire to meet or to know any of these people; all he demanded was the right to look on and conjecture, to watch the pageant. The mere stage properties were all he contended for. Nor was he lonely later in the evening, in his loge at the Opera. He was entirely rid of his nervous misgivings, of his forced aggressiveness, of the imperative desire to show himself different from his surroundings. He felt now that his surroundings explained him. Nobody questioned the purple; he had only to wear it passively. He had only to glance down at his dress coat to reassure himself that here it would be impossible for anyone to humiliate him.

He found it hard to leave his beautiful sitting-room to go to bed that night, and sat long watching the raging storm from his turret window. When he went to sleep, it was with the lights turned on in his bedroom; partly because of his old timidity, and partly so that, if he should wake in the night, there would be no wretched moment of doubt, no horrible suspicion of yellow

wall-paper, or of Washington and Calvin above his bed.

On Sunday morning the city was practically snow-bound. Paul breakfasted late, and in the afternoon he fell in with a wild San Francisco boy, a freshman at Yale, who said he had run down for a "little flyer" over Sunday. The young man offered to show Paul the night side of the town, and the two boys went off together after dinner, not returning to the hotel until seven o'clock the next morning. They had started out in the confiding warmth of a champagne friendship, but their parting in the elevator was singularly cool. The freshman pulled himself together to make his train, and Paul went to bed. He awoke at two o'clock in the afternoon, very thirsty and dizzy, and rang for ice-water, coffee, and the Pittsburgh papers.

On the part of the hotel management, Paul excited no suspicion. There was this to be said for him, that he wore his spoils with dignity and in no way made himself conspicuous. His chief greediness lay in his ears and eyes, and his excesses were not offensive ones. His dearest pleasures were the gray winter twilights in his sitting-room; his quiet enjoyment of his flowers, his clothes, his wide divan, his cigarette and his sense of power. He could not remember a time when he had felt so at peace with himself. The mere release from the necessity of petty lying, lying every day and every day, restored his self-respect. He had never lied for pleasure, even at school; but to make himself noticed and admired, to assert his difference from other Cordelia Street boys; and he felt a good deal more manly, more honest, even, now that he had no need for boastful pretensions, now that he could, as his actor friends used to say, "dress the part." It was characteristic that remorse did not occur to him. His golden days went by without a shadow, and he made each as perfect as he could.

On the eighth day after his arrival in New York, he found the whole affair exploited in the Pittsburgh papers, exploited with a wealth of detail which indicated that local news of a sensational nature was at a low ebb. The firm of Denny & Carson announced that the boy's father had refunded the full amount of his theft, and that they had no intention of prosecuting. The Cumberland minister had been interviewed, and expressed his hope of yet reclaiming the motherless lad, and Paul's Sabbath-school teacher declared that she would spare no effort to that end. The rumour had reached Pittsburgh that the boy had been seen in a New York hotel, and his father had gone East to find him and bring him home.

Paul had just come in to dress for dinner; he sank into a chair, weak in the knees, and clasped his head in his hands. It was to be worse than jail, even; the tepid waters of Cordelia Street were to close over him finally and forever. The gray monotony stretched before him in hopeless, unrelieved years; Sabbath-school, Young People's Meeting, the yellow-papered room, the damp dish-towels; it all rushed back upon him with sickening vividness. He had the old feeling that the orchestra had suddenly stopped, the sinking sensation that the play was over. The sweat broke out on his face, and he sprang to his feet, looked about him with his white, conscious smile, and winked at himself in the mirror. With something of the childish belief in miracles with which he had so often gone to class, all his lessons unlearned, Paul dressed and dashed whistling down the corridor to the elevator.

He had no sooner entered the dining-room and caught the measure of the music, than his remembrance was lightened by his old elastic power of claiming the moment, mounting with it, and finding it all sufficient. The glare and glitter about him, the mere scenic accessories had again, and for the last time, their old potency. He would show himself that he was game, he would finish the thing splendidly. He doubted, more than ever, the existence of Cordelia Street, and for the first time he drank his wine recklessly. Was he not, after all, one of these fortunate beings? Was he not still himself, and in his own place? He drummed a nervous accompaniment to the music and looked about him, telling himself over and over that it had paid.

He reflected drowsily, to the swell of the violin and the chill sweetness of his wine, that he might have done it more wisely. He might have caught an outbound steamer and been well out of their clutches before now. But the other side of the world had seemed too far away and too uncertain then; he could not have waited for it; his need had been too sharp. If he had to choose over again, he would do the same thing to-morrow. He looked affectionately about the dining-room, now gilded with a soft mist. Ah, it had paid indeed!

Paul was awakened next morning by a painful throbbing in his head and feet. He had thrown himself across the bed without undressing, and had slept with his shoes on. His limbs and hands were lead heavy,

and his tongue and throat were parched. There came upon him one of those fateful attacks of clear-headedness that never occurred except when he was physically exhausted and his nerves hung loose. He lay still and closed his eyes and let the tide of realities wash over him.

His father was in New York; "stopping at some joint or other," he told himself. The memory of successive summers on the front stoop fell upon him like a weight of black water. He had not a hundred dollars left; and he knew now, more than ever, that money was everything, the wall that stood between all he loathed and all he wanted. The thing was winding itself up; he had thought of that on his first glorious day in New York, and had even provided a way to snap the thread. It lay on his dressing-table now; he had got it out last night when he came blindly up from dinner,—but the shiny metal hurt his eyes, and he disliked the look of it, anyway.

He rose and moved about with a painful effort, succumbing now and again to attacks of nausea. It was the old depression exaggerated; all the world had become Cordelia Street. Yet somehow he was not afraid of anything, was absolutely calm; perhaps because he had looked into the dark corner at last, and knew. It was bad enough, what he saw there; but somehow not so bad as his long fear of it had been. He saw everything clearly now. He had a feeling that he had made the best of it, that he had lived the sort of life he was meant to live, and for half an hour he sat staring at the revolver. But he told himself that was not the way, so he went downstairs and took a cab to the ferry.

When Paul arrived at Newark, he got off the train and took another cab, directing the driver to follow the Pennsylvania tracks out of the town. The snow lay heavy on the roadways and had drifted deep in the open fields. Only here and there the dead grass or dried weed stalks projected, singularly black, above it. Once well into the country, Paul dismissed the carriage and walked, floundering along the tracks, his mind a medley of irrelevant things. He seemed to hold in his brain an actual picture of everything he had seen that morning. He remembered every feature of both his drivers, the toothless old woman from whom he had bought the red flowers in his coat, the agent from whom he had got his ticket, and all of his fellow-passengers on the ferry. His mind, unable to cope with vital matters near at hand, worked feverishly and deftly at sorting and grouping these images. They made for him a part of the ugliness of the world, of the ache in his head, and the bitter burning on his tongue. He stooped and put a handful of snow into his mouth as he walked, but that, too, seemed hot. When he reached a little hillside, where the tracks ran through a cut some twenty feet below him, he stopped and sat down.

The carnations in his coat were drooping with the cold, he noticed; all their red glory over. It occurred to him that all the flowers he had seen in the show windows that first night must have gone the same way, long before this. It was only one splendid breath they had, in spite of their brave mockery at the winter outside the glass. It was a losing game in the end, it seemed, this revolt against the homilies by which the world is run. Paul took one of the blossoms carefully from his coat and scooped a little hole in the snow, where he covered it up. Then he dozed a while, from his weak condition, seeming insensible to the cold.

The sound of an approaching train woke him, and he started to his feet, remembering only his resolution, and afraid lest he should be too late. He stood watching the approaching locomotive, his teeth chattering, his lips drawn away from them in a frightened smile; once or twice he glanced nervously sidewise, as though he were being watched. When the right moment came, he jumped. As he fell, the folly of his haste occurred to him with merciless clearness, the vastness of what he had left undone. There flashed through his brain, clearer than ever before, the blue of Adriatic water, the yellow of Algerian sands.

He felt something strike his chest,—his body was being thrown swiftly through the air, on and on, immeasurably far and fast, while his limbs gently relaxed. Then, because the picture-making mechanism was crushed, the disturbing visions flashed into black, and Paul dropped back into the immense design of things.

You cannot make a man by standing a sheep on its hind-legs. But by standing a flock of sheep in that position you can make a crowd of men. MAX BEERBOHM.

Remembered from the Play

"The Play's the Thing"

TURAY—Married?
FOOTMAN—Yes, sir, thank you.
TURAY—Wife living?
FOOTMAN—In a sense, sir. She ran away with a soldier two years ago, thank you, sir.
TURAY—Don't thank me, thank heaven.

By Ferenc Molnar (author of "Liliom"), New York, 1926.

"Paulus Among the Jews"

FRISIUS (*a Roman centurion*)—I command and I obey.
CHANAN—It's too bad that free men obey tyrants and command the oppressed.

GAMALIEL—Light itself is culpable when it is too strong for weak eyes.

By Franz Werfel, Vienna, 1926.

"Pygmalion"

PICKERING—Excuse the straight question, Higgins: are you a man of good character where women are concerned?

HIGGINS—Have you ever met a man of good character where women are concerned?

PICKERING—Yes, very frequently.

HIGGINS—Well, I haven't. I find that the moment I let a woman make friends with me, she becomes jealous, exacting, suspicious, and a damned nuisance. I find that the moment I let myself make friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical. Women upset everything. When you let them into your life, you find that the woman is driving at one thing and you're driving at another.

HIGGINS—The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls: in short, behaving as if you were in Heaven, where there are no third-class carriages, and one soul is as good as another.

HIGGINS—Would the world ever have been made if its maker had been afraid of making trouble? Making life means making trouble. There's only one way of escaping trouble; and that's killing things. Cowards, you notice, are always shrieking to have troublesome people killed.

By George Bernard Shaw, London, 1912; revived by The Theatre Guild in New York, 1926.

"The Discontented Squirrel"—By W. H. HUDSON

WELLS lies at the edge of a marsh a mile and a quarter back from the sea, and has a harbour, a river or estuary, which at full tide is deep enough to enable small vessels to come up to the town. Near the river's mouth there is a row of tall guiding poles in the channel; and one afternoon my informant noticed a squirrel sitting hunched up on the summit of the outermost pole, about thirty feet above the water. Evidently he had come through the pine plantation on the sand-dunes on the Holkham or north side of the river; but, anxious to continue his travels southward along the shore and over the vast flat saltings toward Blakeney, he had cast himself into the river, at low tide, and finding the current too strong, had just saved himself from being carried out to sea by climbing up the last pole. Now the current was the other way, and the river full from bank to bank: the poor squirrel on his pole-top was in the middle of the swirling current, and dared not venture into the water again, either to go forward or back to the wood.

The fisherman went home to his tea; but, two hours later, just about sunset, he strolled back to the sea-front, and there still sat the squirrel hunched up on top of his pole. Presently a fishing-boat came in from the sea, with only one person, a young man, in it. The old man hailed him, and called his attention to the squirrel on the pole. "All right; I see him!" shouted back the young fellow. "I'll try to get him off!"

Then as the swirling current carried the boat up to within about three yards of the pole, he leaned forward and thrust out an oar until the blade touched the pole; and no sooner had it touched than down like lightning came the squirrel from his perch, leaped upon the oar, and from the oar to the boat, then quickly bounded up the mast and perched himself on the top.

The squirrel had not understood the man's friendly intentions, and his lightning-quick action appeared not to have been prompted either by reason or instinct, but rather by that intuitive faculty one is half inclined to believe in, which causes an animal suddenly threatened with destruction to take instantly the one line by which it may be saved.

The boat went swiftly on, driven by the rushing tide, until it reached the quay at Wells, and no sooner did the keel touch the stones at the landing-stage than down the squirrel flew from the mast-top, and, rushing to the bow, took a flying leap to the land, then dashed off toward the town at topmost speed. A number of children playing on the quay saw him, and with a wild cry of "Squirrel! squirrel!" went after him. Luckily there was no dog about; and the squirrel being faster than the boys, kept well ahead, and, dodging this way and that among coal-trucks and wagons and horses, and men occupied in unloading, got through them all, then crossing the lower or coast road, dashed into one of the wynds or narrow streets which run up to the higher part of the town. There more yelling children joined in the hunt, and the people of the wynd ran out of their houses to find out what all the uproar was about.

The wynd ends at the upper street, and facing it is a long brick wall ten feet high, and up this wall went the squirrel without a pause or slip, as swiftly as when going over the level earth, and disappeared over the top into the orchard on the other side. There the loud advancing wave of young barbarians was stayed by the wall, as by an ocean-facing cliff.

It had been a dashing performance, and the squirrel could now have safely settled down in that sheltered spot among its fruit and shade trees, since the tenant, who lived a hermit life in the house, was friendly to all wild creatures, and allowed neither dogs nor cats, nor fiends in shape of boys, with loud halloo and brutal noise, to intrude into his sacred grounds.

But this would not have suited the squirrel; the town noises and lights, the shrill cries of children at play in the evening, and the drum and fife band of the Boy Scouts would have kept him in a constant state of apprehension. Squirrels are nervy creatures. No doubt when the town was asleep and silent that night he scaled the back-wall and crossed other orchards and gardens until he came out to the old unkempt hedge on that side, and followed it all the way to Holkham Park, a vast green solitude with many ancient noble trees, in one of which he probably first saw the light.

And there, at home once more, he perhaps resolved, like the Discontented Squirrel of the fable, never again to attempt to better himself by migrating.

America's First Lure

Grapes, Lumber, Whales, Codfish and Furs

Bjarni Wanted to Spend the Winter with His Folks

986. Foundation of the Greenland colony. Bjarni discovers America.
1002. Leif discovers Vinland.
1003. Leif returns.
1004. Thorvald's expedition.
1019. Karlsefni's expedition.

(These chronologies are all conjectural—every author differing in his deductions. There were two "Bjarnis"—Bjarni, the son of Herjulf, who first discovered America, and Bjarni Grimolfson, who later accompanied Karlsefni and Snorri. The following passage from the Flatey Book describes the voyage of discovery made by Bjarni, son of Herjulf. He merely saw land but did not go ashore.)

Herjulf the younger lived first at Drepstock. He had a wife named Thorgerd, and their son was Bjarni, a very promising man. He had taken to foreign voyages from his youth. This brought him both wealth and credit, and he used to spend his winters alternately abroad and with his parents. Bjarni soon had a trading-ship of his own. . . .

Bjarni arrived in his ship at Eyrar in the summer of the same year in the spring of which his father had sailed away. Bjarni was much concerned at the news and would not discharge his cargo. His crew thereupon asked him what he meant to do; he replied that he meant to keep to his custom of passing the winter with his parents, "and I will," said he, "take my ship on to Greenland, if you will accompany me." They all said that they would abide by his decision; upon which Bjarni remarked, "Our voyage will be considered rash, since none of us have been in Greenland waters." Notwithstanding this they put to sea as soon as they had got ready, and they sailed for three days before the land was laid; but then the fair wind ceased, and north winds and fogs came on, and they did not know where they were going, and this went on for many days.

After this they saw the sun, and so were able to get their bearings, whereupon they hoisted sail, and after sailing that day they saw land, and they discussed among themselves what land this could be, but Bjarni said he fancied that it could not be Greenland. They asked him whether he would sail to this land or not. "I am for sailing in close to the land," he said, and on doing so they soon saw that the land was not mountainous, and was covered with wood, and that there were small knolls upon it, whereupon they left the land on the port side, and let the sheet turn toward it. . . .

They now sailed for four days, when they saw the fourth land. Then they asked Bjarni if he thought this was Greenland or not. Bjarni replied, "This is most like what was told me of Greenland, and here we will keep our course toward the land." So they did, and that evening they came to land under a cape, which had a boat on it, and there on that cape lived Herjulf, Bjarni's father, and it is from him that the cape received its name, and has since been called Herjulfsness.

Timber to Greenland, 492 Years Before Columbus

Then comes the familiar story, that in the year 1000 Leif, son of Eric the Red, having come from Norway and introduced Christianity into both Iceland and Greenland, sailed away to the southwest with thirty-five companions, intent on visiting the country which

Bjarni had discovered before him. They wintered, so the saga reads, "at a place where a river flowed out from a lake," called the region Vinland because of the wild grapes growing there, "erected large buildings," and then set out for Greenland with a cargo of timber—a commodity much needed in the fishing colonies of the less-favoured North. It is related that other explorations succeeded this, and that in 1007 a temporary settlement was formed in sunny Vinland, where the colonists, nearly one hundred in number, "had all the good things of the country, both of grapes and of all sorts of game and other things." Trading voyages to the new country now became frequent, say the sagas, and considerable shipments of timber were made from Vinland to Greenland. Eric Upsi, a Greenland bishop, is alleged, on doubtful authority, to have gone to Vinland in 1121; and in 1347 there is mention of a Greenland ship sailing out there for a cargo of timber—but this is the very last reference to Vinland by the Norwegian bards. REUBEN GOLD THWAITES.

FURS FROM THE SKRELLINGS IN 1003 A. D.

. . . It is now to be told of Karlsefni that he cruised southward off the coast (*of Vinland*), with Snorri and Bjarni and their people. They sailed for a long time and until they came at last to a river, which flowed down from the land into a lake, and so into the sea. . . .

Karlsefni and his followers had built their huts above the lake, some of their dwellings being near the lake, and others farther away. Now they remained there during the winter. . . . And when spring opened, they discovered, early one morning, a great number of skin-canoes, rowing from the south past the cape, so numerous, that it looked as if coals had been scattered broadcast out before the bay; and on every boat staves were waved. Thereupon Karlsefni and his people displayed their shields, and when they came together they began to barter with each other. Especially did the strangers wish to buy red cloth, for which they offered in exchange peltries and quite grey skins. They also desired to buy swords and spears, but Karlsefni and Snorri forbade this. In exchange for perfect unsullied skins, the Skrellings (*Eskimos*) would take red stuff a span in length, which they would bind around their heads. So their trade went on for a time, until Karlsefni and his people began to grow short of cloth, when they divided it into such narrow pieces, that it was not more than a finger's breadth wide, but the Skrellings continued to give just as much for this as before, or more.

It so happened that a bull, which belonged to Karlsefni and his people, ran out from the woods, bellowing loudly. This so terrified the Skrellings, that they sped out to their canoes, and then rowed away to the southward along the coast. For three weeks nothing more was seen of them. At the end of that time, however, a great multitude of Skrelling boats was discovered approaching from the South, as if a stream were pouring down, and all their staves were waved in a direction contrary to the course of the sun, and the Skrellings were all uttering loud cries. Thereupon Karlsefni and his men took red shields and displayed them. The Skrellings sprang from their boats, and they met them, and they fought together. . . .

It now seemed clear to Karlsefni and his people, that, although the country thereabouts was attractive, their life would be one of constant dread and turmoil by reason of the inhabitants of the country, so they forthwith prepared to leave and determined to return to their own country. *Saga of Eric the Red.*

A CARGO OF GRAPES AND TIMBER

. . . *Leif, son of Eric the Red, sailed to Vinland and built a large house near the shore for shelter during the winter months. The party passed that season making short expeditions into the surrounding country.*

It was discovered one evening that one of their company was missing, and this proved to be Tyrker, the Southern man. Leif was sorely troubled by this, for Tyrker had lived with Leif and his father a very long time, and had been devoted to Leif, when he was a child. Leif severely reprimanded his companions, and prepared to go in search for him taking twelve men with him. They had proceeded but a short distance from the house when they were met by Tyrker, whom they received most cordially. Leif observed at once that his

foster-father was in lively spirits. . . . Leif addressed him and asked: "Wherefore art thou so belated, foster-father mine, and astray from the others?" In the beginning Tyrker spoke for some time in German, rolling his eyes, and grinning, and they could not understand him. But after a time he addressed them in the Northern tongue: "I did not go much further, and yet I have something of novelty to relate. I have found vines and grapes." "Is this indeed true, foster-father?" said Leif. "Of a certainty it is true," quoth he, "for I was born where there is no lack of either grapes or vines." They slept the night through, and on the morrow Leif said to his shipmates: "We will now carry on two occupations, and each day will either gather grapes, or cut vines, or fell trees, so as to obtain a cargo of these for my ship." They acted upon the advice, and it is said that their after-boat was filled with grapes. A cargo sufficient for the ship was cut, and when the spring came, they made their ship ready, and sailed away; and from its products Leif gave the land a name, and called it Vinland. *The Flatey Book* (*15th Century*).

The Basques Followed Whales to the New World Before Columbus

The great profits and the facility that the inhabitants of Cap Breton, and the Basques of Guyenne have acquired in the whale fishery have served like decoy and bait to make them venturesome to the point of making it a quest upon the ocean along the world's longitudes and latitudes. To this end, they have, formerly, equipped some vessels in order to seek the usual haunt of these monsters; so that, following this course, they have discovered, a hundred years before the voyages of Christopher Columbus, the Great and Little Banks of the cod, the lands of Newfoundland, Cap Breton, and Bacaleos (that is to say, Codfish, in their speech) and Canada or New France, where it is that the seas are teeming, and they swarm with whales. And if the Catilians have not taken an inclination to despoil from the French the glory of the first touching of the Atlantic Isle that is called the Western Indies, they should confess . . . that the pilot who bore the first news to Christopher Columbus, and gave him the knowledge and direction of this New World was one of our Newfoundlander Basques. Etienne Cleirac (1647).

Captain John Smith's First Trading Voyage

. . . At the sole charge of foure Merchants of London and my selfe, 1614, within eight weekes sayling I arrived at Monahigan an Ile in America in 43 degrees 39 minutes of Northerly latitude. Had the fishing for Whale proved as we expected, I had stayed in the Country; but we found the plots wee had, so false, and the seasons for fishing and trade by the unskilfulnesse of our Pylot so much mistaken, I was contented, having taken by hookes and lines with fifteene or eighteene men at most, more than 60,000 Cod in lesse than a moneth: whilest my selfe with eight others of them might best be spared, by an houre glasse of three moneths, ranging the coast in a small boat, got for trifles eleven hundred Bever skins besides Otters and Martins; all amounting to the value of fifteene hundred pound, and arrived in England with all my men in health in six or seven moneths. . . .

Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters of New England, or Anywhere (1631).

The Profits of Cod

Two thousand (pounds) will fit out a ship of 200 tunnes, & one of 100 tuns, if of the dry fish they both make fraught, that of 200 and goe for Spaine, sell it but at ten shillings a quintall, but commonly it gives fifteene or twenty, especially when it commeth first, which amounts to 3 or 4,000 pound, but say but ten, which is the lowest, allowing the rest for waste, it amounts at that rate to 2,000 which is the whole charge of your two ships and the equipage, then the returne of the mony and the fraught of the ship for the vintage or any other voyage is cleere gaine, with your ship of 100 tunnes of traine Oile and Corfish, besides the Bevers and other commodities, and that you may have at home within six moneths if God please to send but an ordinary passage; then saving halfe this charge by the not staying of your ships, your victuall, overplus of men and wages, with her fraught thither with necessaries for the Planters, the Salt being there made, as also may the nets and lines

within a short time; if nothing may be expected but this, it might in time equalize your Hollanders gaines. CAPTAINE JOHN SMITH.

TRADE FOLLOWS THE FISH

One Ship this Summer with twenty cattell, and forty or fifty passengers, arrived all well, and the Ship at home again in nine weekes: another for all this exclamation of want, is returned with 10,000 Corfish, and fourescore Kegs of Sturgion, which they did take and save when the season was neare past, and in the very heat of Summer, yet as good as can be. Since another ship is gone from Bristow, and many more a providing to follow them with all speed. CAPTAINE JOHN SMITH (1630).

RESTRAINING INTERLOPERS

About the later end of June came in a ship, with Captaine Francis West, who had a comission to be admirall of New-England, to restraine interlopers, and such fishing ships as came to fish and trade without a licence from the Counsell of New-England, for which they should pay a round sume of money. But he could doe no good of them, for they were to stronge for him, and he found the fisher men to be stuberne fellows. And their owners, upon complainte made to the Parlemente, procured an order that fishing should be free. He tould the Governor they spooke with a ship at sea, and were abord her, that was coming for this plantation, in which were sundrie passengers, and they marvelled she was not arrived, fearing some miscarriage; for they lost her in a storm that fell shortly after they had been abord. Which relation filled them full of fear, yet mixed with hope. The master of this ship had some 2 hh of pease to sell, but seeing their wants, held them at 9 *li.* sterling a hoggshead, and under 8 *li.* he would not take, and yet would have beaver at an under rate. But they tould him they had lived so long without, and would doe still, rather then give so unreasonably. So they went from hence to Virginia. WILLIAM BRADFORD.

TRADE BEGINNINGS

Ther was allso that spring a French ship cast away at Sacadahock, in which were many Biscaie ruggs and other commodities, which were falen into these mens hands, and some other fisher men at Damerins-Cove, which were allso bought in partnership, and made for their part arise to above 500 *li.* This they made shift to pay for, for the most part, with the beaver and comodities they had gott the winter before, and what they had gathered up that somer. . . . With these goods, and their corne after harvest, they gott good store of trade, so as they were enabled to pay their ingagments against the time, and to get some cloathing for the people, and had some comodities before hand. But now they began to be envied, and others wente and fild the Indeans with corne, and beat downe the prise, giveing them twise as much as they had done, and under traded them in other comodities allso. WILLIAM BRADFORD.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY MERCHANT IN MAINE

Richmon Iland, the 18th of June.

Mr. Robert Trelawnye,

Syr: . . . I bought some Coots and Ruggs the last yeare after Captaine Smart arrived Into the Country, hoping to have put them away to the Indians the last winter & could not; but now have put away the Ruggs againe and 2 of the Coots at the price I bought them here. Here is such a store of these goods brought here by the Bastable ships, that fills all the traders with goods, and the put yt away at such easy Rates that I thinke they hardly get any thinge by them: Cootes at 2 pounds of bever a peece; Irish stockins' at 2 pounds of bever pr dosen, & good shurtes & waskotes at ½ pound of bever a pece. The Indians ar now so weel seen Into our tradinge Commodities, that here is little to be got by yt; for the traders do one under sell another & over throw the tradinge with the Indians altogether. The best tyme of trading with the Indians is best when we are hopefullest for our best fishinge, so that we cannot attend yt, and I se those that do use yt gets little by yt, except those that have houses In the rivers to be with them continually; but I have an intent to send a boote to the eastward after the ship is gon, God willinge, to see what

good is to be don at that season. . . . They that Com to this Country a fyshing must be plyable men, or els the will go home with losses; so not more els at present, but end and rest.

Yours to His power,
JOHN WINTER.

To the right worshipful Robert
Trelawney, Mayor of
Plymouth, this be dd.
in Plymouth.

THE FIRST BOSTON-BUILT TRADING SHIP

The *Trial* (the first ship built in Boston) being about 160 tons, Mr. Thomas Graves, an able and a godly man, master of her, was sent to Bilboa in the 4th month last, with fish, which she sold there at a good rate, and from thence she freighted to Malaga, and arrived here this day laden with wine, fruit, oil, iron and wool, which was a great advantage to the country, and gave encouragement to trade. So soon as she was fitted she was set forth again to trade with La Tour, and so along the eastern coast towards Canada.

Winthrop's Journal (1644).

PIPESTAVES FOR WINE, SLAVES AND HARD KNOCKS

One of our ships, which went to the Canaries with pipestaves in the beginning of November last, returned now, and brought wine, and sugar, and salt, and some tobacco, which she had at Barbadoes, in exchange for Africoes, which she carried from the Isle of Maio. She brought us news, that a ship of ours about 260 tons, set out from Cambridge before winter, was set upon, near the Canaries, by an Irish man-of-war, which had seventy men and twenty pieces of ordnance, whereas ours had but fourteen pieces and not above thirty men, and the Irishman grappled with our ship, and boarded her, and fought with her, side by side, near a whole day, but falling off, a shot of ours had taken off their steerage, so as they could not bring their ship to ours again, but we received a shot under water, which had near sunk our ship, but the Lord preserved her and our men, so as we had but two slain in all that time and some four wounded; but the damage of the ship and her merchandise was between 2 and 300 pounds. *Winthrop's Journal* (1645).

SEA PERILS

It pleased God so to prosper our fishing this season, as that at Marblehead only they had taken by the midst of the month about four thousand pounds worth of fish.

But the Lord was still pleased to afflict us in our shipping, for Major Gibbons and Captain Leverett having sent a new ship of about one hundred tons to Virginia, and having there freighted her with tobacco, going out of the river, by a sudden storm was forced on shore from her anchor, and much of the goods spoiled, to the loss (as was estimated) of above two thousand pounds. *Winthrop's Journal* (1647).

"IT PLEASED THE LORD" TO OPEN THE WEST INDIA TRADE

The United Colonies having made strict orders to restrain all trade of powder and guns to the Indians, by occasion whereof the greatest part of the beaver trade was drawn to the French and Dutch, by whom the Indians were constantly furnished with those things, though they also made a profession of like restraint, but connived at the practice, so as our means of returns for English commodities were grown very short, it pleased the Lord to open to us a trade with Barbados and other Islands in the West Indies, which as it proved gainful, so the commodities we had in exchange there for our cattle and provisions, as sugar, cotton, tobacco, and indigo, were a good help to discharge our engagements in England. And this summer there was so great a drouth, as their potatoes and corn, etc., were burnt up; and divers London ships which rode there were so short of provisions as, if our vessels had not supplied them, they could not have returned home; which was an observable providence, that whereas many of the London seamen were wont to despise New England as a poor, barren country, they should now be relieved by our plenty.

Winthrop's Journal.

Trilby

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

George du Maurier

Illustrated by the Author

PART EIGHTH (Conclusion)

"La vie est vaine:
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine. . . .
Et puis—bonjour!

"La vie est brève:
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve. . . .
Et puis—bonsoir."

SVENGALI had died from heart-disease. The cut he had received from Gecko had not apparently (as far as the verdict of a coroner's inquest could be trusted) had any effect in aggravating his malady or hastening his death.

But Gecko was sent for trial at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to hard labour for six months (a sentence which, if I remember aright, gave rise to much comment at the time). Taffy saw him again, but with no better result than before. He chose to preserve an obstinate silence on his relations with the Svengalis and their relations with each other.

When he was told how hopelessly ill and insane Madame Svengali was, he shed a few tears, and said: "Ah, pauvrette, pauvrette—ah! monsieur—je l'aimais tant, je l'aimais tant! il n'y en a pas beaucoup comme elle, Dieu de misère! C'est un ange du Paradis!"

And not another word was to be got out of him.

It took some time to settle Svengali's affairs after his death. No will was found. His old mother came over from Germany, and two of his sisters, but no wife. The comic wife and the three children, and the sweet-stuff shop in Elberfeld, had been humorous inventions of his own—a kind of Mrs. Harris!

He left three thousand pounds, every penny of which (and of far larger sums that he had spent) had been earned by "la Svengali," but nothing came to Trilby of this; nothing but the clothes and jewels he had given her, and in this respect he had been lavish enough; and there were countless costly gifts from emperors, kings, great people of all kinds. Trilby was under the impression that all these belonged to Marta. Marta behaved admirably; she seemed bound hand and foot to Trilby by a kind of slavish adoration, as that of a plain old mother for a brilliant and beautiful but dying child.

It soon became evident that, whatever her disease might be, Trilby had but a very short time to live.

She was soon too weak even to be taken out in a Bath-chair, and remained all day in her large sitting-room with Marta; and there, to her great and only joy, she received her three old friends every afternoon, and gave them coffee, and made them smoke cigarettes of caporal as of old; and their hearts were daily harrowed as they watched her rapid decline.

Day by day she grew more beautiful in their eyes, in spite of her increasing pallor and emaciation—her skin was so pure and white and delicate, and the bones of her face so admirable!

Her eyes recovered all their old humorous brightness when les trois Angliches were with her, and the expression of her face was so wistful and tender for all her playfulness, so full of eager clinging to existence and to them, that they felt the memory of it would haunt them forever, and be the sweetest and saddest memory of their lives.

Her quick, though feeble gestures, full of

reminiscences of the vigorous and lively girl they had known a few years back, sent waves of pity through them and pure brotherly love; and the incomparable tones and changes and modulations of her voice, as she chatted and laughed, bewitched them almost as much as when she had sung the "Nussbaum" of Schumann in the Salle des Bashibazoucks.

Sometimes Lorrimer came, and Joe Sibley and the Greek. It was like a genial little court of bohemia. And Lorrimer, Sibley, the Laird, and Little Billee made those beautiful chalk and pencil studies of her head which are now so well known—all so singularly like her, and so singularly unlike each other! *Trilby vue à travers quatre tempéraments!*

These afternoons were probably the happiest poor Trilby had ever spent in her life—with these dear people round her, speaking the language she loved; talking of old times and jolly Paris days, she never thought of the morrow.

But later—at night, in the small hours—she would wake up with a start from some dream full of tender and blissful recollection, and suddenly realize her own mischance, and feel the icy hand of that which was to come before many morrows were over; and taste the bitterness of death so keenly that she longed to scream out loud, and get up, and walk up and down, and wring her hands at the dreadful thought of parting forever!

But she lay motionless and mum as a poor little frightened mouse in a trap, for fear of waking up the good old tired Marta, who was snoring at her side.

And in an hour or two the bitterness would pass away, the creeps and the horrors; and the stoical spirit of resignation would steal over her—the balm, the blessed calm! and all her old bravery would come back.

And then she would sink into sleep again, and dream more blissfully than ever, till the good Marta woke her with a motherly kiss and a fragrant cup of coffee; and she would find, feeble as she was, and doomed as she felt herself to be, that joy cometh of a morning; and life was still sweet for her, with yet a whole day to look forward to.

One day she was deeply moved at receiving a visit from Mrs. Bagot, who, at Little Billee's earnest desire, had come all the way from Devonshire to see her.

As the graceful little lady came in, pale and trembling all over, Trilby rose from her chair to receive her, and rather timidly put

"OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS EAST"

out her hand, and smiled in a frightened manner. Neither could speak for a second. Mrs. Bagot stood stock-still by the door, gazing (with all her heart in her eyes) at the so terribly altered Trilby—the girl she had once so dreaded.

Trilby, who seemed also bereft of motion, and whose face and lips were ashen, exclaimed, "I'm afraid I haven't quite kept my promise to you, after all! but things have turned out so differently! anyhow, you needn't have any fear of me *now*."

At the mere sound of that voice, Mrs. Bagot, who was as impulsive, emotional, and unregulated as her son, rushed forward, crying, "Oh, my poor girl, my poor girl!" and caught her in her arms, and kissed and caressed her, and burst into a flood of tears, and forced her back into her chair, hugging her as if she were a long-lost child.

"I love you now as much as I always admired you—pray believe it!"

"Oh, how kind of you to say that!" said Trilby, her own eyes filling. "I'm not at all the dangerous or designing person you thought. I knew quite well I wasn't a proper person to marry your son all the time; and told him so again and again. It was very stupid of me to say yes at last. I was miserable directly after, I assure you. Somehow I couldn't help myself—I was driven."

"Oh, don't talk of that! don't talk of that! You've never been to blame in any way—I've long known it—I've been full of remorse! You've been in my thoughts always, night and day. Forgive a poor jealous mother. As if *any* man could help loving you—or any woman either. Forgive me!"

"Oh, Mrs. Bagot—forgive *you!* What a funny idea! But, anyhow, you've forgiven *me*, and that's all I care for now. I was very fond of your son—as fond as could be. I am now, but in quite a different sort of way, you know—the sort of way *you* must be, I fancy! There was never another like him that I ever met—anywhere! You *must* be so proud of him; who wouldn't? *Nobody's* good enough for him. I would have been only too glad to be his servant, his humble servant! I used to tell him so—but he wouldn't hear of it—he was much too kind! He always thought of others before himself. And oh! how rich and famous he's become! I've heard all about it, and it did me good. It does me more good to think of than anything else; far more than if I were to be ever so rich and famous myself, I can tell you!"

This from la Svengali, whose overpowering fame, so utterly forgotten by herself, was still ringing all over Europe; whose lamentable illness and approaching death were being mourned and discussed and commented upon in every capital of the civilized world, as one distressing bulletin appeared after another. She might have been a royal personage!

Mrs. Bagot knew, of course, the strange form her insanity had taken, and made no allusion to the flood of thoughts that rushed through her own brain as she listened to this towering goddess of song, this poor mad queen of the nightingales, humbly gloating over her son's success. . .

Poor Mrs. Bagot had just come from Little Billee's, in Fitzroy Square, close by. There she had seen Taffy, in a corner of Little Billee's studio, laboriously answering endless letters and telegrams from all parts of Europe—for the good Taffy had constituted himself Trilby's secretary and *homme d'affaires*—unknown to her, of course. And this was no sinecure (though he liked it): putting aside the numerous people he had to see and be interviewed by; there were kind inquiries and messages of condolence and sympathy from nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, through

A THRONE IN BOHEMIA

their chamberlains; applications for help from unsuccessful musical strugglers all over the world to the pre-eminently successful one; beautiful letters from great and famous people, musical or otherwise; disinterested offers of service; interested proposals for engagements when the present trouble should be over; beggings for an interview from famous impresarios, to obtain which no distance would be thought too great, etc., etc., etc. It was endless, in English, French, German, Italian—in languages quite incomprehensible (many letters had to remain unanswered)—Taffy took an almost malicious pleasure in explaining all this to Mrs. Bagot.

Then there was a constant rolling of carriages up to the door, and a thundering of Little Billee's knocker: Lord and Lady Palmerston wish to know—the Lord Chief Justice wishes to know—the Dean of Westminster wishes to know—the Marchioness of Westminster wishes to know—everybody wishes to know if there is any better news of Madame Svengali!

"OH, MY POOR GIRL! MY POOR GIRL!"

These were small things, truly; but Mrs. Bagot was a small person from a small village in Devonshire, and one whose heart and eye had hitherto been filled by no larger image than that of Little Billee; and Little Billee's fame, as she now discovered for the first time, did not quite fill the entire universe.

And she mustn't be too much blamed if all these obvious signs of a world-wide colossal celebrity impressed and even awed her a little.

Madame Svengali! Why, this was the beautiful girl whom she remembered so well, whom she had so grandly discarded with a word, and who had accepted her congé so meekly in a minute; whom, indeed, she had been cursing in her heart for years, because—because what?

Poor Mrs. Bagot felt herself turn hot and red all over, and humbled herself to the very dust, and almost forgot that she had been in the right, after all, and that "la grande Trilby" was certainly no fit match for her son!

So she went quite humbly to see Trilby, and found a poor pathetic mad creature still more humble than herself, who still apologized for—for what?

A poor, pathetic, mad creature who had clean forgotten that she was the greatest singer in all the world—one of the greatest artists that had ever lived; but who remembered with shame and contrition that she had once taken the liberty of yielding (after endless pressure and repeated disinterested refusals of her own, and out of sheer irresistible affection) to the passionate pleadings of a little obscure art student, a mere boy—no better off than herself—just as penniless and insignificant a nobody; but—the son of Mrs. Bagot.

All due sense of proportion died out of the poor lady as she remembered and realized all this!

And then Trilby's pathetic beauty, so touching, so winning, in its rapid decay; the nameless charm of look and voice and manner that was her special apanage, and which her malady and singular madness had only increased; her childlike simplicity, her transparent forgetfulness of self—all these so fascinated and entranced Mrs. Bagot, whose quick susceptibility to such impressions was just as keen as her son's, that she very soon found herself all but worshiping this fast-fading lily—for so she called her in her own mind—quite forgetting (or affecting to forget) on what very questionable soil the lily had been reared, and through what strange vicissitudes of evil and corruption it had managed to grow so tall and white and fragrant!

Oh, strange compelling power of weakness and grace and prettiness combined, and sweet, sincere unconscious natural manners! not to speak of world-wide fame!

For Mrs. Bagot was just a shrewd little conventional British country matron of the good upper middle-class type, bristling all over with provincial proprieties and respectabilities, a philistine of the philistines, in spite of her artistic instincts; one who for years had (rather unjustly) thought of Trilby as a wanton and perilous siren, an unchaste and unprincipled and most dangerous daughter of Heth, and the special enemy of her house.

And here she was—like all the rest of us monads and nomads and bohemians—just sitting at Trilby's feet. . . . "A washerwoman! a figure model! and Heaven knows what besides!" and she had never even heard her sing!

It was truly comical to see and hear!

Mrs. Bagot did not go back to Devonshire. She remained in Fitzroy Square, at her son's, and spent most of her time with Trilby, doing and devising all kinds of things to distract and amuse her, and lead her thoughts gently to heaven, and soften for her the coming end of all.

Trilby had a way of saying, and especially of looking, "Thank you" that made one wish to do as many things for her as one could, if only to make her say and look it again.

And she had retained much of her old, quaint, and amusing manner of telling things, and had much to tell still left of her wandering life, although there were so many strange lapses in her powers of memory—gaps—which, if they could only have been filled up, would have been full of such surpassing interest!

Then she was never tired of talking and hearing of Little Billee; and that was a subject of which Mrs. Bagot could never tire either!

Then there were the recollections of her childhood. One day, in a drawer, Mrs. Bagot came upon a faded daguerreotype of a woman in a Tam o' Shanter, with a face so sweet and beautiful and saint-like that it almost took her breath away. It was Trilby's mother.

"Who and what was your mother, Trilby?"

"Ah, poor mamma!" said Trilby, and she looked at the portrait a long time. "Ah, she was ever so much prettier than that! Mamma was once a demoiselle de comptoir—that's a bar-maid, you know—at the Montagnards Écossais, in the Rue du Paradis Poissonnière—a place where men used to drink and smoke without sitting down. That was unfortunate, wasn't it?

"Papa loved her with all his heart, although, of course, she wasn't his equal. They were married at the Embassy, in the Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré.

"*Her* parents weren't married at all. Her mother was the daughter of a boatman on Loch Ness, near a place called Drumnadrockit; but her father was the Honourable Colonel Desmond. He was related to all sorts of great people in England and Ireland. He behaved very badly to my grandmother and to poor mamma—his own daughter! deserted them both! Not very *honourable* of him, *was* it. And that's all I know about him."

And then she went on to tell of the home in Paris that might have been so happy but for her father's passion for drink; of her parents' deaths, and little Jeannot, and so forth. And Mrs. Bagot was much moved and interested by these naïve revelations, which accounted in a measure for so much that seemed unaccountable in this extraordinary woman; who thus turned out to be a kind of cousin (though on the wrong side of the blanket) to no less a person than the famous Duchess of Towers.

With what joy would that ever kind and gracious lady have taken poor Trilby to her bosom had she only known! She had once been all the way from Paris to Vienna merely to hear her sing. But, unfortunately, the Svengalis had just left for St. Petersburg, and she had her long journey for nothing!

Mrs. Bagot brought her many good books, and read them to her—Dr. Cummings on the approaching end of the world, and other works of a like comforting tendency for those who are just about to leave it; the *Pilgrim's Progress*, sweet little tracts, and what not.

Trilby was so grateful that she listened with much patient attention. Only now and then a faint gleam of amusement would steal over her face, and her lips would almost form themselves to ejaculate, "Oh, maïe, aïe!"

Then Mrs. Bagot, as a reward for such winning docility, would read her *David Copperfield*, and that was heavenly indeed!

But the best of all was for Trilby to look over John Leech's *Pictures of Life and Character*, just out. She had never seen any drawings of Leech before, except now and then in an occasional *Punch* that turned up in the studio in Paris. And they never palled upon her, and taught her more of the aspect of English life (the life she loved)

than any book she had ever read. She laughed and laughed; and it was almost as sweet to listen to as if she were vocalizing the quick part in Chopin's Impromptu.

One day she said, her lips trembling: "I can't make out why you're so wonderfully kind to me, Mrs. Bagot. I hope you have not forgotten who and what I am, and what my story is. I hope you haven't forgotten that I'm not a respectable woman?"

"Oh, my dear child—don't ask me . . . I only know that you are you! . . . and I am I! and that is enough for me . . . you're my poor, gentle, patient, suffering daughter, whatever else you are—more sinned against than sinning, I feel sure! But there . . . I've misjudged you so, and been so unjust, that I would give worlds to make you some amends . . . besides, I should be just as fond of you if you'd committed a murder, I really believe—you're so strange! you're irresistible! Did you ever, in all your life, meet anybody that *wasn't* fond of you?"

Trilby's eyes moistened with tender pleasure at such a pretty compliment. Then, after a few minutes' thought, she said, with engaging candour and quite simply: "No, I can't say I ever did, that I can think of just now. But I've forgotten such lots of people!"

One day Mrs. Bagot told Trilby that her brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Bagot, would much like to come and talk to her.

"Was that the gentleman who came with you to the studio in Paris?"

"Yes."

"Why, he's a clergyman, isn't he? What does he want to come and talk to *me* about?"

"Ah! my dear child . . . " said Mrs. Bagot, her eyes filling.

Trilby was thoughtful for a while, and then said: "I'm going to die, I suppose. Oh yes! oh yes! There's no mistake about that!"

"Dear Trilby, we are all in the hands of an Almighty Merciful God!" And the tears rolled down Mrs. Bagot's cheeks.

After a long pause, during which she gazed out of the window, Trilby said, in an abstracted kind of way, as though she were talking to herself: "Après tout, c'est pas déjà si raide, de claquer! J'en ai tant vus qui ont passé par là! Au bout du fossé la culbute, ma foi!"

"What are you saying to yourself in French, Trilby? Your French is so difficult to understand!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I was thinking it's not so difficult to die, after all! I've seen such lots of people do it. I've nursed them, you know—papa and mamma and Jeannot, and Angèle Boisse's mother-in-law, and a poor casseur de pierres, Colin Maigret, who lived in the Impasse des Taupes St.-Germain. He'd been run over by an omnibus in the Rue Vaugirard, and had to have

"AH, POOR MAMA! SHE WAS EVER SO MUCH PRETTIER THAN THAT!"

both his legs cut off just above the knee. They none of them seemed to mind dying a bit. They weren't a bit afraid! *I'm* not!

"Poor people don't think much of death. Rich people shouldn't either. They should be taught when they're quite young to laugh at it and despise it, like the Chinese. The Chinese die of laughing just as their heads are being cut off, and cheat the executioner! It's all in the day's work, and we're all in the same boat—so who's afraid!"

"Dying is not all, my poor child! Are you prepared to meet your Maker face to face? Have you ever thought about God, and the possible wrath to come if you should die unrepentant?"

"Oh, but I sha'n't! I've been repenting all my life! Besides, there'll be no wrath for any of us—not even the worst! *Il y aura amnistie générale!* Papa told me so, and he'd been a clergyman, like Mr. Thomas Bagot. I often think about God. I'm very fond of Him. One *must* have something perfect to look up to and be fond of—even if it's only an idea!

"Though some people don't even believe He exists! Le père Martin didn't—but, of

course, *he* was only a chiffonnier, and doesn't count.

"One day, though, Durien, the sculptor, who's very clever, and a very good fellow indeed, said:

"'Vois-tu, Trilby—I'm very much afraid He doesn't really exist, le bon Dieu! most unfortunately for *me*, for I *adore* Him! I never do a piece of work without thinking how nice it would be if I could only please *Him* with it!'

"And I've often thought, myself, how heavenly it must be to be able to paint, or sculpt, or make music, or write beautiful poetry, for that very reason!

"Why, once on a very hot afternoon we were sitting, a lot of us, in the court-yard outside la mère Martin's shop, drinking coffee with an old Invalide called Bastide Lendormi, one of the Vieille Garde, who'd only got one leg and one arm and one eye, and everybody was very fond of him. Well, a model called Mimi la Salope came out of the Mont-de-piété opposite, and Père Martin called out to her to come and sit down, and gave her a cup of coffee, and asked her to sing.

"She sang a song of Béranger's, about Napoleon the Great, in which it says:

" 'Parlez-nous de lui, grand'mère!
Grand'mère, parlez-nous de lui!'

I suppose she sang it very well, for it made old Bastide Lendormi cry; and when Père Martin *blagué'd* him about it, he said,

"'C'est égal, voyez-vous! to sing like that is *to pray!*'

"And then I thought how lovely it would be if *I* could only sing like Mimi la Salope, and I've thought so ever since—just to *pray!*"

"*What!* Trilby? if *you* could only sing like— Oh, but never mind, I forgot! Tell me, Trilby—do you ever pray to Him, as other people pray?"

"Pray to Him? Well, no—not often—not in words and on my knees and with my hands together, you know! *Thinking's* praying, very often—don't you think so? And so's being sorry and ashamed when one's done a mean thing, and glad when one's resisted a temptation, and grateful when it's a fine day and one's enjoying one's self without hurting any one else! What is it but praying when you try and bear up after losing all you cared to live for? And very good praying too! There can be prayers without words just as well as songs, I suppose; and Svengali used to say that songs without words are the best!

"And then it seems mean to be always asking for things. Besides, you don't get them any the faster that way, and that shows!

"La mère Martin used to be always praying. And Père Martin used always to laugh at her; yet he always seemed to get the things *he* wanted oftenest!

"*I* prayed once, very hard indeed! I prayed for Jeannot not to die!"

"Well—but how do you *repent*, Trilby, if you do not humble yourself, and pray for forgiveness on your knees?"

"Oh, well—I don't exactly know! Look here, Mrs. Bagot, I'll tell you the lowest and meanest thing I ever did. . . ."

(Mrs. Bagot felt a little nervous.)

"I'd promised to take Jeannot on Palm-Sunday to St.-Philippe du Roule, to hear l'abbé Bergamot. But Durien (that's the sculptor, you know) asked me to go with him to St.-Germain, where there was a fair, or something; and with Mathieu, who was a student in law; and a certain Victorine Letellier, who—who was Mathieu's mistress, in fact. And I went on Sunday morning to tell Jeannot that I couldn't take him.

"He cried so dreadfully that I thought I'd give up the others and take him to St.-Philippe, as I'd promised. But then Durien and Mathieu and Victorine drove up and waited outside, and so I didn't take him, and went with them, and I didn't enjoy anything all day, and was miserable.

"They were in an open carriage with two horses; it was Mathieu's treat; and Jeannot might have ridden on the box by the coachman, without being in anybody's way. But I was afraid they didn't want him, as they didn't say anything, and so I didn't dare ask—and Jeannot saw us drive away, and I *couldn't* look back! And the worst of it is that when we were half-way to St.-Germain, Durien said, 'What a pity you didn't bring Jeannot!' and they were all sorry I hadn't.

"It was six or seven years ago, and I really believe I've thought of it almost every day, and sometimes in the middle of the night!

"Ah! and when Jeannot was dying! and when he was dead—the remembrance of that Palm-Sunday!

"And if *that's* not repenting, I don't know what is!"

"Oh, Trilby, what nonsense! *that's* nothing; good heavens!—putting off a small child! I'm thinking of far worse things—when you were in the quartier latin, you

"TO SING LIKE THAT IS TO PRAY!"

know—sitting to painters and sculptors . . . . Surely, so attractive as you are. . ."

"Oh yes. . . . I know what you mean—it was horrid, and I was frightfully ashamed of myself; and it wasn't amusing a bit; *nothing* was, till I met your son and Taffy and dear Sandy McAllister! But then it wasn't deceiving or disappointing anybody, or hurting their feelings—it was only hurting myself!

"Besides, all that sort of thing, in women, is punished severely enough down here, God knows! unless one's a Russian empress like Catherine the Great, or a grande dame like lots of them, or a great genius like Madame Rachel or George Sand!

"Why, if it hadn't been for that, and sitting for the figure, I should have felt myself good enough to marry your son, *although* I was only a blanchisseuse de fin —you've said so yourself!

"And I should have made him a good wife—of that I feel sure. He wanted to live all his life at Barbizon, and paint, you know; and didn't care for society in the least. Anyhow, I should have been equal to such a life as that! Lots of their wives are blanchisseuses over there, or people of that sort; and they get on very well indeed, and nobody troubles about it!

"So I think I've been pretty well punished—richly as I've deserved to!"

"Trilby, have you ever been confirmed?"

"I forget. I fancy not!"

"Oh dear, oh dear! And do you know about our blessed Saviour, and the Atonement and the Incarnation and the Resurrection. . . ."

"Oh yes—I *used* to, at least. I used to have to learn the Catechism on Sundays—mamma made me. Whatever her faults and mistakes were, poor mamma was always very particular about *that!* It all seemed very complicated. But papa told me not to bother too much about it, but to be good. He said that God would make it all right for us somehow, in the end—all of us. And that seems sensible, *doesn't* it?

"He told me to be good, and not to mind what priests and clergymen tell us. He'd been a clergyman himself, and knew all about it, he said.

"I haven't been very good—there's not much doubt about that, I'm afraid! But God knows I've repented often enough and sore enough; I do now! But I'm rather glad to die, I think; and not a bit afraid—not a scrap! I believe in poor papa, though he *was* so unfortunate! He was the cleverest man I ever knew, and the best—except Taffy and the Laird and your dear son!

"There'll be no hell for any of us—he told me so—except what we make for ourselves and each other down here; and that's bad enough for anything. He told me that *he* was responsible for me—he often said so—and that mamma was too, and his parents for *him*, and his grandfathers and grandmothers for *them*, and so on up to

"THE REMEMBRANCE OF THAT PALM-SUNDAY!"

Noah and ever so far beyond, and God for us all!

"He told me always to think of other people before myself, as Taffy does, and your son; and never to tell lies or be afraid, and keep away from drink, and I should be all right. But I've sometimes been all wrong, all the same; and it wasn't papa's fault, but poor mamma's and mine; and I've known it, and been miserable at the time, and after! and I'm sure to be forgiven—perfectly certain—and so will everybody else, even the wickedest that ever lived! Why, just give them sense enough in the next world to understand all their wickedness in this, and that'll punish them enough for anything, I think! That's simple enough, *isn't* it? Besides, there may be *no* next world—that's on the cards too, you know!—and that will be simpler still!

"Not all the clergymen in all the world, not even the Pope of Rome, will ever make me doubt papa, or believe in any punishment after what we've all got to go through here! *Ce serait trop bête!*

"So that if you don't want me to very much, and he won't think it unkind, I'd rather not talk to Mr. Thomas Bagot about it. I'd rather talk to Taffy if I *must*. He's very clever, Taffy, though he doesn't often say such clever things as your son does, or paint nearly so well; and I'm sure he'll think papa was right."

And as a matter of fact the good Taffy, in his opinion on this solemn subject, was found to be at one with the late Reverend Patrick Michael O'Ferrall—and so was the Laird—and so (to his mother's shocked and pained surprise) was Little Billee.

And so were Sir Oliver Calthorpe and Sir Jacob Wilcox and Doctor Thorne and Sibley and Lorrimer and the Greek!

And so—in after-years, when grief had well pierced and torn and riddled her through and through, and time and age had healed the wounds, and nothing remained but the consciousness of great inward scars of recollection to remind her how deep and jagged and wide the wounds had once been—did Mrs. Bagot herself!

Late on one memorable Saturday afternoon, just as it was getting dusk in Charlotte Street, Trilby, in her pretty blue dressing-gown, lay on the sofa by the fire—her head well propped, her knees drawn up—looking very placid and content.

She had spent the early part of the day dictating her will to the conscientious Taffy.

It was a simple document, although she was not without many valuable trinkets to leave: quite a fortune! Souvenirs from many men and women she had charmed by her singing, from royalties downward.

She had been looking them over with the faithful Marta, to whom she had always thought they belonged. It was explained to her that they were gifts of Svengali's; since she did not remember when and where and by whom they were presented to her, except a few that Svengali had given her himself, with many passionate expressions of his love, which seems to have been deep and constant and sincere; none the less so, perhaps, that she could never return it!

She had left the bulk of these to the faithful Marta.

But to each of the trois Angliches she had bequeathed a beautiful ring, which was to be worn by their brides if they ever married, and the brides didn't object.

To Mrs. Bagot she left a pearl necklace; to Miss Bagot her gold coronet of stars; and pretty (and most costly) gifts to each of the three doctors who had attended her and been so assiduous in their care; and who, as she was told, would make no charge for attending on Madame Svengali. And studs and scarf-pins to Sibley, Lorrimer, the Greek, Dodor, and Zouzou; and to Carnegie a little German-silver vinaigrette which

had once belonged to Lord Witlow; and pretty souvenirs to the Vinards, Angèle Boisse, Durien, and others.

And she left a magnificent gold watch and chain to Gecko, with a most affectionate letter and a hundred pounds—which was all she had in money of her own.

She had taken great interest in discussing with Taffy the particular kind of trinket which would best suit the idiosyncrasy of each particular legatee, and derived great comfort from the business-like and sympathetic conscientiousness with which the good Taffy entered upon all these minutiæ;

She listened to the chat and joined in it, laughing as usual; "love in her eyes sat playing" as she looked from one to another, for she loved them all beyond expression. "Love on her lips was straying, and warbling in her breath," whenever she spoke; and her weakened voice was still larger, fuller, softer than any other voice in the room, in the world—of another kind, from another sphere.

A cart drove up, there was a ring at the door, and presently a wooden packing-case was brought into the room.

At Trilby's request it was opened, and

FOR GECKO

he was so solemn and serious about it, and took such pains. She little guessed how his dumb but deeply feeling heart was harrowed!

This document had been duly signed and witnessed and intrusted to his care; and Trilby lay tranquil and happy, and with a sense that nothing remained for her but to enjoy the fleeting hour, and make the most of each precious moment as it went by.

She was quite without pain of either mind or body, and surrounded by the people she adored—Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee, and Mrs. Bagot, and Marta, who sat knitting in a corner with her black mittens on, and her brass spectacles.

found to contain a large photograph, framed and glazed, of Svengali, in the military uniform of his own Hungarian band, and looking straight out of the picture, straight at you. He was standing by his desk with his left hand turning over a leaf of music, and waving his bâton with his right. It was a splendid photograph, by a Viennese photographer, and a most speaking likeness; and Svengali looked truly fine—all made up of importance and authority, and his big black eyes were full of stern command.

Marta trembled as she looked. It was handed to Trilby, who exclaimed in surprise. She had never seen it. She had no

photograph of him, and had never possessed one.

No message of any kind, no letter of explanation, accompanied this unexpected present, which, from the postmarks on the case, seemed to have traveled all over Europe to London, out of some remote province in eastern Russia—out of the mysterious East! The poisonous East—birth-place and home of an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Trilby laid it against her legs as on a lectern, and lay gazing at it with close attention for a long time, making a casual remark now and then, as, "He was very handsome, I think"; or, "That uniform becomes him very well. Why has he got it on, I wonder?"

The others went on talking, and Mrs. Bagot made coffee.

Presently Mrs. Bagot took a cup of coffee to Trilby, and found her still staring intently at the portrait, but with her eyes dilated, and quite a strange light in them.

"Trilby, Trilby, your coffee! What is the matter, Trilby?"

Trilby was smiling, with fixed eyes, and made no answer.

The others got up and gathered round her in some alarm. Marta seemed terror-stricken, and wished to snatch the photograph away, but was prevented from doing so; one didn't know what the consequences might be.

Taffy rang the bell, and sent a servant for Dr. Thorne, who lived close by, in Fitzroy Square.

Presently Trilby began to speak, quite softly, in French: "Encore une fois? bon! je veux bien! avec la voix blanche alors, n'est-ce pas? et puis foncer au milieu. Et pas trop vite en commençant! Battez bien la mesure, Svengali—que je puisse bien voir—car il fait déjà nuit! c'est ça! Allons, Gecko—donne-moi le ton!"

Then she smiled, and seemed to beat time softly by moving her head a little from side to side, her eyes intent on Svengali's in the portrait, and suddenly she began to sing Chopin's Impromptu in A flat.

She hardly seemed to breathe as the notes came pouring out, without words—mere vocalizing. It was as if breath were unnecessary for so little voice as she was using, though there was enough of it to fill the room—to fill the house—to drown her small audience in holy, heavenly sweetness.

She was a consummate mistress of her art. How that could be seen! And also how splendid had been her training. It all seemed as easy to her as opening and shutting her eyes, and yet how utterly impossible to anybody else!

Between wonder, enchantment, and alarm they were frozen to statues—all except Marta, who ran out of the room, crying: "Gott im Himmel! wieder zurück! wieder zurück!"

She sang it just as she had sung it at the Salle des Bashibazoucks, only it sounded still more ineffably seductive, as she was using less voice—using the essence of her voice, in fact—the pure spirit, the very cream of it.

There can be little doubt that these four watchers by that enchanted couch were listening to not only the most divinely beautiful, but also the most astounding feat of musical utterance ever heard out of a human throat.

The usual effect was produced. Tears were streaming down the cheeks of Mrs. Bagot and Little Billee. Tears were in the Laird's eyes, a tear on one of Taffy's whiskers—tears of sheer delight.

When she came back to the quick movement again, after the adagio, her voice grew louder and shriller, and sweet with a sweetness not of this earth; and went on increasing in volume as she quickened the time nearing the end; and then came the dying away into all but nothing—a mere melodic breath; and then the little soft chromatic ascending rocket, up to E in alt, the last parting caress (which Svengali had introduced as a finale, for it does not exist in the piano score).

When it was over, she said: "Ça y est-il, cette fois, Svengali? Ah! tant mieux, à la fin! c'est pas malheureux! Et maintenant, mon ami, *je suis fatiguée—bon soir!*"

Her head fell back on the pillow, and she lay fast asleep.

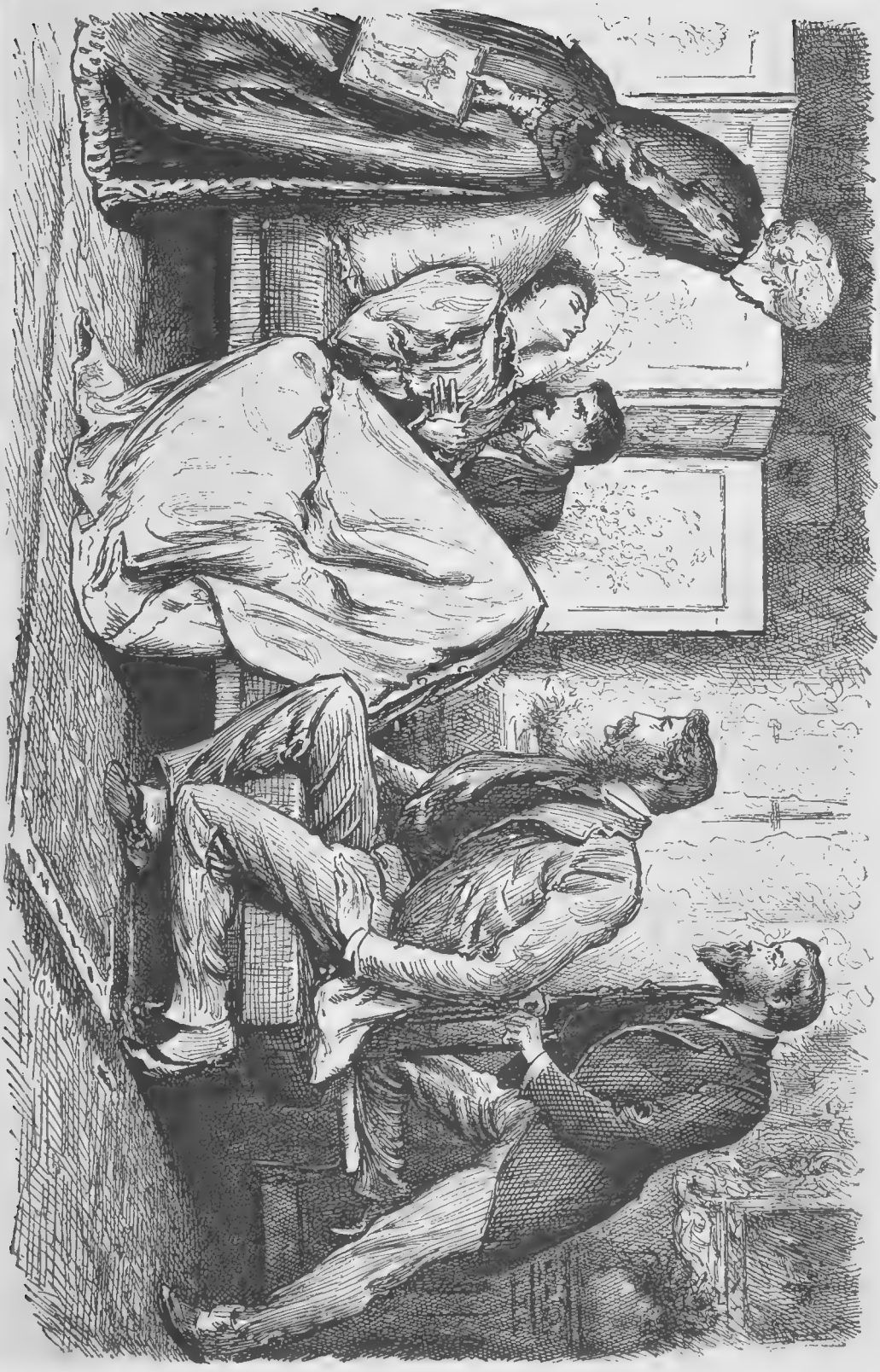
Mrs. Bagot took the portrait away gently. Little Billee knelt down and held Trilby's hand in his and felt for her pulse, and could not find it.

He said, "Trilby! Trilby!" and put his ear to her mouth to hear her breathe. Her breath was inaudible.

But soon she folded her hands across her breast, and uttered a little short sigh, and in a weak voice said: "*Svengali. . . Svengali. . . . Svengali! . . .*"

They remained in silence round her for several minutes, terror-stricken.

The doctor came; he put his hand to her heart, his ear to her lips. He turned up one of her eyelids and looked at her eye. And then, his voice quivering with strong



"TOUT VIENT À POINT, POUR QUI SAIT ATTENDRE!"

emotion, he stood up and said, "Madame Svengali's trials and sufferings are all over!"

"Oh, good God! is she *dead?*" cried Mrs. Bagot.

"Yes, Mrs. Bagot. She has been dead several minutes—perhaps a quarter of an hour."

VINGT ANS APRÈS

PORTHOS-ATHOS, *alias* Taffy Wynne, is sitting to breakfast (opposite his wife) at a little table in the court-yard of that huge caravanserai on the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, where he had sat more than twenty years ago with the Laird and Little Billee; where, in fact, he had pulled Svengali's nose.

Little is changed in the aspect of the place: the same cosmopolite company, with more of the American element, perhaps; the same arrivals and departures in railway omnibuses, cabs, hired carriages; and, to welcome the coming and speed the parting guests, just such another colossal and beautiful old man in velvet and knee-breeches and silk stockings as of yore, with probably the very same gold chain. Where do they breed these magnificent old Frenchmen? In Germany, perhaps, "where all the good big waiters come from!"

And also the same fine weather. It is always fine weather in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel. As the Laird would say, they manage these things better there!

Taffy wears a short beard, which is turning gray. His kind blue eye is no longer choleric, but mild and friendly—as frank as ever; and full of humorous patience. He has grown stouter; he is very big indeed, in all three dimensions, but the symmetry and the gainliness of the athlete belong to him still in movement and repose; and his clothes fit him beautifully, though they are not new, and show careful beating and brushing and ironing, and even a faint suspicion of all but imperceptible fine-drawing here and there.

What a magnificent old man *he* will make some day, should the Grand Hôtel ever run short of them! He looks as if he could be trusted down to the ground—in all things, little or big; as if his word were as good as his bond, and even better; his wink as good as his word, his nod as good as his wink; and, in truth, as he looks, so he is.

The most cynical disbeliever in "the grand old name of gentleman," and its virtues as a noun of definition, would almost be justified in quite dogmatically asserting at sight, and without even being introduced, that, at all events, Taffy is a "gentleman," inside and out, up and down—from the crown of his head (which is

getting rather bald) to the sole of his foot (by no means a small one, or a lightly shod—*ex pede Herculem*)!

Indeed, this is always the first thing people say of Taffy—and the last. It means, perhaps, that he may be a trifle dull. Well, one can't be everything!

Porthos was a trifle dull—and so was Athos, I think; and likewise his son, the faithful Viscount of Bragelonne—*bon chien chasse de race!* And so was Wilfred of Ivanhoe, the disinherited; and Edgar, the Lord of Ravenswood! and so, for that matter, was Colonel Newcome, of immortal memory!

Yet who does not love them—who would not wish to be like them, for better, for worse!

Taffy's wife is unlike Taffy in many ways; but (fortunately for both) very like him in some. She is a little woman, very well shaped, very dark, with black, wavy hair, and very small hands and feet; a very graceful, handsome, and vivacious person; by no means dull; full, indeed, of quick perceptions and intuitions; deeply interested in all that is going on about and around her, and with always lots to say about it, but not too much.

She distinctly belongs to the rare, and ever-blessed, and most precious race of charmers.

She had fallen in love with the stalwart Taffy more than a quarter of a century ago in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, where he and she and her mother had tended the sick couch of Little Billee—but she had never told her love. *Tout vient à point, pour qui sait attendre!*

That is a capital proverb, and sometimes even a true one. Blanche Bagot had found it to be both!

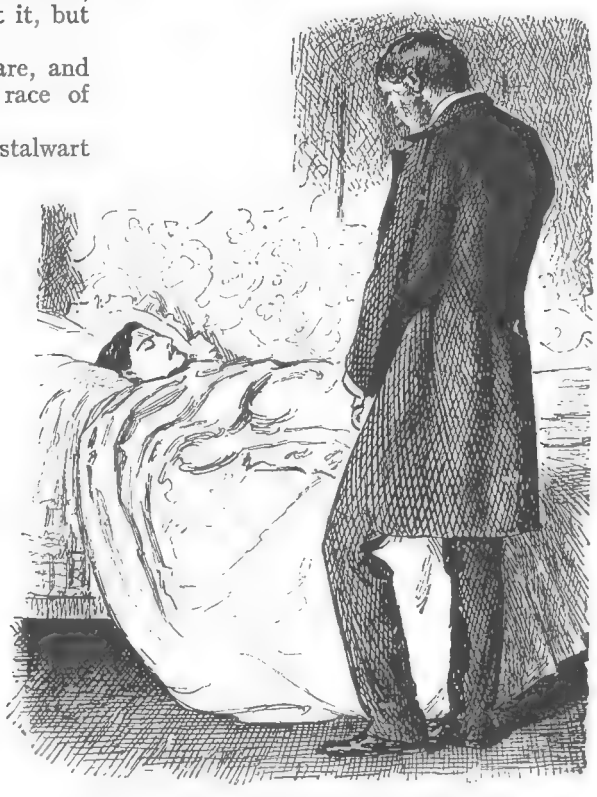
One terrible night, never to be forgotten, Taffy lay fast asleep in bed, at his rooms in Jermyn Street, for he was very tired; grief tires more than anything, and brings a deeper slumber.

That day he had followed Trilby to her last home in Kensal Green, with Little Billee, Mrs. Bagot, the Laird, Sibley, the Greek, and Durien (who had come over from Paris on purpose) as chief mourners; and very many other people, noble, famous, or otherwise, English and foreign; a splendid and most representative gathering, as was duly chronicled in all the newspapers here and abroad; a fitting ceremony to close the brief but splendid career of the greatest pleasure-giver of our time.

He was awakened by a tremendous ringing at the street-door bell, as if the house were on fire; and then there was a hurried scrambling up in the dark, a tumbling over stairs and kicking against banisters, and Little Billee had burst into his room, calling out: "Oh! Taffy, Taffy! I'm g-going mad—I'm g-going m-mad! I'm d-d-done for. . . ."

"All right, old fellow—just wait till I strike a light!"

"Oh, Taffy! I haven't slept for four nights—not a wink! She d-d-died with Sv—Sv—Sv . . . . damn it, I can't get it out! that ruffian's name on her lips! . . . . it was just as if he were calling her from the t-t-tomb! She recovered her senses the very minute she saw his photograph—she was so f-fond of him she f-forgot everybody else! She's gone straight to him, after all—in some other life! . . . . to slave for



ANIMULA, VAGULA, BLANDULA!
HOSPES COMESQUE CORPORIS....
QUAE NUNC ABIBIS IN LOCA?

him, and sing for him, and help him to make better music than ever! Oh, T—T—oh—oh! Taffy—oh! oh! oh! catch hold! c-c-catch . . . ." And Little Billee had all but fallen on the floor in a fit.

And all the old miserable business of five years before had begun over again!

There has been too much sickness in this story, so I will tell as little as possible of poor Little Billee's long illness, his slow and only partial recovery, the paralysis of his powers as a painter, his quick decline, his early death, his manly, calm, and most beautiful surrender—the wedding of the moth with the star, of the night with the morrow!

For all but blameless as his short life had been, and so full of splendid promise and performance, nothing ever became him better than the way he left it. It was as if he were starting on some distant holy quest, like some gallant knight of old—"A Bagot to the Rescue!" It shook the infallibility of a certain vicar down to its very foundations, and made him think more deeply about things than he had ever thought yet. It gave him pause! . . . . and so wrung his heart that when, at the last, he stooped to kiss his poor young dead friend's pure white forehead, he dropped a bigger tear on it than Little Billee (once so given to the dropping of big tears) had ever dropped in his life.

But it is all too sad to write about.

It was by Little Billee's bedside, in Devonshire, that Taffy had grown to love Blanche Bagot, and not very many weeks after it was all over that Taffy had asked her to be his wife; and in a year they were married, and a very happy marriage it turned out—the one thing that poor Mrs. Bagot still looks upon as a compensation for all the griefs and troubles of her life.

During the first year or two Blanche had perhaps been the most ardently loving of this well-assorted pair. That beautiful look of love surprised (which makes all women's eyes look the same) came into hers whenever she looked at Taffy, and filled his heart with tender compunction, and a queer sense of his own unworthiness.

Then a boy was born to them, and that look fell on the boy, and the good Taffy caught it as it passed him by, and he felt a helpless, absurd jealousy, that was none the less painful for being so ridiculous! and then that look fell on another boy, and yet another, so that it was through these boys that she looked at their father. Then *his* eyes caught the look, and kept it for their own use; and he grew never to look at his wife without it; and as no daughter came she retained for life the monopoly of that most sweet and expressive regard.

They are not very rich. He is a far better sportsman than he will ever be a painter; and if he doesn't sell his pictures it is not because they are too good for the public taste: indeed, he has no illusions on that score himself, even if his wife has! He is quite the least conceited art-duffer I ever met—and I have met many far worse duffers than Taffy.

Would only that I might kill off his cousin Sir Oscar, and Sir Oscar's five sons (the Wynnes are good at sons), and his seventeen grandsons, and the fourteen cousins (and their numerous male progeny), that stand between Taffy and the baronetcy, and whatever property goes with it so that he might be Sir Taffy, and dear Blanche Bagot (that was) might be called "my lady"! This Shakespearian holocaust would scarcely cost me a pang!

It is a great temptation, when you have duly slain your first hero, to enrich hero number two beyond the dreams of avarice, and provide him with a title and a castle and park, as well as a handsome wife and a nice family! But truth is inexorable—and, besides, they are just as happy as they are.

They are well off enough, anyhow, to spend a week in Paris at last, and even to stop at the Grand Hôtel! now that two of their sons are at Harrow (where their father was before them), and the third is safe at a preparatory school at Elstree, Herts.

It is their first outing since the honeymoon, and the Laird should have come with them.

But the good Laird of Cockpen (who is now a famous Royal Academician) is preparing for a honeymoon of his own. He has gone to Scotland to be married himself—to wed a fair and clever country-woman of just a suitable age, for he has known her ever since she was a bright little lassie in short frocks, and he a promising A.R.A. (the pride of his native Dundee)—a marriage of reason, and well-seasoned affection, and mutual esteem—and therefore sure to turn out a happy one! and in another fortnight or so the pair of them will very possibly be sitting to breakfast opposite each other at that very corner table in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel! and she will laugh at everything he says—and they will live happily ever after.

"PETITS BONHEURS DE CONTREBANDE"

So much for hero number three—D'Artagnan! Here's to you, Sandy McAllister, canniest, genialest, and most humorous of Scots! most delicate, and dainty, and fanciful of British painters! "I trink your health, mit your family's—may you lif long—and brosper!"

So Taffy and his wife have come for their second honeymoon, their Indian-summer honeymoon, alone; and are well content that it should be so. Two's always company for such a pair—the amusing one and the amusable!—and they are making the most of it!

They have been all over the quartier latin, and revisited the well-remembered spots; and even been allowed to enter the old studio, through the kindness of the concierge (who is no longer Madame Vinard). It is tenanted by two American painters, who are coldly civil on being thus disturbed in the middle of their work.

The studio is very spick and span, and most respectable. Trilby's foot, and the poem, and the sheet of plate-glass have been improved away, and a book-shelf put in their place. The new concierge (who has only been there a year) knows nothing of Trilby; and of the Vinards, only that they are rich and prosperous, and live somewhere in the south of France, and that Monsieur Vinard is mayor of his commune. *Que le bon Dieu les bénisse! c'étaient de bien braves gens.*

Then Mr. and Mrs. Taffy have also been driven (in an open calèche with two horses) through the Bois de Boulogne to St. Cloud; and to Versailles, where they lunched at the Hôtel des Réservoirs—*parlez-moi de ça!* and to St. Germain, and to Meudon (where they lunched at la loge du garde champêtre—a new one); they have visited the Salon, the Louvre, the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, the Gobelins, the Hôtel Cluny, the Invalides, with Napoleon's tomb, and seen half a dozen churches, including Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle; and dined with the Dodors at their charming villa near Asnières, and with the Zouzous at the splendid Hôtel de la Rochemartel, and with the Duriens in the Parc Monceau (Dodor's food was best and Zouzou's worst; and at Durien's the company and talk were so good that one forgot to notice the food—and that was a pity). And the young Dodors are all right—and so are the young Duriens. As for the young Zouzous, there aren't any—and that's a relief.

And they've been to the Variétés and seen Madame Chaumont, and to the Français and seen Sarah Bernhardt and Côquelin and Delaunay, and to the Opéra and heard Monsieur Lassalle.

And to-day being their last day, they are going to laze and flane about the boulevards, and buy things, and lunch anywhere, "sur le pouce," and do the Bois once more and see tout Paris, and dine early at Durand's, or Bignon's (or else the Café des Ambassadeurs), and finish up the well-spent day at the "Mouches d'Espagne"—the new theatre in the Boulevard Poissonnière—to see Madame Cantharidi in "*Petits Bonheurs de Contrebande*," which they are told is immensely droll and quite proper—funny without being vulgar! Dodor was their

informant—he had taken Madame Dodor to see it three or four times.

Madame Cantharidi, as everybody knows, is a very clever but extremely plain old woman with a cracked voice—of spotless reputation, and the irreproachable mother of a grown-up family whom she has brought up in perfection. They have never been allowed to see their mother (and grandmother) act—not even the sons. Their excellent father (who adores both them and her) has drawn the line at that!

In private life she is "quite the lady," but on the stage—well, go and see her, and you will understand how she comes to be the idol of the Parisian public. For she is the true and liberal dispenser to them of that modern "esprit gaulois" which would make the good Rabelais turn uneasily in his grave and blush there like a Benedictine Sister.

And truly she deserves the reverential love and gratitude of her chers Parisiens! She amused them all through the Empire; during the *année terrible* she was their only stay and comfort, and has been their chief delight ever since, and is now.

When they come back from *La Revanche*, may Madame Cantharidi be still at her post, "Les mouches d'Espagne," to welcome the returning heroes, and exult and crow with them in her funny cracked old voice; or, haply, even console them once more, as the case may be.

"Victors or vanquished, they will laugh the same!"

Mrs. Taffy is a poor French scholar. One must know French very well indeed (and many other things besides) to seize the subtle points of Madame Cantharidi's play (and by-play)!

But Madame Cantharidi has so droll a face and voice, and such very droll, odd movements that Mrs. Taffy goes into fits of laughter as soon as the quaint little old lady comes on the stage. So heartily does she laugh that a good Parisian bourgeois turns round and remarks to his wife: "V'là une jolie p'tite Anglaise qui n'est pas bégueule, au moins! Et l' gros bœuf avec les yeux bleus en boules de loto—c'est son mari, sans doute! il n'a pas l'air trop content par exemple, celui-là!"

The fact is that the good Taffy (who knows French very well indeed) is quite scandalized, and very angry with Dodor for sending them there; and as soon as the first act is finished he means, without any fuss, to take his wife away.

As he sits patiently, too indignant to laugh at what is really funny in the piece (much of it is vulgar *without* being funny), he finds himself watching a little white-haired man in the orchestra, a fiddler, the shape of whose back seems somehow familiar, as he plays an *obbligato* accompaniment to a very broadly comic song of Madame Cantharidi's. He plays beautifully—like a master—and the loud applause is as much for him as for the vocalist.

Presently this fiddler turns his head so that his profile can be seen, and Taffy recognizes him.

After five minutes' thought, Taffy takes a leaf out of his pocket-book and writes (in perfectly grammatical French):

"Dear Gecko,—You have not forgotten Taffy Wynne, I hope; and Litrebili, and Litrebili's sister, who is now Mrs. Taffy Wynne. We leave Paris tomorrow, and would like very much to see you once more. Will you, after the play, come and sup with us at the Café Anglais? If so, look up and make 'yes' with the head, and enchant

"Your well-devoted

Taffy Wynne."

He gives this, folded, to an attendant—for "le premier violon—celui qui a des cheveux blancs."

Presently he sees Gecko receive the note and read it and ponder for a while.

Then Gecko looks round the theatre, and Taffy waves his handkerchief and catches the eye of the premier violon, who "makes 'yes' with the head."

And then, the first act over, Mr. and Mrs. Wynne leave the theatre; Mr. explaining why, and Mrs. very ready to go, as she was beginning to feel strangely uncomfortable without quite realizing as yet what was amiss with the lively Madame Cantharidi.

They went to the Café Anglais and bespoke a nice little room on the entresol overlooking the boulevard, and ordered a nice little supper; salmi of something very good, mayonnaise of lobster, and one or two other dishes better still—and chambertin of the best. Taffy was particular about these things on a holiday, and regardless of expense. Porthos was very hospitable, and liked good food and plenty of it; and Athos dearly loved good wine!

And then they went and sat at a little round table outside the western corner café on the boulevard, near the Grand Opéra, where it is always very gay, and studied Paris life, and nursed their appetites till supper-time.

At half-past eleven Gecko made his appearance—very meek and humble. He

ENTER GECKO

looked old—ten years older than he really was—much bowed down, and as if he had roughed it all his life, and had found living a desperate long, hard grind.

He kissed Mrs. Taffy's hand, and seemed half inclined to kiss Taffy's too, and was almost tearful in his pleasure at meeting them again, and his gratitude at being asked to sup with them. He had soft, clinging, caressing manners, like a nice dog's that made you his friend at once. He was obviously genuine and sincere, and quite pathetically simple, as he always had been.

At first he could scarcely eat for nervous excitement; but Taffy's fine example and Mrs. Taffy's genial, easy-going cordiality (and a couple of glasses of chambertin) soon put him at his ease and woke up his dormant appetite; which was a very large one, poor fellow!

He was told all about Little Billee's death, and deeply moved to hear the cause which had brought it about, and then they talked of Trilby.

He pulled her watch out of his waistcoat-pocket and reverently kissed it, exclaiming: "Ah! c'était un ange! un ange du Paradis! when I tell you I lived with them for five years! Oh! her kindness, Dio, dio Maria! It was 'Gecko this!' and 'Gecko that!' and 'Poor Gecko, your toothache, how it worries me!' and 'Gecko, how tired and pale you look—you distress me so, looking like that! Shall I mix you a Maitrank?' And 'Gecko, you love artichokes à la Barigoule; they remind you of Paris—I have heard you say so. Well, I have found out where to get artichokes, and I know how to do them à la Barigoule, and you shall have them for dinner to-day and to-morrow and all the week after!' and we did!

"Ach! dear kind one—what did I really care for artichokes à la Barigoule?. . . .

"And it was always like that—always—and to Svengali and old Marta just the same! and she was never well—never! toujours souffrante!

"And it was she who supported us all—in luxury and splendour sometimes!"

"And *what* an artist!" said Taffy.

"Ah, yes! but all that was Svengali, you know. Svengali was the greatest artist I ever met! Monsieur, Svengali was a demon, a magician! I used to think him a god! He found me playing in the streets

for copper coins, and took me by the hand, and was my only friend, and taught me all I ever knew—and yet he could not play my instrument!

"And now he is dead, I have forgotten how to play it myself! That English jail! it demoralized me, ruined me forever! ach! quel enfer, nom de Dieu (pardon, madame)! I am just good enough to play the *obbligato* at the Mouches d'Espagne, when the old Cantharidi sings,

> " 'V'là mon mari qui r'garde!
> Prends garde—ne m'chatouille plus!'

"It does not want much of an *obbligato*, hein, a song so noble and so beautiful as that!

"And that song, monsieur, all Paris is singing it now. And that is the Paris that went mad when Trilby sang the 'Nussbaum' of Schumann at the Salle des Bashibazoucks. You heard her? Well!"

And here poor Gecko tried to laugh a little sardonic laugh in falsetto, like Svengali's, full of scorn and bitterness—and very nearly succeeded.

"But what made you strike him with—with that knife, you know?"

"Ah, monsieur, it had been coming on for a long time. He used to work Trilby too hard; it was killing her—it killed her at last! And then at the end he was unkind to her and scolded her and called her names—horrid names—and then one day in London he struck her. He struck her on the fingers with his bâton, and she fell down on her knees and cried . . . .

"Monsieur, I would have defended Trilby against a locomotive going grande vitesse! against my own father—against the Emperor of Austria—against the Pope! and I am a good Catholic, monsieur! I would have gone to the scaffold for her, and to the devil after!"

And he piously crossed himself.

"But, Svengali—wasn't *he* very fond of her?"

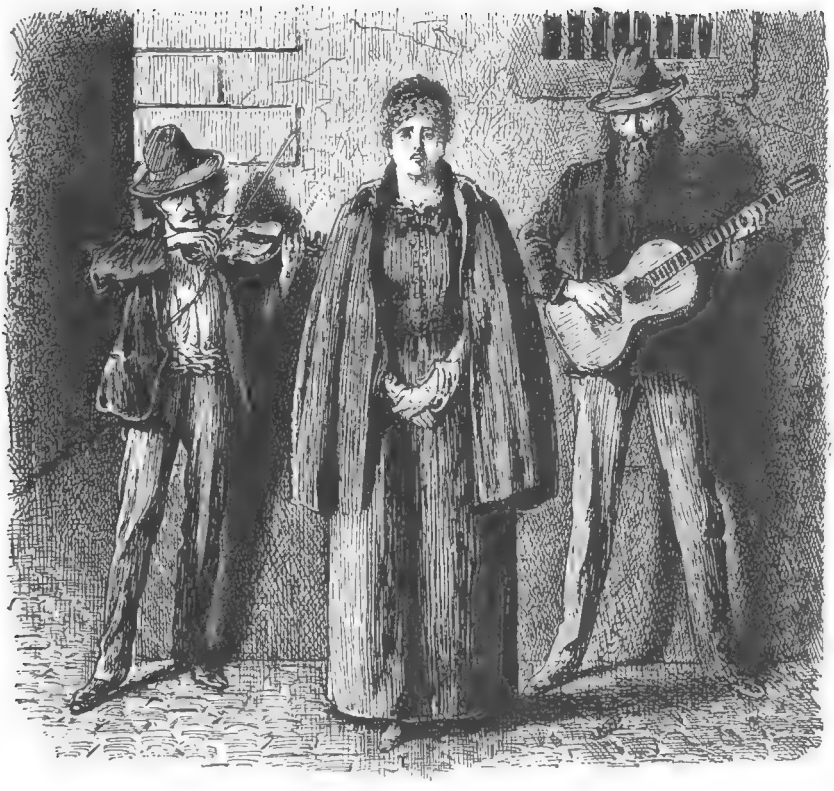
"Oh yes, monsieur! quant à ça, passionately! But she did not love him as he wished to be loved. She loved Litrebili, monsieur! Litrebili, the brother of madame. And I suppose that Svengali grew angry and jealous at last. He changed as soon as he came to Paris. Perhaps Paris reminded him of Litrebili—and reminded Trilby, too!"

"But how on earth did Svengali ever manage to teach her how to sing like that? She had no ear for music whatever when *we* knew her!"

Gecko was silent for a while, and Taffy filled his glass, and gave him a cigar, and lit one himself.

"Monsieur, no—that is true. She had not much ear. But she had such a voice as had never been heard. Svengali knew

"WE TOOK HER VOICE NOTE BY NOTE"



A NIGHTINGALE'S FIRST NIGHT

that. He had found it out long ago. Litolff had found it out, too. One day Svengali heard Litolff tell Meyerbeer that the most beautiful female voice in Europe belonged to an English grisette who sat as a model to sculptors in the quartier latin, but that unfortunately she was quite tone-deaf, and couldn't sing one single note in tune. Imagine how Svengali chuckled! I see it from here!

"Well, we both taught her together—for three years—morning, noon, and night—six—eight hours a day. It used to split me the heart to see her worked like that! We took her voice note by note—there was no end to her notes, each more beautiful than the other—velvet and gold, beautiful flowers, pearls, diamonds, rubies—drops of dew and honey; peaches, oranges, and lemons! en veux-tu en voilà!—all the perfumes and spices of the Garden of Eden! Svengali with his little flexible flageolet, I with my violin—that is how we taught her to make the sounds—and then how to use them. She was a phénomène, monsieur! She could keep on one note and make it go through all the colours in the rainbow—according to the way Svengali looked at her. It would make you laugh—it would make you cry—but, cry or laugh, it was the sweetest, the most touching, the most beautiful note you ever heard—except all her others! and each had as many overtones as the bells in the Carillon de Notre Dame. She could run up and down the scales, chromatic scales, quicker and better and smoother than Svengali on the piano, and more in tune than any piano! and her shake—ach! twin stars, monsieur! She was the greatest contralto, the greatest soprano the world has ever known! the like of her has never been! the like of her will never be again! and yet she only sang in public for two years!

"Ach! those breaks and runs and sudden leaps from darkness into light and back again—from earth to heaven! . . . those slurs and swoops and slides à la Paganini from one note to another, like a swallow flying! . . . or a gull! Do you remember them? how they drove you mad? Let any other singer in the world try to imitate them—they would make you sick! That was Svengali . . . he was a magician!

"And how she looked, singing! do you remember? her hands behind her—her

dear, sweet, slender foot on a little stool —her thick hair lying down all along her back! And that good smile like the Madonna's, so soft and bright and kind! *Ach! Bel ucel di Dio!* it was to make you weep for love, merely to see her (*c'était à vous faire pleurer d'amour, rien que de la voir*)! That was Trilby! Nightingale and bird-of-paradise in one!

"Enfin she could do anything—utter any sound she liked, when once Svengali had shown her how—and he was the greatest master that ever lived! and when once she knew a thing, she knew it. *Et voilà!*"

"How strange," said Taffy, "that she should have suddenly gone out of her senses that night at Drury Lane, and so completely forgotten it all! I suppose she saw Svengali die in the box opposite, and that drove her mad!"

. And then Taffy told the little fiddler about Trilby's death-song, like a swan's, and Svengali's photograph. But Gecko had heard it all from Marta, who was now dead.

Gecko sat and smoked and pondered for a while, and looked from one to the other. Then he pulled himself together with an effort, so to speak, and said, "Monsieur, she never went mad—not for one moment!"

"What? Do you mean to say she *deceived* us all?"

"Non, monsieur! She could never deceive anybody, and never would. *She had forgotten—voilà tout!*"

"But hang it all, my friend, one doesn't *forget* such a—"

"Monsieur, listen! She is dead. And Svengali is dead—and Marta also. And I have a good little malady that will kill me soon, *Gott sei dank*—and without much pain.

"I will tell you a secret.

"*There were two Trilbys.* There was the Trilby you knew, who could not sing one single note in tune. She was an angel of paradise. She is now! But she had no more idea of singing than I have of winning a steeple-chase at the croix de Berny. She could no more sing than a fiddle can play itself! She could never tell one tune from another—one note from the next. Do you remember how she tried to sing 'Ben Bolt' that day when she first came to the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts? It was droll, *hein? à se boucher les oreilles!* Well, that was Trilby, your Trilby, that was my Trilby too—and I loved her as one loves an only love, an only sister, an only child—a gentle martyr on earth, a blessed saint in heaven! And that Trilby was enough for *me!*

"And that was the Trilby that loved your brother, madame—oh! but with all the love that was in her! He did not know what he had lost, your brother! Her love, it was immense, like her voice, and just as full of celestial sweetness and sympathy! She told me everything! *ce pauvre Litrebili, ce qu'il a perdu!*

"But all at once—pr-r-out! presto! augenblick! . . . with one wave of his hand over her—with one look of his eye—with a word—Svengali could turn her into the other Trilby, *his* Trilby—and make her do whatever he liked . . . you might have run a red-hot needle into her and she would not have felt it. . . .

"He had but to say 'Dors!' and she suddenly became an unconscious Trilby of marble, who could produce wonderful sounds—just the sounds he wanted, and nothing else—and think his thoughts and wish his wishes—and love him at his bidding with a strange unreal factitious love . . . just his own love for himself turned inside out—*à l'envers*—and reflected back on him, as from a mirror . . . *un écho, un simulacre, quoi! pas autre chose!* . . . It was not worth having! I was not even jealous!

"Well, that was the Trilby he taught how to sing—and—and I helped him, God of heaven forgive me! That Trilby was just a singing-machine—an organ to play upon—an instrument of music—a Stradivarius—a flexible flageolet of flesh and blood—a voice, and nothing more—just the unconscious voice that Svengali sang with—for it takes two to sing like la Svengali, monsieur—the one who has got the voice, and the one who knows what to do with it. . . . So that when you heard her sing the 'Nussbaum,' the 'Impromptu,' you heard Svengali singing with her voice, just as you hear Joachim play a chaconne of Bach with his fiddle! . . . Herr Joachim's fiddle . . . what does it know of Sebastian Bach? and as for chaconnes . . . *il s'en moque pas mal, ce fameux violon!* . . .

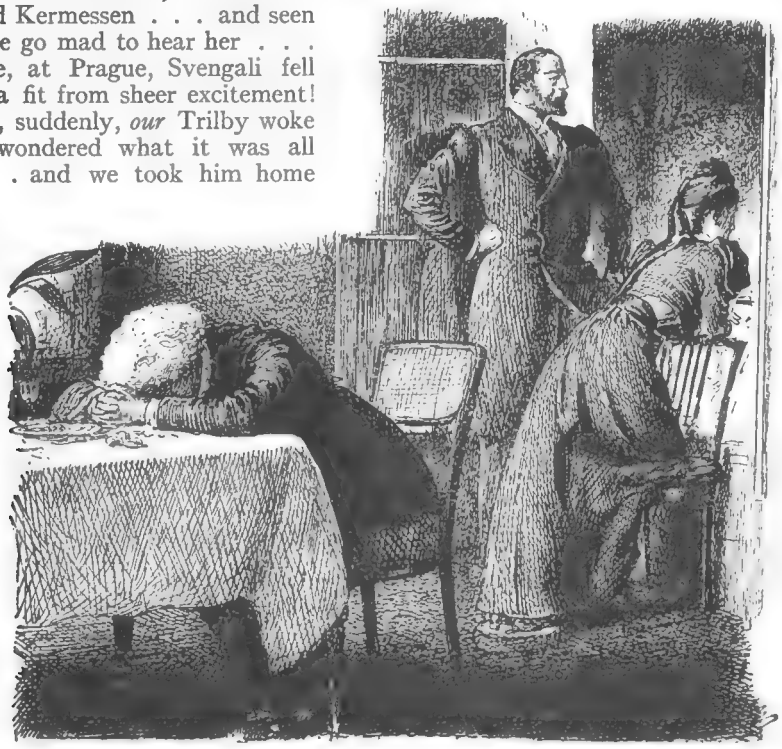
"And *our* Trilby . . . what did she know of Schumann, Chopin?—nothing at all! She mocked herself not badly of Nussbaums and impromptus . . . they would make her yawn to demantibulate her jaws! . . . When Svengali's Trilby was being taught to sing . . . when Svengali's Trilby was singing—or seemed to *you* as if she were singing—*our* Trilby had ceased to

exist . . . *our* Trilby was fast asleep . . . in fact, *our* Trilby was *dead*. . . .

"Ah, monsieur . . . that Trilby of Svengali's! I have heard her sing to kings and queens in royal palaces! . . . as no woman has ever sung before or since. . . . I have seen emperors and grand-dukes kiss her hand, monsieur—and their wives and daughters kiss her lips, and weep. . . .

"I have seen the horses taken out of her sledge and the pick of the nobility drag her home to the hotel . . . with torchlights and choruses and shoutings of glory and long life to her! . . . and serenades all night, under her window! . . . *she* never knew! she heard nothing—felt nothing—saw nothing! and she bowed to them, right and left, like a queen!

"I have played the fiddle for her while she sang in the streets, at fairs and festas and Kermessen . . . and seen the people go mad to hear her . . . and once, at Prague, Svengali fell down in a fit from sheer excitement! and then, suddenly, *our* Trilby woke up and wondered what it was all about . . . and we took him home



"ICH HABE GELIEBT UND GELEBET!"

and put him to bed and left him with Marta—and Trilby and I went together arm in arm all over the town to fetch a doctor and buy things for supper—and that was the happiest hour in all my life!

"Ach! what an existence! what travels! what triumphs! what adventures! Things to fill a book—a dozen books— Those five happy years—with those two Trilbys! what recollections! . . . I think of nothing else, night or day . . . even as I play the fiddle for old Cantharidi. Ach! . . . To think how often I have played the fiddle for la Svengali . . . to have done that is to have lived . . . and then to come home to Trilby . . . *our* Trilby . . . the *real* Trilby! . . . Got sei dank! Ich habe *geliebt und gelebet! geliebt und gelebet! geliebt und gelebet!* Cristo di Dio . . . Sweet sister in heaven . . . O Dieu de Misère, ayez pitié de nous. . . ."

His eyes were red, and his voice was high and shrill and tremulous and full of tears; these remembrances were too much for him; and perhaps also the chambertin! He put his elbows on the table and hid his face in his hands and wept, muttering to himself in his own language (whatever that might have been—Polish, probably) as if he were praying.

Taffy and his wife got up and leaned on the window-bar and looked out on the deserted boulevards, where an army of scavengers, noiseless and taciturn, was cleansing the asphalt roadway. The night above was dark, but "star-dials hinted of

morn," and a fresh breeze had sprung up, making the leaves dance and rustle on the sycamore-trees along the Boulevard—a nice little breeze; just the sort of little breeze to do Paris good. A four-wheel cab came by at a foot pace, the driver humming a tune; Taffy hailed him; he said, "V'là, m'sieur!" and drew up.

Taffy rang the bell, and asked for the bill, and paid it. Gecko had apparently fallen asleep. Taffy gently woke him up, and told him how late it was. The poor little man seemed dazed and rather tipsy, and looked older than ever; sixty, seventy—any age you like. Taffy helped him on with his great-coat, and, taking him by the arm, led him down-stairs, giving him his card, and telling him how glad he was to have seen him, and that he would write to him from England—a promise which was kept, one may be sure.

Gecko uncovered his fuzzy white head, and took Mrs. Taffy's hand and kissed it, and thanked her warmly for her "si bon et sympathique accueil."

Then Taffy all but lifted him into the cab, the jolly cabman saying:

"Ah! bon—connais bien, celui là; vous savez—c'est lui qui joue du violon aux Mouches d'Espagne! Il a soupé, l'bourgeois; n'est-ce pas, m'sieur? 'petits bonheurs de contrebande,' hein? . . . ayez pas peur! on vous aura soin de lui! il joue joliment bien, m'sieur; n'est-ce pas?"

Taffy shook Gecko's hand, and asked,

"Où restez-vous, Gecko?"

"Quarante-huit, Rue des Pousse-cailloux, au cinquième."

"How strange!" said Taffy to his wife—"how touching! why, that's where Trilby used to live—the very number! the very floor!"

"Oui, oui," said Gecko, waking up; "c'est l'ancienne mansarde à Trilby—j'y suis depuis douze ans—*j'y suis, j'y reste.* . . ."

And he laughed feebly at his mild little joke.

Taffy told the address to the cabman, and gave him five francs.

"Merci, m'sieur! C'est de l'aut' côté de l'eau—près de la Sorbonne, s'pas? On vous aura soin du bourgeois; soyez tranquille—ayez pas peur! quarante-huit; on y va! Bonsoir, monsieur et dame!" And he clacked his whip and rattled away, singing:

"V'la mon mari qui r'garde—
Prends garde!
Ne m'chatouill' plus!"

Mr. and Mrs. Wynne walked back to the hotel, which was not far. She hung on to his big arm and crept close to him, and shivered a little. It was quite chilly. Their footsteps were very audible in the stillness; "pit-pat, flopety-clop," otherwise they were both silent. They were tired, yawny, sleepy, and very sad; and each was thinking (and knew the other was thinking) that a week in Paris was just enough—and how nice it would be, in just a few hours more, to hear the rooks cawing round their own quiet little English country home—where three jolly boys would soon be coming for the holidays.

And there we will leave them to their useful, hum-drum, happy domestic existence—than which there is no better that I know of, at their time of life—and no better time of life than theirs!

"Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?"

That blessed harbour of refuge well within our reach, and having really cut our wisdom teeth at last, and learned the ropes, and left off hankering after the moon—we can do with so little down here. . . .

A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so, good-day!

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so—good-bye!

"Most Sublime of All Earthly Scenes"

Grand Canyon National Park

So world travelers say of this colossal chasm, more than a mile deep, more than two hundred miles long, and twelve miles wide, filled with magnificent rock temples aflame with changing colors. See it this summer from the loftier North Rim, reached through the enchanting Kaibab National Forest with its thousands of deer, by a 5-day, all-expense Union Pacific motor bus tour that also includes

Zion National Park
Bryce Canyon Cedar Breaks
Kaibab Forest Prismatic Plains

Easy to reach. Low summer fares. Through Pullmans to Cedar City, Utah, the gateway. Escorted tours. Comfortable lodges. A wonderful vacation itself or a memorable side trip en route to Yellowstone or the Pacific Coast. Season June 1 to October 1.

The Zion-Grand Canyon Red Book tells all. Ask for it.

Address nearest representative or General Passenger Agent, Dept. 124, at Omaha, Neb. : Salt Lake City, Utah : Portland, Ore. : Los Angeles, Calif.

UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

H A V E A

To you— experienced smokers

C A M E L

EXPERIENCED smokers, your patronage has put Camel first among cigarettes.

You know good tobaccos. From their taste and fragrance, you know that Camels are rolled of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown.

Your preference proves it. You've paid every price and tried every brand, and you will smoke only Camels. Camel popularity — your vote — shows that Camel is totally unlike any other cigarette that ever was made.

You are also steady smokers, and you have paid Camel the highest compliment: "No matter how liberally we smoke them, Camels never tire the taste. They never leave a cigaretty after-taste."

Experienced smokers, it is your patronage that enables us to produce the best. We spare no expense, we buy the best of everything for Camels because we dare look forward to your appreciation. And you give it beyond all bounds!

There's only one thing more we could ask. Pass the good news to inexperienced smokers. Help them shorten the search for tobacco enjoyment. Extend them the most friendly—because the most helpful — smoke invitation ever spoken —

"Have a Camel!"

© 1927

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

South America - - Africa Cruise

SAILING FROM NEW YORK, JANUARY 24*th*

In 104 days—*the contrasts of the world*

CANADIAN Pacific presents the Cruise of Contrasts: West Indies, South America, Africa, and the Mediterranean.

You sail from New York one January day—straight to the summer side of the globe. Jamaica and Trinidad, gems of the West Indies. Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, dazzling Parisian capitals of flourishing Latin republics. Across to Capetown, "Land's End" of Africa. Up to Kimberley's diamond mines. Durban, with the color of India, the barbaric color of Zululand, and the order of England. Over the South African veldt, where primitive blacks live in kraals and herds of giraffe, zebra, antelope roam the spaces. Up the East Coast, where Hindus deal in slave bracelets, Mohammedans parade in burnouses, and Kaffirs dance in beads. Finally, into Egypt and the Mediterranean, oldest of cultures.

Five years ago, this trip was the adventurer's favorite feat. Today, it is the traveller's newest pleasure. Five years ago, it meant six months away from everything. Today, it means one hundred and four days away from nothing. In each of twenty ports, they know Canadian Pacific; they honor its guests; they give their best. In each of sixteen countries, your Canadian Pacific staff knows the way; it commands Canadian Pacific service; it carries out Canadian Pacific arrangements. Such is the power of the world's greatest travel system.

Surely this cruise should be investigated. Early reservations are advised. Fares surprisingly low. Personal service.

Descriptive literature and plan of ship from your local agent or any Canadian Pacific District Office:

Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco, St. Louis, Seattle, Tacoma, Washington.

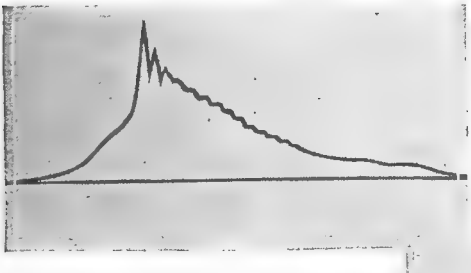
In Canada: Montreal, Ottawa, Vancouver, Toronto, Winnipeg.

Canadian Pacific Express Travellers Cheques Good the World Over

CANADIAN PACIFIC

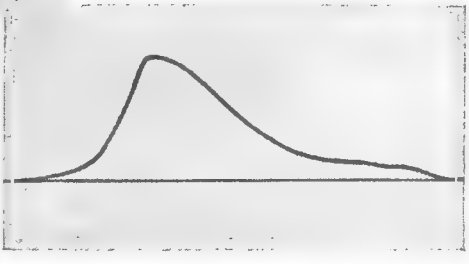
·WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM·

The first picture of that "knock"



This is the "knock" in your motor

This shows photographically what occurs in the engine cylinder as carbon forms, when regular gasoline is used. The increased heat and pressure created by the carbon cause the gasoline to explode too quickly, with the result that there is an accumulation of high pressure waves which strike against the cylinder walls so violently as to produce an audible metallic sound. The bumps in the line are that "knock."



This is how "ETHYL" knocks it out

And this shows photographically what goes on in the same cylinder under the same conditions when regular gasoline is treated with "ETHYL" fluid. Note the absence of "knock-bumps"; the evenness of the pressure changes. The "ETHYL" fluid has neutralized the heating qualities of the carbon deposits and by maintaining the normal combustion rate of gasoline has turned the increased pressure due to carbon into increased power.

HESE PHOTOGRAPHS were made possible by a special instrument invented by General otors Research Laboratories to d out what goes on in an autoobile engine's cylinder when knocking" occurs.

That invention led to the discovery at what you may call an "engine ock" or a "spark knock" is in ality a *fuel knock*. It is due to the idency of a regular gasoline to plode too quickly as carbon forms d increases temperature and comession (pressure).

Having determined the character "knocking," General Motors veloped "ETHYL" fluid, a patted chemical compound which ien added in very small quantities to regular gasoline forms Ethyl Gasoline, the most effective "anti-knock" fuel yet known.

Ethyl Gasoline transforms carbon deposits from a liability into an asset. It produces more power on hills and heavy roads. It gives a faster "pick-up," reduces gear-shifting, lessens vibration and engine wear and tear; and saves the trouble and expense of carbon removal.

Ethyl Gasoline has increased the motoring satisfaction of hundreds of thousands of car drivers. It is destined to play a still more important part in the automobile history of the future. TRY IT.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway New York

ETHYL GASOLINE is now generally available throughout the United States and Canada through the following oil companies, licensed to mix "ETHYL" fluid with gasoline. The "ETHYL" trademark on the pump is your protection.

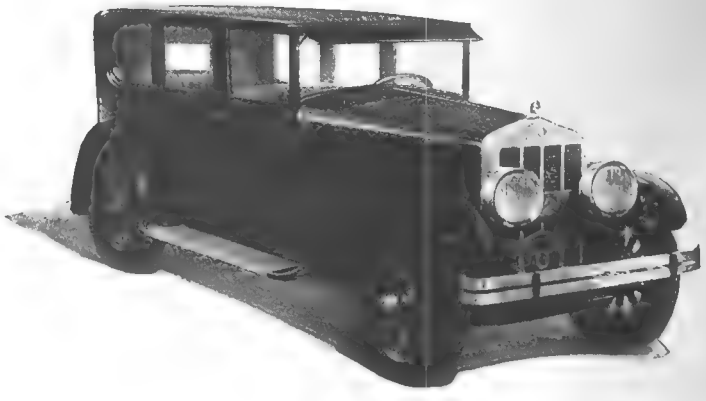
Associated Oil Company · Atlantic Refining Co. · Beacon Oil Company · Continental Oil Company · Humble Oil & Refining Co. · Imperial Oil Limited (Canada) · Pennzoil Company · Refiners Oil Company · Spears & Riddle Co. · Spokane Oil & Refining Co. · Standard Oil Company (Indiana) · Standard Oil Company (Kentucky) · Standard Oil Company of Louisiana · Standard Oil Co. (Neb.) · Standard Oil Company (N. J.) · Sterling Oil Company · Union Oil Company of California · Walburn Petroleum Co. · Waverly Oil Works

ETHYL GASOLINE

ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
Knocks out that "knock"

THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY FRANKLIN

The roomiest and finest five-passenger body built



NEW POWER

DISTINGUISHED BY ITS INCOMPARABLE SMOOTHNESS

That is what has made the 25th Anniversary Franklin outstandingly great and increasingly popular. Merely matching present standards of power and speed has never been difficult, but accomplishing this along with perfect smoothness has attracted instant and widespread attention; has set a new engineering mark for the year.

Franklin smoothness is the more remarkable because it is as lasting as the car itself. And it remains unchanged at all speeds—as free from vibration or sound at 50 and up as at 20.

This triple advance—new power, speed and smoothness—throws new light on a car long recognized as the best-built car in America. And puts new pleasure in its ownership.

The new power for traffic or open road gives zest to driving . . . the new speed cuts down traveling time . . . the new smoothness insures greater comfort and restfulness. The sum of fine car qualities reaches its highest perfection in this great Franklin. Seven body types, all fully equipped, F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y. Coupé $2490. Sedan $2790.

FRANKLIN

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at waist height or eye level—an exclusive feature.

A click of the switch on your Kodascope projector, and the picture you've made is on your screen.

You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at eye level or waist height—an exclusive feature.

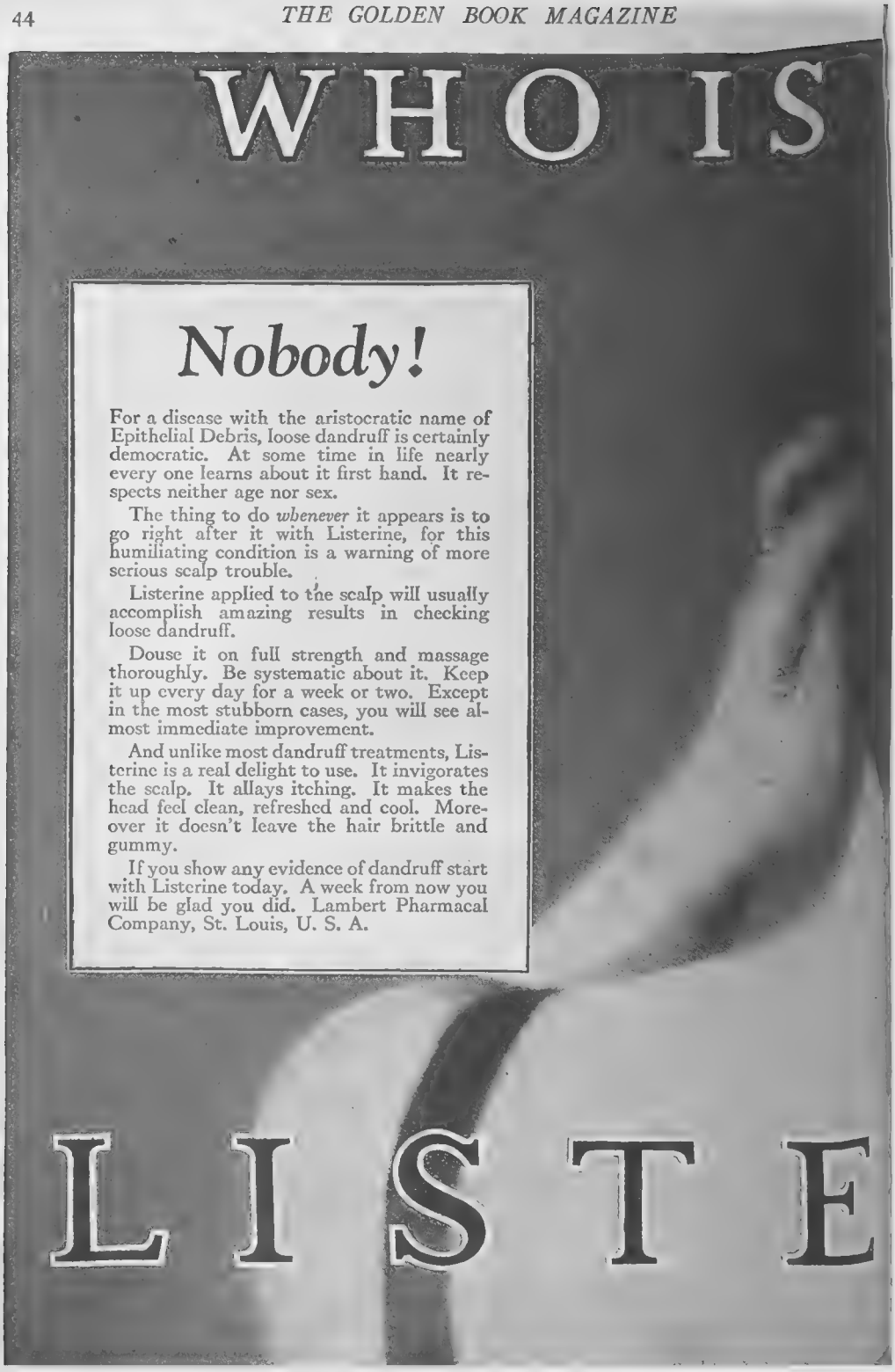
Ciné-Kodak

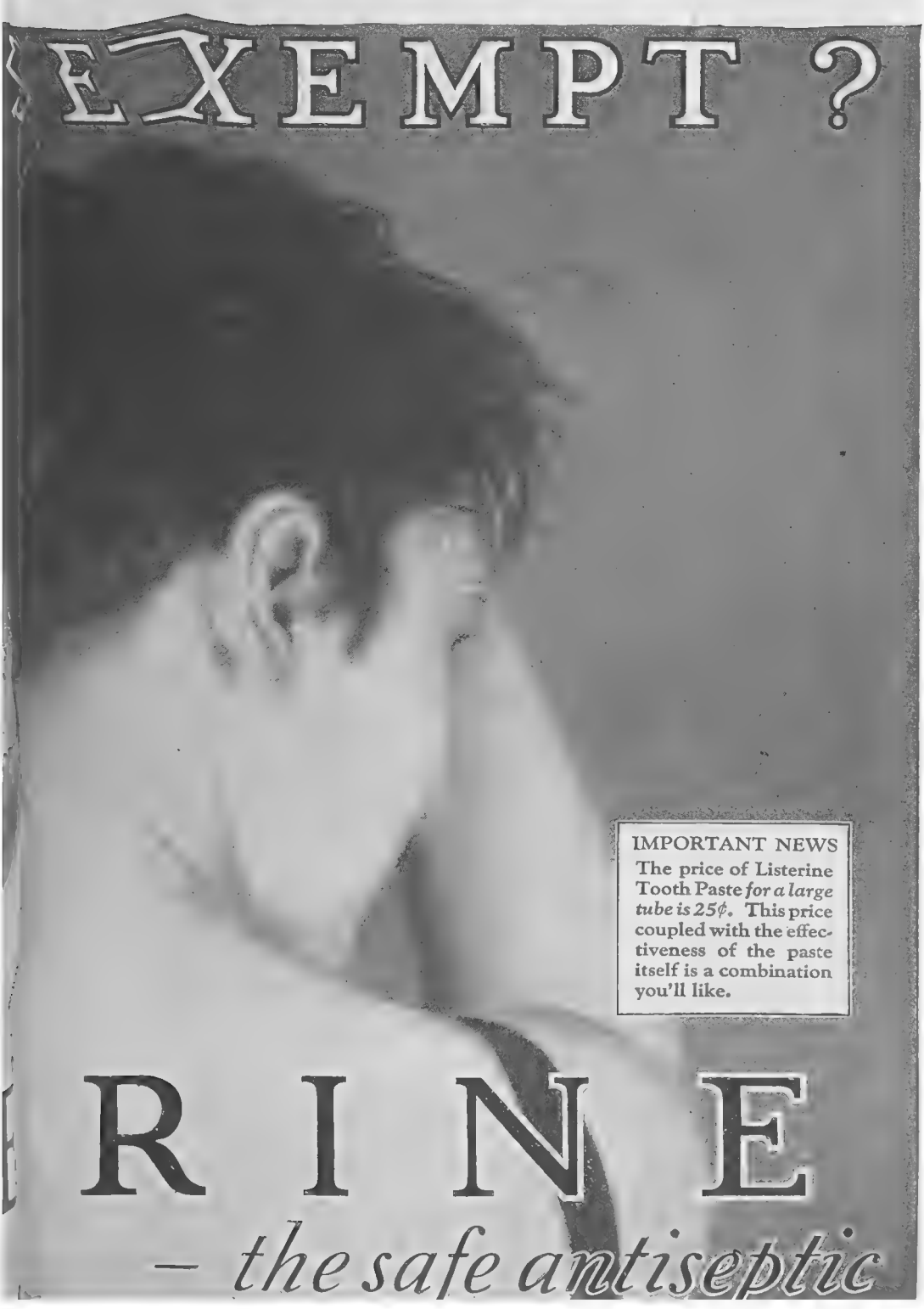
All the joy of picture making—plus the thrill of action. It is thus that Ciné-Kodak synchronizes with the times. It presents *life*, as it is—changeful, vibrant, full of motion and of emotion.

You press the button.. we do the rest

Complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak B for picture taking, Kodascope C for projecting, and Screen, $140. The price of Ciné-Kodak film, amateur standard (16 mm.), in the yellow box, includes finishing. Write for booklet "Motion Pictures the Kodak Way."

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*


WHO IS
Nobody!
For a disease with the aristocratic name of Epithelial Debris, loose dandruff is certainly democratic. At some time in life nearly every one learns about it first hand. It respects neither age nor sex.
The thing to do *whenever* it appears is to go right after it with Listerine, for this humiliating condition is a warning of more serious scalp trouble.
Listerine applied to the scalp will usually accomplish amazing results in checking loose dandruff.
Douse it on full strength and massage thoroughly. Be systematic about it. Keep it up every day for a week or two. Except in the most stubborn cases, you will see almost immediate improvement.
And unlike most dandruff treatments, Listerine is a real delight to use. It invigorates the scalp. It allays itching. It makes the head feel clean, refreshed and cool. Moreover it doesn't leave the hair brittle and gummy.
If you show any evidence of dandruff start with Listerine today. A week from now you will be glad you did. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.
LISTE


EXEMPT ?
IMPORTANT NEWS
The price of Listerine Tooth Paste *for a large tube is 25¢.* This price coupled with the effectiveness of the paste itself is a combination you'll like.
RINE
— *the safe antiseptic*

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential, and are answered in full by mail. Address: Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

Contains announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading, and none of questionable character is accepted. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Adventures in Investing

Some Actual Experiences in the Difficult Art of Making Money Work Adequately Yet Safely

[To Readers: *We shall be glad to publish (and pay for at regular rates) any interesting narratives of actual adventures in investing. Names of people may be fictitious, but the facts must be exact. Tell the precise securities bought, what was paid for them, the reasons which decided you to make the purchase,—and what happened. Mistakes are often as illuminating as successes. Address* Editor, "The Golden Book."]

Sinking $125,000 After a Sunken $6,000,000

"Never again!" So declares one of the financial sponsors of a recent unsuccessful expedition, led by divers, to salvage $6,000,000 in gold and silver bullion, resting in the strong-room of a ship on the bottom of the Atlantic, a hundred miles from land. And then he told his story.

Led by love of adventure and the lure of lost treasure, a group of young New York society sportsmen organized a syndicate. X, the author of the "Never again" declaration, was approached. Meetings were held, at which the blueprints of the ship were studied and plans put forth for salvaging the gold.

Enthusiasm ran high (for the fact of the lost vessel, and its approximate position, seemed beyond question), and X subscribed to the "flyer." Should the expedition prove successful, the returns would be great—4,000 per cent.; if not, nothing. But there were the vicarious thrills of treasure hunting as adventurous as the exploits of Captain Kidd—with modern deep-sea diving equipment and compressed-air tanks cluttering the decks in place of cutlasses, cannon and kegs of rum—and they offered some novelty in these prosaic times.

At dawn of an early summer's day, two rusty trawlers of ancient vintage steamed down the East River, passed under the Brooklyn Bridge and nosed their way through the myriad ships of New York Bay. They were manned by picked crews, including expert divers, and carried salvage equipment and a store of food supplies to serve some time.

The next day they were in the vicinity where the treasure ship was known to have gone down. With pennant-decked buoys, an area of twenty-five square miles was marked off. Then, for a week, with a mile-long cable between them sweeping the ocean floor, the two craft moved slowly up and down this section. Nothing was found.

Moving north, another area was swept with the same result. But in the third ocean checkerboard space, the cable drag got a hang. Success appeared about to crown the efforts of the treasure-hunters.

Three days later the divers made their initial descent. At a depth of 210 feet, lying on her starboard beam, banked on one side with fifteen feet of sand, lay the gold ship—goal of the treasure-hunters.

Back in New York the radio dispatch announcing the find brought joy to the financial sponsors. Newspapers

(*Continued on page 48*)

—for adequate security

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

You may be sure that the security back of every National City bond in your strong box is a known quantity, having been carefully measured by an organization with world-wide fact-gathering facilities, and 115 years of financial experience. Each issue appearing on our investment lists has passed rigid tests and is recommended as a good investment in its class. Our May circular furnishes a well diversified selection—it will be sent upon request.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES · INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES · INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS

American Industry always a borrower

By buying the bonds of sound American corporations, you aid business expansion and national prosperity. At the same time you earn good interest on your money, with every possible safeguard of the principal.

On request we shall be glad to send you a copy of our booklet,
"Bonds of American Industries,"
which will interest you.

Ask for AB-2454

A.C.ALLYN AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED
67 West Monroe Street, Chicago
New York Boston Philadelphia San Francisco Milwaukee Minneapolis

"Built Up" Investments

You can invest your money safely in a deposit account with one of the oldest and soundest Mutual Savings Banks in New York State. Your funds will be always available. You may draw against your account at any time. And you can build up a *real* investment through regular deposits of any size up to $7,500.

This service is open to investors everywhere. Write for our free booklet, "Banking By Mail"—it will give you full information about opening an account.

The Williamsburgh Savings Bank
Atlantic and Flatbush Avenues
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Assets over $190,000,000 Dividend 4½% since January, 1923

(*Continued from page 46*)

over the nation broke the story in big headlines. No one was happier than X.

Only one trawler was needed for the task of salvaging the treasure. In addition to the twenty-two tons of Mexican gold and silver bars, there were known to be six kegs of American $20-gold pieces, and in the purser's safe a collection of rubies of great value.

After four moorings were laid over the location of the "find," a line was made fast to the wreck. Down this, from the heat of the surface sunshine, the divers dropped through the cold ocean depths to the slippery hull of the ship.

Encumbered in heavy copper helmet and awkward rubber diving dress, each diver took a relay of fifteen to thirty minutes; he dragged his weighted shoes and dangling lines over the slimy mass, attempting in the faint light to locate the passage to the strong-room.

For three months they waged a desperate but losing battle against the sea. Heavy storms and sudden squalls blew the battered trawler from its base. Moorings were lost, markers carried away, and the treasure ship had to be relocated several times. Even with calm weather "diving days," swift-moving currents and hungry sharks seemed to conspire to defeat the divers' efforts. It was necessary to make several trips to shore—fourteen hours' steaming—to obtain new equipment and fresh supplies of food and water.

Despite these obstacles and delays, the underwater workers were making progress. They had discovered the passage to the strong-room, and, working desperately, cleared an opening through the wreckage that blocked it.

But the season of equinoctial storms arrived. Heavy seas rocked the tiny trawler, making diving operations impossible. The project had to be abandoned when only six feet separated the divers from the steel door behind which was the gold.

In the meantime, X and his colleagues—anxiously awaiting the code word for gold, which would mean success—had been called upon for additional financial levies. Though it was an expensive expedition for them—and X has had his share of "flyers"—many of the supporters still have hopes of "cashing in" on a later attempt.

BRADLEY KELLY.

But—it's stating it mildly to remark that there's infinitely more treasure, and less risk, in the profits of American money-making activities than in all the buried and sunken treasure of all the legends. No hoard, even of fiction, can compare with the true tales of the Ford Motor Car, the U. S. Steel Corporation, the Eastman Kodak, New York, California or Florida real estate, the Standard Oil Company, the Motion-picture industry, or many another industry of our own time, wherein clever men have turned opportunity into gold.

He Bought Conversation— Not Securities

If the smart-looking salesman hadn't come from the ıse across the street—but there is always a reason. 'I was sitting on the front porch," related W. M., o is a workingman in a small New York town, hen I saw a young and smart-looking fellow come out the house of 'D,' who lived across the street. 'D' s one of the well-to-do men of the town. They said lived on his money.

'Well, that young fellow came up and sat down on my ch, and for the first time in my life, I saw a stock tificate. I had often read and heard of Wall Street, and w money was made by money, but this was the first ıe I had seen one of the money-making documents.

'In thirty minutes' time, with his fast talking, I knew about the new nation-wide drug concern that would : only let you make money on your stock but give you ebate on the purchase of drugs. And to prove it was itimate he showed me a letter from the local druggist. sides, he said a 'near-neighbor' of mine had taken ıo of the stock. That was enough for me. I just ew that near-neighbor was 'D,' and I thought to self, 'Well, here's where I enter this game too.'

'I paid that young fellow $200 for two shares of the ck. That made me an associate member of the ıcern. All I had to do was buy drugs of the local ıggist, send in the sales stubs to the national com- ıy's main office and get 'cash' discounts. Dividends uld also be paid quarterly.

'I carried out my part all right. Nothing was ever ıght by my family in the way of drugs that didn't ne from that particular store, and the stubs were t in to the head office.

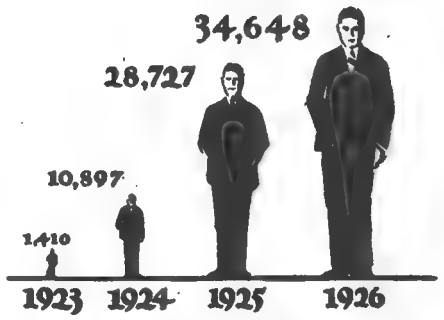
'Months went by, and then I heard from the com- ıy. They wrote for more money. For $25 additional ment on each share of stock I owned, I could be- ne the holder of two shares in a new company that s taking over the original one.

'Instead of making the additional payments, I asked my cash rebates and dividends due. More literature owed, telling all about the new formation, and that a certain date all would be lost to me if I didn't send $25 asked for on each share I owned. But I was picious by this time.

'I was right. The company went into bankruptcy, l with it went my $200. I mentioned my loss to only : man—that was D, the man across the street. 'If young fellow hadn't come out of your house, and ou hadn't bought it, he would never have bitten me,' ıld him. 'Buy it!' he answered. 'Why, all I did was show him the door.'

'I knew then that my wife was right. She always lared that the only money I would make would be my own hands, and not by paper certificates."

BRADLEY KELLY.



THE public utility companies grouped under the management of the MIDLAND UTILITIES COMPANY continued to progress in both extent and efficiency of operations during 1926.

Supplying electric light and power, gas or electric transportation to 204 communities in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan these companies in 1926 earned gross revenues of $19,886,734, an increase over 1925 of 9.34%. In volume, electric sales increased 17.26%; gas sales, 14.77%.

The *able management* which this company enjoys, and the flourishing, progressive nature of the *territory served* by the subsidiaries are two reasons for this rapid growth in business—and are two reasons for the increasing popularity of the group with the investing public. The chart above shows the increase in number of stockholders of the Midland Utilities Company and its subsidiaries during the past four years.

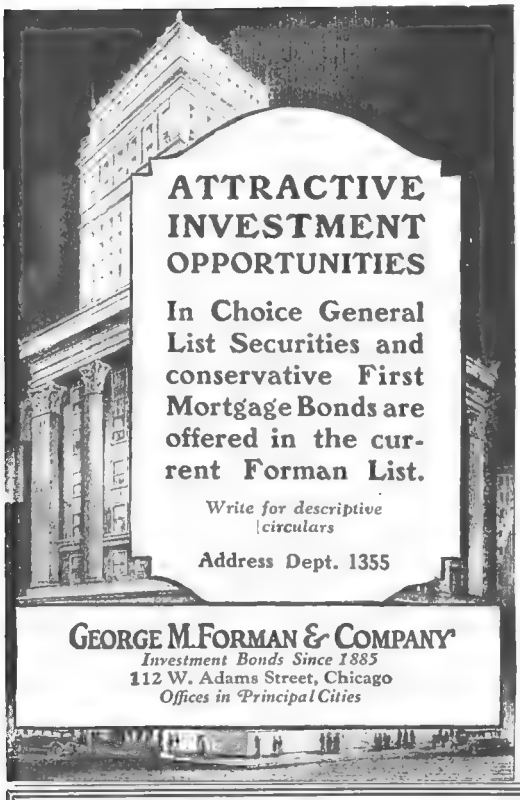
Upon request we shall be glad to send the 1926 annual report of this company. Representing public utility companies operating in 20 states, we are always at the service of investors interested in the safe securities of public utility companies.

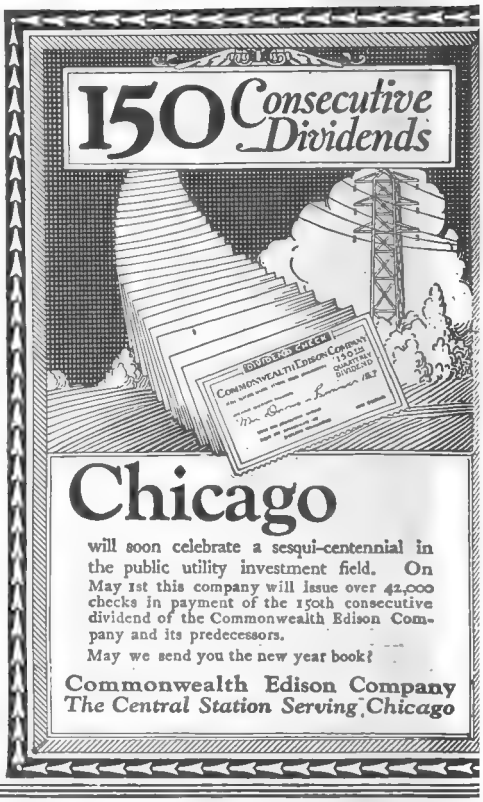
INVESTMENTS that ENDURE

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY

72 W. Adams St., Chicago

St. Louis Milwaukee Indianapolis Louisville


ATTRACTIVE
INVESTMENT
OPPORTUNITIES
In Choice General List Securities and conservative First Mortgage Bonds are offered in the current Forman List.
Write for descriptive circulars
Address Dept. 1355
GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Investment Bonds Since 1885
112 W. Adams Street, Chicago
Offices in Principal Cities


150 Consecutive Dividends
Chicago
will soon celebrate a sesqui-centennial in the public utility investment field. On May 1st this company will issue over 42,000 checks in payment of the 150th consecutive dividend of the Commonwealth Edison Company and its predecessors.
May we send you the new year book?
Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Serving Chicago

Investment Information That Keeps You Up-to-Date

How to Make Use of the Investment Service of* THE GOLDEN BOOK *Without Cost or Obligation to You

Submit any individual investment question to our Investment Editor, who will promptly reply. The Golden Book Magazine Investment Service is an impartial service under the management, direction and supervision of The Review of Reviews Corporation, and free of charge to the 350,000 and more readers of The Golden Book and The Review of Reviews.

For twenty years The Review of Reviews Magazine has served thousands and thousands of men and women in the handling of their funds for investment. *It has been one of the outstanding services of the magazine and has built tremendous good will for us with readers.*

In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see. Write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same.

If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

Investment Literature for Your Information

1. Public Utility Securities as Investments—A. C. Allyn and Company.
2. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
3. Investing by Mail—Caldwell & Co.
4. The New Year Book—Commonwealth Edison Co.
5. Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
6. The Truth about Florida—Filer-Cleveland Co.
7. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
8. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
9. Gas, an Essential Utility and an Opportunity—Hambleton & Co.
10. Security Bonds—6% and a $40,000,000 Guarantee—J. A. W. Iglehart & Co.
11. Florida's Safest Investment—Lakeland Bldg. & Loan Assoc.
12. Insured First Mortgage "Sixes"—Mortgage Insurance Corp.
13. Putting Your Dollars to Work—National City Co.
14. Safety Supreme—Shannon & Luchs.
15. 7% First Mortgage Bonds—United States Mortgage Bond Co.
16. Public Utility Offerings—Utility Securities Co.
17. Banking by Mail—Williamsburg Savings Bank.

—PRINT YOUR NAME—CUT THE COUPON—

INVESTMENT BUREAU, GOLDEN BOOK
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

May, 1927

Please send to the undersigned literature numbered .....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

If agreeable kindly state business .....

I do [ ] object to my name being given to the financial houses selected. Strike out "do" or "do not."

Wives of Business Men

THE difference between office and household economy often causes astonishment and confusion to business men. Their wives mean well, but as for method —!

The household budget is the answer. We have sent thousands of our budget sheets to wives who have attacked this problem.

If you, sir, care about ordered and reasonable expenditure and saving — that is, the introduction of your business methods into your home — we recommend the John Hancock Home Budget Sheet.

Your local John Hancock office will be glad to send you a copy, or one can be obtained by writing to Inquiry Bureau,

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.
G.B.

8%

UILDING *and* LOAN SHARES

akeland Building and Loan Association

Capital, $2,000,000.00

Operating strictly under state supervision and on the mutual plan.

hares for sale at par, $100.00 per share, without bonus or ommission of any kind. Pays 8 per cent. per annum, in uarterly installments of 2 per cent, January first, April rst, July first, and October first of each year. Owners of ese shares have no taxes to pay, no insurance to look after nd no titles to bother with. Money available any time and o notice of desire to withdraw is required.

Let Us Send You Booklet

LAKELAND BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Box 35 LAKELAND, FLORIDA

nufacturers Who Are Conducting

a dealers' advertising campaign can get the best results in checking dealers' advertisements by using the service of

NSOLIDATED PRESS CLIPPING BUREAUS

MANHATTAN BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

20 for 20c
In Canada
20 for 35c

Marlboro Cigarettes have found a place of honor in pockets and handbags of leaders in almost every club and community in the United States. Always fresh —Wrapped in *heavy* foil.

P. S. If you play bridge, let us send you our attractive new Marlboro Bridge Score —mailed free upon request.

MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Mild as May
Created by
PHILIP MORRIS & Co., LTD Inc.
44 West 18th Street, Dept. G17, New York

THE MUSIC FIELD

National Music Week And its Growing Significance

THE first week in May will see a more widespread observance of National Music Week than ever before.

The growth of the Music Week movement, now in its fourth year of nationalization, is shown by the fact that previous to the first national observance of the week in 1924, there had been only 150 cities that had ever held a Music Week. Last year 1400 cities and towns took part. From all indications and reports this number will be greatly exceeded the present year.

The Music Week movement has spread from one end of the country to the other and has evidently come to stay. The reason is that the people are awakening to a realization that music is needed by every one and has a place in every phase of daily life.

The music of the cultured few has expanded into the music of the eager many. Nor can there be any doubt that music is destined to play a larger part in our lives in the future than it has in the past. So it is but natural and appropriate that there should be some means whereby all classes and all ages may participate in music at one time. The city-wide Music Week seems to furnish the opportunity and its great success indicates that the people are ready to respond to a remarkable extent.

The strength of Music Week comes from the universal yet sometimes unconscious human need for music and participation ranges all the way from the elaborate concert and pageant to the simple home musicale with a place on the program even for the five-finger-exercise beginner.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who wrote: "Take a music bath once or twice a week for a few seasons. You will find it is to the soul what a water bath is to the body. It elevates and tends to maintain tone to one's mind. Seek, therefore, every clean opportunity for hearing it. Purchase some kind of instrument for the home and see that its beneficent harmonies are often heard. Let music be as much a part of a day's routine as eating or reading or working."

With the increasingly diversified functions of music in modern life a wider understanding of the value of music has become more and more necessary. Music Week is but one factor in helping to extend this appreciation. Broadly democratic in its scope, it appeals to every one in the community and encourages all forms of musical expression both vocal and instrumental.

The cumulative power of an idea when its devotees concentrate their efforts in its behalf during a stated period can accomplish much that is of permanent value besides supplying temporary pleasure and inspiration. So with Music Week. And one of the definite purposes of the National Music Week Committee is to foster musical activities that will function permanently in the life of the community and the home.

To this end the local Music Week Committees are being helped to develop on a year-round basis the special activities started in connection with this particular week.

LOUIS XVI
SMALL GRAND
$850

GRANDS, $850 TO $3000

The Lauter-Humana, a player-piano of human-like performance, priced at $850

LAUTER

FOUNDED 1862

ONE OF
AMERICA'S
FINE PIANOS

Shown by Better Dealers
Illustrated Catalogue on
Request

NEWARK, N. J.

Look Inside the Piano for this Trade-Mark

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
NEW YORK
TRADE MARK

The Sign of the World's Standard Piano Action

How to Select A Quality Piano!

YOU know that the desirable qualities in a piano are beauty of tone, delicacy of touch and durability. But do you know that these qualities are largely controlled by the *piano action?* And do you know that the Wessell, Nickel & Gross piano action is used by leading piano makers—that, since 1874, it has been recognized as America's premier piano action?

When you insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross action you obtain the *world's highest-priced piano action* and all that this implies. You make certain of obtaining a piano measuring up to definite standards of excellence.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS
Established 1874 New York City

When you Buy an Upright, Grand, Player or Reproducing Piano—Insist on the Wessell, Nickel & Gross Piano Action.

The Smallest *Grand Piano!*

IN THE HISTORY of the pianoforte there has been no grand so small with strings so long as Straube craftsmen have achieved in the Straube Sonata Model! Duplex overstringing, *an exclusive Straube method,* effects this combination of space-saving size with tone quality and volume inseparable from the grand ideal.

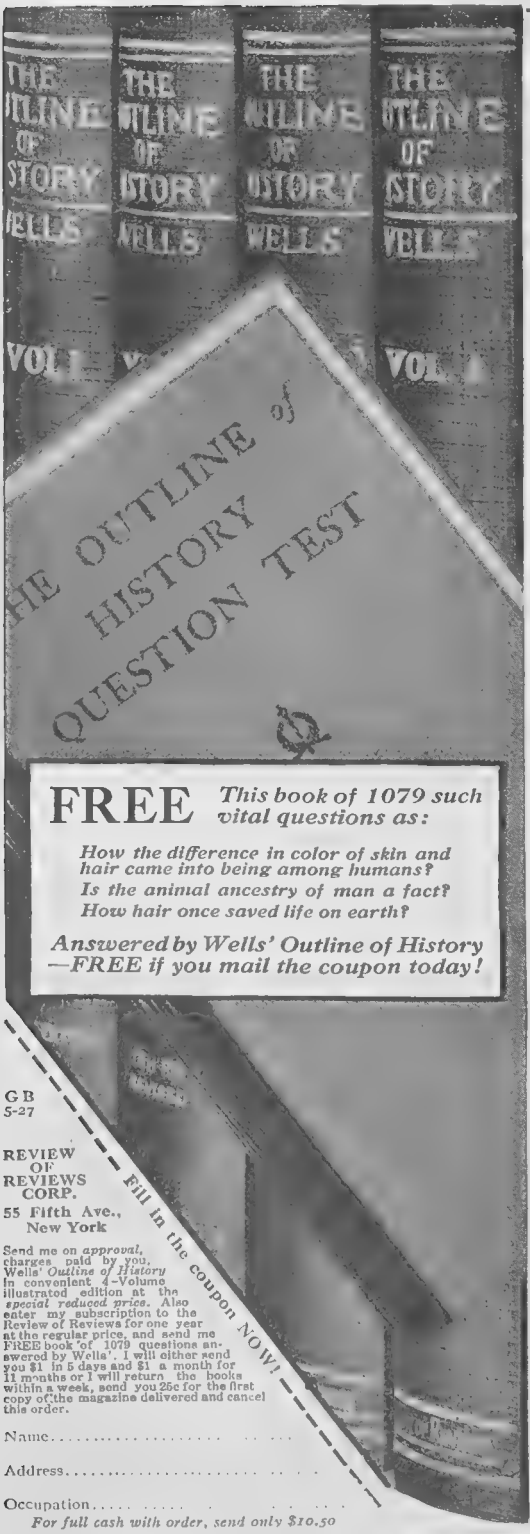
In various sizes for varying tastes and requirements Straube grands are priced $725 up f. o. b. Hammond. Send for brochure and paper pattern showing exact size.

Straube Piano Co. 503 Manila Ave. Hammond. Ind.

Straube

GRANDS — PLAYERS — UPRIGHTS
REPRODUCING GRANDS

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.



The Whole of Earth's Dramatic Story

—— *within these pages*

VAST ages ago, before mankind inhabited the earth, before even the simplest forms of life were visible—the great drama started.

A flaming mass—the material of our world—has broken away from the sun to whirl alone in space. After long eons—days of a much hotter sun, a faster swifter day and night, high tides, great heat, tremendous storms and earthquakes—life began upon it.

What a struggle the first creatures had to keep alive! The Record of the Rocks reveals the story. It reads like fiction though it is based upon facts. And this thrilling story is only one chapter of the great book of all time—

H. G. WELLS' "Outline of History"

The Last 4-Volume Illustrated Edition

A history that goes back 100,000,000 years—that traces man's rude beginnings 500,000 years ago—that follows him down through the prehistoric ages to the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar, the Athens of Pericles, the Egypt of Cleopatra, the Asia of Genghis Khan, the France of Napoleon, the England of Gladstone, the America of today, through the Great War and on into the future. United States of the World—that gives ALL history as one story —that is Wells'.

The interesting thing about Wells' "Outline of History" is that it gives you such a rich background for your daily news. It is one continuous story with the men of the Stone Age, the Egypt of the Pharaohs, the Legions of Caesar and Napoleon's Grenadiers.

Wells unifies the past. More—he reveals that thread of human progress which has forever bound man to man the world over and from one age to another.

And the Review of Reviews

What the *Outline* is to past history, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS is to current events. It interprets men and movements in terms that every alert American can understand and profit by. It gives you the boiled-down sap of world events, equips you with a background of facts against which to read your daily news.

You know *some* history, of course. But know it as a *whole*—without any gaps. Wells' *Outline of History* and the REVIEW OF REVIEWS give you the past and present *complete*, and take you into the future.

A special money-saving offer combines these past, present and future histories.

Closing Out at ¼ Off

100,000 sets of the last 4-volume illustrated edition of the *Outline* were printed to fill orders for years to come. But the call for them has been tremendous and that supply has dwindled to a few remaining stacks.

We are now closing out this edition at *one quarter off*! By ordering it with the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, you get it for 25% less than the cost of the first one and two-volume editions.

These sets will not last long. So order one today for a week's inspection. Receive the books, read a few chapters and enjoy the illustrations, 100 of which are new full-page half-tones. After 7 days' examination, return them to us "collect" or begin paying for them at the rate of 25c a week. Use the coupon right now to clinch the opportunity before you.

LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS

FREE *This book of 1079 such vital questions as:*

How the difference in color of skin and hair came into being among humans?
Is the animal ancestry of man a fact?
How hair once saved life on earth?

Answered by Wells' Outline of History —FREE if you mail the coupon today!

GB
5-27

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORP.
55 Fifth Ave., New York

Fill in the coupon NOW!

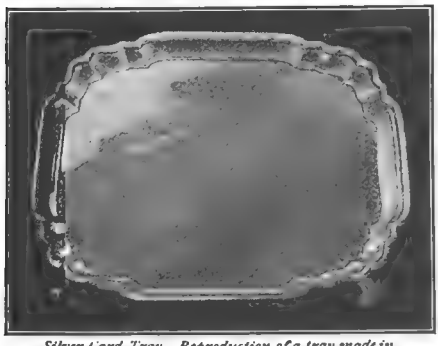
Send me on *approval*, charges paid by you, Wells' *Outline of History* in convenient 4-Volume illustrated edition at the *special reduced price*. Also enter my subscription to the Review of Reviews for one year at the regular price, and send me FREE book of 1079 questions answered by Wells'. I will either send you $1 in 5 days and $1 a month for 11 months or I will return the books within a week, send you 25c for the first copy of the magazine delivered and cancel this order.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

For full cash with order, send only $10.50



Silver Card Tray. Reproduction of a tray made in reign of George II.

A simple and very dignified Card Tray, hand wrought in London from an original made during the Reign of George II. The Tray is square in shape with shaped corners according to the best fashion of the Period and makes a gift of distinction.

This Silver Tray is made in different sizes and prices as follows:

6½ inches	$ 55.00
8½ inches	$ 70.00
10½ inches	$110.00

CRICHTON & CO. LTD.

EXPERTS IN OLD ENGLISH SILVER

636 Fifth Ave. **NEW YORK** *at 51st Street*

Teamwork Counts!

MANY heads are better than one—that's the teamwork idea behind the Quality Bakers of America, an organization composed of some ninety leading non-competitive wholesale bread bakers, cooperating in the interest of better bread and better bread merchandising.

Realizing that baking has become a community service and conscious of the tremendous responsibility this carries, these bakers have joined in employing a splendid staff of experts in all departments of the business—production, purchasing, engineering, sales promotion, advertising and general research—and in maintaining national headquarters in New York.

The trade-mark insignia of membership on bread wrappers is not only a symbol of bread excellence but a guarantee of bread goodness.

Executive Committee

MEMBER QUALITY BAKERS OF AMERICA Invitation Only

QUALITY BAKERS OF AMERICA

469 Fifth Ave., New York City

"Better Bread Benefits Everyone"

A Folder is *Only* a Folder

But a

is

a firm, durable expansible container,

that never slumps down in the file-drawer, but stands erect, with the index-tab always in plain view; holds three or three hundred letters with equal facility; is easy to remove or replace in the file; holds small papers as well as large, with never a chance that they will become lost or mis-filed; saves time daily in filing and finding papers; improves instantly the efficiency and appearance of the drawer.

Ordinary *folders* lack all of these advantages. They were never intended to contain many papers, or for continued use. Your own files will show the need of something better than folders for your heavier correspondence.

You will know what REAL Filing is, the minute you install

Bushnell's VERTEX File Pockets

to replace the bulkiest of your present folders.

But first try a single sample without expense or obligation. The coupon below will bring it

—CUT HERE—

Please send for exmmination and trial a free sample of Bushnell's Paperoid "VERTEX" File Pocket, as described in May Golden Book.

Name of Firm.....

Address.....

Name and Position of Person Inquiring.....

.....

Letter Size or Legal Size Desired?.....

To ALVAH BUSHNELL CO., Dept. B
925 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

ARE THERE TOO MANY MAGAZINES?

THE pat reply is "Yes." But——?

Standing before a news-stand one is dazzled by the display. Each month, each week, there seems to be a new and more glittering star in the galaxy. And one hardly misses those which flicker out and fall.

Yet it is debatable whether there can be too many magazines. There may be too many grocers, coal-miners, real-estate dealers. But can there be too many colleges or libraries?

The magazine, even at its worst, is a form of public education. You may readily think of many sheets which you think could be spared. But who should be judge, jury, and executioner?

There are magazines which are contrived to capture the attention of the person who never before read anything between covers except a compulsory schoolbook. Through them he first learns the satisfaction of reading something for which he has paid his own money. He learns that in the printed page there is release from the humdrum.

In good time a certain percentage of such readers tire of the banal, feel the promptings of an appetite for more wholesome mental diet, and so graduate to become readers of better matter.

Through the whole scale of magazines there constantly goes on this process of the upward sifting of readers. Millions start at the bottom; a few thousand each year come to the top to join the long-established body of readers of those few magazines which are strongholds of intelligence.

No one denies the pre-eminence of the motion-picture as entertainment or as a temporary influence upon the mass of people. But which will have the greater influence upon the trend of life, the glittering palaces of Broadway or the Metropolitan Museum? Those who go to the Museum, while far fewer in numbers, are vastly more effective in thinking power, in purchasing power, and in the power of leadership. Sooner or later, the most discerning of the patrons of the movies find their way to the galleries of the Metropolitan, and in their turn become part of this controlling minority.

Just so, the genuine and permanent influence of THE QUALITY GROUP magazines persists and expands. Having for many years observed and recorded American progress, they are not disturbed by the multiplicity of periodicals. They hold the same high and strategic position which they held a generation ago. The ablest authors and the wisest advertisers alike, resort to their pages in the sure knowledge that there they touch the influential and seasoned intelligence of the nation. Advertising in THE QUALITY GROUP is *next to thinking matter.*

THE QUALITY GROUP

285 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

1058 Park Square Bldg. Boston — 244 La Arcada Santa Barbara — 30 North Michigan Ave. Chicago

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
REVIEW OF REVIEWS
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
THE WORLD'S WORK

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Each Month

MALOLO

〖 FLYING FISH 〗

the giant yacht that brings hawaii thirty six hours nearer

A corner in the dining saloon on the great MALOLO

WHEN Diamond Head looms tawny-hued in the sunshine above a sea swirling with color—the coast of California is only four and one-half days astern. A fairy vision comes out of the sea thirty-six hours sooner than it should be expected.

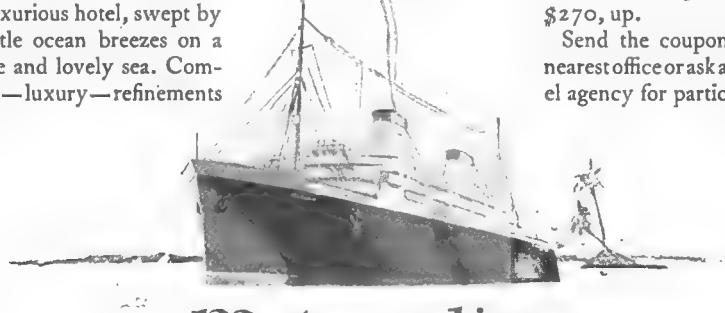
The great MALOLO—largest and swiftest steamship ever built in the United States—has accomplished this miracle of the Pacific. A giant yacht, she glides across the sea with almost unbelievable smoothness.

The MALOLO is in effect a luxurious hotel, swept by gentle ocean breezes on a blue and lovely sea. Comfort—luxury—refinements found only in the most famous hotels—all are embodied in this dream ship, devoted solely to first-class passengers.

Bound tight with the romance of the Pacific and the development of Hawaii and the South Seas is the Matson fleet of nine splendid ships. *Malolo, Maui, Matsonia, Manoa, Wilhelmina, Lurline, Sierra, Sonoma* and *Ventura*.

Frequent sailings from San Francisco—seven every month. Regular sailings from Seattle. All-expense tours, $270, up.

Send the coupon to our nearest office or ask any travel agency for particulars.



matson line

THE SHIPS THAT SERVE

hawaii

MAIL THIS COUPON TO OUR NEAREST OFFICE

Matson Navigation Co., Please send illustrated literature on a trip to Hawaii. *Check here* [ ]

Here is 4c in stamps to cover mailing literature especially prepared for use in schools. *Check here* [ ]

Name Address 9B

215 Market St., San Francisco | 50 E. 42nd St., New York | 140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago | 510 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles | 1319 Fourth Ave., Seattle

Here we discovered Gallatin Gateway... th

RARELY does the thrill of discovery come to a modern traveler—the chance to see a virgin unknown land that few have ever looked upon!

Last year the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul discovered a new northern entrance to Yellowstone Park—a trail through wonderland that was converted into a modern smooth-surfaced motor-coach road.

This year Gallatin Gateway is the great sensation of vacationlands. In utmost comfort you may enjoy the fresh beauties of this newly discovered wonderland.

Take the world-famous *Olympian* or the *Columbian* over the transcontinental Milwaukee Road direct to Gallatin Gateway! There at the new Gallatin Gateway Inn you will find excellent hotel accommodations. Comfortable motors of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company will carry you, with hardly a change of gears, directly to Old Faithful and the geysers, through gloriously fresh country of startling beauty. Through the rich Gallatin Valley, hemmed in by the Madison and Gallatin mountain ranges—cathedral-like peaks rising over 11,000 feet. Over the trail of the Covered Wagon. Up the rugged Canyon of the Gallatin River to an elevation of 7000 feet. And into Yellowstone Park.

SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND THE ORIENT

Th

Riding in delightful comfort, the thrill of actual discovery may be yours, *for out of the millions of people in this country, only a few have yet had the opportunity to pass through Gallatin Gateway!*

The road to adventureland

This year will be the first full season of travel through Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone. We invite you to enjoy a pre-view of these newly discovered wonders—to have the satisfaction of being one of the first journeyers through Yellowstone's newest gateway.

Accommodations for your entire trip are the finest. The *Olympian*, luxuriously equipp takes you over *the only electrified way to Yell stone Park*—the world's longest electrified railro Smooth speed—delicious meals—club comfo

The fine new motor road through Gallat Gateway is not overcrowded with traffic. T comfortable Park coaches give you the feeling whirling through this magnificent country wit few friends in your own private car.

The tour of the Park is the same as from other entrances, yet the cost of the entire Gallat tour is no higher.

new entrance to Yellowstone!

Road to vacationland!

WHETHER you are going near or far—to mountain, ocean, or strange land beyond—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul can take you in delightful comfort on the *Olympian* or *Columbian.*

Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone. Bitter Root Mountains. Rocky Mountains. Belt Mountains. Columbia River. Cascade Range. The Olympics. Mt. Rainier National Park. Upper Valley and headwaters of the Missouri River. Upper Mississippi. Lake Pepin and the lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Puget Sound. These names are only a hint of the number and variety of interesting places reached by The Milwaukee Road.

On the world-famous *Olympian*, you may glide in the luxury and convenience of a club from Chicago to the Coast. The line is *electrified for 660 miles*—sootless, cinderless, smokeless; no oil fumes and no lurching vibrations. The smooth onward sweep of the train makes cool, delightful riding. Splendid cuisine—with food crisp and fresh from farms, ranches and orchards.

MILWAUKEE ROAD

TO PUGET SOUND
THE CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY
ELECTRIFIED

GEO. B. HAYNES, Passenger Traffic Mgr.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Union Station, Chicago, Illinois

I am planning a trip ☐ to Yellowstone Park ☐ to the Pacific Northwest. Please send me your travel literature.

Name_____

Address_____

15

A new kind of Detective Story

[in four instalments]

"Canary" Murdered — Police Baffled

Musical Comedy Star, Night-Club Favorite, Found Strangled in Her Apartment — Link It to Underworld War

The startling murder of "The Canary" was a sensation even in thrill-ridden night life of New York. All ordinary methods failed to disclose a clue. Read this *New Kind of Detective Story* in four big instalments, beginning in the May SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The solver of the mystery and his methods will mean to this age what Sherlock Holmes meant to his. Philo Vance has already joined the ranks of great fiction detectives by "The Benson Murder Case." Now in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE read the complete new story: "The 'Canary' Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. This story marks the beginning of a bigger SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE—more pages, more illustrations.

A thrilling murder mystery story that is literature, filled with the glamour of Broadway and the lure of a seemingly insolvable puzzle. It will begin in the May SCRIBNER'S and continue in three subsequent numbers. The magazine has been increased in size in order to give you this additional feature. Also in the May SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE: "A Flight into the Unknown"—amazing adventure of an airplane trip to Mexico under sealed orders—by Tom Gill. "All in the Day's Ridin'," by Will James "A Hero for Russia," by W. C. White. Many other features and articles.

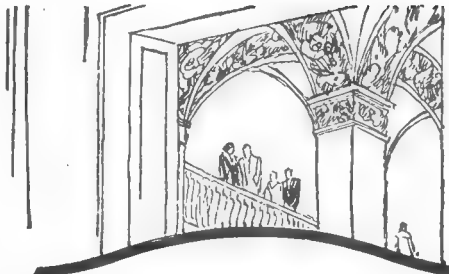
begins in May

Scribner's

Get your Scribner's for May at the nearest news-stand

Going Strong

Johnnie Walker
CIGARETTES
20 for 20¢
CUSTOM MADE
Extremely Mild



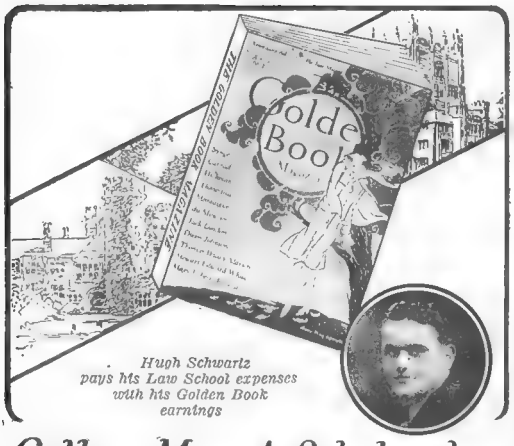
Clevelanders Prefer the CLEVELAND

THEY, who know it best, prefer Hotel Cleveland for its exceptional food, its quiet but friendly service, its furnishings and atmosphere of a luxurious home.

Clevelanders who are accustomed to the best the city affords, lunch and dine here every day and recommend this hotel to out-of-town friends. They consider it—as you will—more like a private club than a hotel. Yet rates for many rooms are as low as $3, and a moderate priced Lunch Room supplements the main dining rooms.

Hotel Cleveland is on the Public Square, convenient to all parts of the city. Every room has private bath and servidor service.

HOTEL CLEVELAND
PUBLIC SQUARE, CLEVELAND



Hugh Schwartz pays his Law School expenses with his Golden Book earnings

College Men-A Scholarship for Your Spare Time

IN YOUR free hours during regular school time—also for your next Summer's vacation-time job—make every hour you can spend earn a Dollar or More for your school budget. Among your fellow students, the Faculty, your neighbors at home and at school, and with other people you meet you have a fine chance to add considerable sums to your income, introducing The Golden Book, the Review of Reviews and other well known magazines.

Traveling crews are now being organized for next Summer's campaign. Sales training, expense allowance, etc.

The Golden Book, Dept. G-75
Review of Reviews Corporation
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Your scholarship idea appeals to me. Let's hear more about it.

Name here.....

Address.....

.....

(Check here)
Spare time now?.....Summer Crew?.....

Short-Story Writing

DR. ESENWEIN

How to write, what to write, and where to sell

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught by our staff of literary experts, headed by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, famous critic and teacher; Editor of The Writer's Monthly. Dr. Esenwein offers you constructive criticism; frank, honest, helpful advice: *real teaching.* **One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.**

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

150 page illustrated catalog free.
Please address—

The Home Correspondence School
Established 1897
Dept. 49 Springfield, Mass.

We publish *The Writer's Library*, 12 volumes; descriptive booklet free. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, the leading magazine for literary workers; sample copy 25c, annual subscription $3.00.

4000000

Sell the Club Woman

Tell her what to wear
What to read
Where to travel
and What to buy

Through her own club magazine. Forty-six monthly papers which are the official State organs of 3,000,000 Federated Club women and 1,000,000 League women. A percentage of every dollar you spend for national advertising should go into all or some of these papers.

Write for booklet and rates.

CLUB SERVICE PUBLISHING COMPANY
131 East 23rd Street, New York

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL RESORT AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

Established 1906

Featured every month in seven publications
THE QUALITY GROUP MAGAZINES
ATLANTIC MONTHLY, HARPER'S, REVIEW OF REVIEWS, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, THE GOLDEN BOOK and WORLD'S WORK, also in COUNTRY LIFE
Send postage for advice where and how to go. The right hotel, etc.
For space and rates in our departments write to
THE WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

EUROPE

Invisible Courier System
A Superior Travel Service for the Independent Traveler

ASSURES comfort and economy. Guaranteed reservations hotels, steamers, trains. Representative meets traveler on arrival all places. Inclusive rate submitted with specially prepared itinerary of any trip any time. Local guides, motor trips, sightseeing arranged. Send for Book E of suggestions and details.

Tours With Escort
Frequent, seasonable departures, with wide choice of routes. Experienced Tour Managers from our permanent staff in charge of each party. First-class from $955; also moderate-priced from $660.
Send for Book "C"

PACIFIC COAST
National Parks, Rockies, Alaska, Honolulu, etc.
Small limited parties, with escort or independently, leaving any day, with specially prepared itinerary over any desired route.
Send for Book "A"

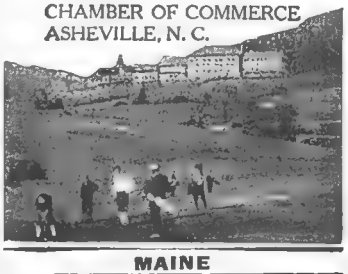
Sixth Annual Cruise de Luxe to the
MEDITERRANEAN
January to April, 1928
Egypt, Palestine and practically every port of historical interest. Maximum comfort; reasonable rates, including attractive shore excursions at every port. Early application advised.

Upon request, we will furnish complete literature and information of any trip, tour or cruise desired.

FRANK TOURIST CO
(Est. 1875) 542 Fifth Avenue, New York
Phila., 1529 Locust St. Boston, 33 Devonshire St.
San Francisco, 582 Market St.
Los Angeles, At Bank of America

Come up to Asheville
NORTH CAROLINA

For mountain health and sports a half-mile high in the Land of the Sky. World famous golf courses. Wonder scenes. Gorgeous hotels. A thousand miles of perfect highways. Mansions, cottages and apartments.
Through Pullmans via Southern Ry.
Direct automobile routes.
For literature and information address
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
ASHEVILLE, N. C.



MAINE

Hotel Hamilton and Cottages
Chebeague, Maine
Chebeague is the largest of all Casco Bay's 365 islands. Ocean breezes assure cool days and restful nights. Dancing, Golf, Tennis, Bathing, Yachting, Fishing. Booklets. Address R. E. ROWE, Chebeague, Maine.

BOSTON MASS.

Hotel Sheraton

On the beautiful Charles, furnished suites or single rooms during your stay in Boston. Write for Folder.
91 Bay State Rd.
BOSTON, MASS.

NEW ORLEANS LA.

The St. Charles
New Orleans
One of America's Leading Hotels
ALFRED S. AMER & CO., Ltd. Proprietors

WHERE-TO-GO continued on next 6 pages

Raymond-Whitcomb
LAND CRUISES IN AMERICA
New and delightful opportunities for summer travelers to the West

MORE PLACES

Traveling by special trains independent of usual railroad schedules they include more places of interest than have ever been visited so thoroughly in trips of the same length, and they go to places that are not ordinarily accessible.

GREATER LUXURY

The cruise cars, designed and built for the exclusive use of Raymond-Whitcomb, are not duplicated on any railroad—They contain bedrooms with private baths—gymnasium—room for dancing, movies, etc.

Summer Cruises of 4 & 5 weeks visiting the Southwest, California, Yosemite, Pacific Northwest, Yellowstone & other National Parks, Colorado — Canadian Rockies, Jasper Park — Alaska.

Send for the book LAND CRUISES

Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
12 Park Street, Boston

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

FOREIGN TRAVEL

Visit Stratford-on-Avon This Year

The London Midland and Scottish Railway makes it easy for you to see the Shakespeare country in one day. It takes you from London (Euston Station) to Coventry in a fast, comfortable train with a breakfast car attached. From Coventry you tour by motor coach through the Shakespeare country, visiting Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Royal Leamington Spa and back to Coventry. In the train to London you can dine as well as in many a West End Restaurant.

The L.M.S. is the biggest railroad in Great Britain. It has the finest track, the most luxurious coaches and the best services.

For advice and literature about travel in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, apply to John Fairman, L.M.S. Agent, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York; S. J. Sharp, 86 Yonge Street, Toronto; or any office of Thomas Cook & Son.

LMS

L.M.S. Railway, Euston Station & St. Pancras Station, London.

The Where-To-Go system influences the people comprising the cream of all Travel prospects. Our advertisers waste no money in presenting their invitations to people who cannot accept.

GERMANY

Wiesbaden

Famous International Resort

A few miles south of the stately Rhine, in surroundings rich in folklore and famed for great castles and abbeys. Since time of Romans, founders of the Spa, the waters of these thermal springs have had beneficial influence on many afflicted with RHEUMATISM, GOUT, STOMACH and INTESTINAL TROUBLES. *For full particulars write for Booklet No. 1.*

GERMAN HEALTH RESORTS

630 Fifth Ave. New York

or your local Tourist Agent

Famous Silesian Resort

ALTHEIDE

Beautiful health resort for HEART DISEASES, NERVOUS TROUBLES, RHEUMATISM and WOMEN'S AILMENTS. Situated in wooded valley of Heuscheuer Mountains, center of many old legends. Mild climate, averaging 65 degrees in summer. Natural carbonic acid springs with effectiveness that is unexcelled. Homelike accommodations. Pleasant diversions. *Write for Booklet 9.*

GERMAN HEALTH RESORTS

630 Fifth Ave. New York

or your local Tourist Agent

ENGLAND

Old England

There seems to linger about an old inn, as about an old church, more of the magic and romance of the past than is to be found anywhere else. The wise traveller looks for the inn in which history and hospitality are wedded. Such are the hundred Inns in England with the Trust House sign, in which you can count upon good fare and comfortable rooms at a moderate price.

Full list and booklet "Tales of Old Inns" from

Trust Houses, Limited
53, Short's Gardens, London W. C. 2

or The Where-To-Go Bureau 8 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

FOREIGN TRAVEL

Visit Beautiful Killarney

Killarney, Glengarriff, Cork and the rest of the lovely South of Ireland can be conveniently included in your trip abroad this year—and when you go, travel by the Fishguard and Rosslare route to and from London. The short sea trip is made on the fast and comfortable steamers of the Great Western Railway, and overland you traverse the picturesque countryside in England and Wales.

Start planning now and write for the attractive illustrated guide No. 22 with maps and information.

K. W. C. GRAND, *General Agent*
505 Fifth Ave., New York

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY *of England*

The Where-to-go Bureau has developed a service invaluable to all travel-planning. When asking for it, please enclose postage and write to 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

HUNGARY

When in Europe visit **BUDAPEST** Pearl of the Danube

For information write to
Municipal Information Office
Deak Ferenc u. 2. BUDAPEST

SWEDEN

SWEDEN *Welcomes You*

Try the unbeaten Path. Begin your tour in lovely, hospitable Sweden. Only nine days from New York direct, or by through trains from Berlin and Hamburg.

Booklet "1927 Tours in Sweden," from any travel bureau or

SWEDISH STATE RAILWAYS
52 Vanderbilt Ave. New York

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

CRUISES-TOURS

Fastest Time Finest Ships

South America

Preferred by many because they find everything Europe has to offer in addition to a *different* and more delightful ocean voyage on palatial roomy 21,000 ton liners.

Brazil's sub-tropical location assures delightful temperature during our summer—and in Argentina it is comfortably cool to permit you to enjoy Buenos Aires' gay social season. Splendidly appointed hotels at surprisingly low rates—brilliant and colorful people and alluring scenery bathed in warm, golden sunshine.

It's only 12 days from New York to Rio—fascinating city of sea and and mountain. Stay a week and return in 30 days—or sail on to Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

We will help you plan your trip.

Finest Ships *Fastest Time*
Southern Cross *Western World*
American Legion *Pan America*

Sailings fortnightly from New York

Authorized tourist agencies or

MUNSON

STEAMSHIP LINES

67 Wall St. New York

Where-To-Go department for May is continued on four pages immediately following.

HOLLYWOOD CAL.

HOLLYWOOD
PLAZA
At the theatre heart of Hollywood, amid theatres, shops, celebrities, gaiety, every comfort, famous hospitality, reasonable rates.
Booklet on request.
Vine near Hollywood Blvd.

LOS ANGELES CAL.

"Within Easy Reach of Everything"

HOTEL CLARK

LOS ANGELES

POSITIVELY FIREPROOF

Headquarters for travelers from all parts of the world. 555 rooms—each with private bath. European plan. For folder, rates—write F. M. Dimmick, Lessee, Hill, bet. 4th and 5th.

VAN NUYS HOTEL

LOS ANGELES

A quiet atmosphere that appeals to persons of refinement. World-famous cafe. Convenient location. Moderate rates. Folder on request.

CRUISES-TOURS

The Greatest Summer Vacation

A Cruise to Europe

and the

Mediterranean

by s.s. "CALIFORNIA"

of the Cunard and Anchor Lines

From New York June 30 back in New York Sept. 1, 1927

This, our Sixth Annual Summer Cruise,

presents a new and attractive feature

in the form of Overland Tours—during the Cruise—to Italy, Switzerland, the Rhine, France and England; rejoining the "California" at Havre or Southampton.

The itinerary includes MADEIRA, SPAIN, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, NAPLES, ROME, MONACO, PARIS, LONDON, returning to New York via Havre, Southampton.

Make your Reservations Early!

DIRECT to SPAIN TOURS

Departure May 4th and June 17th.

returning via France—the Pyrenees, the Chateau Country, Paris—and London. Sailing by the s.s. "Manuel Arnus" of the Spanish Royal Mail Line.

The tour includes the quaint old cities of Spain—Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, Granada, Madrid, Toledo, Barcelona. Through the picturesque towns and famous health resorts of the Pyrenees; to Biarritz; thence through the historic French Chateau Country to Paris. Three days in Paris; four days in London: returning to New York, via Southampton.

Thos. Cook & Son

New York Philadelphia Boston
Chicago St. Louis San Francisco
Los Angeles Portland, Ore.
Toronto Montreal Vancouver

CRUISES-TOURS

Largest, fastest ships

New York, Havana, Panama Canal, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco

Minimum rates: $275 First Class; $150 Second Cabin; $125 Tourist Cabin; $100 Third Cabin.

Ask about Round Trip rates—one way water, one way rail or both ways water.

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

No. 1 Broadway, New York City, our offices elsewhere, or S.S. and Railroad agents.

When writing to these advertisers will you please mention The Where-to-go Bureau! It will be greatly to your advantage to do so.

SOUTH AFRICA

The new all-the-year round Travel land where warm, mellow sunshine reigns when Winter comes to the North.

The land of Kruger, Rhodes and Botha. Enjoy the unspoilt giant Victoria Falls.

The majestic grandeur of the Drakensberg mountains.

The amazing designs of marbled Nature in the Cango Caves.

The joys of motoring in the beautiful Cape Peninsula.

The romance of diamonds and gold, so dear to the heart of every woman: keep picture records of quaint Kaffir Kraals with peaceful, thrilling war dances on the Rand.

While you travel enjoy your golf, tennis, fishing, bowls, etc.

Comfortable dining car and rail travel between up-to-date cities.

Send for free Travel Booklet "The Sunland" or 12 cents (to cover postage) for a 175-page Travel Book "The Cape of Good Hope" to:

Travel Bureau of South Africa

657-No. 11 BROADWAY

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

CRUISES-TOURS

Before you go to Europe

Before you make any plans about traveling in Europe, write to Dean & Dawson, Ltd., for useful information on:

Escorted or Independent Tours
Private Automobile Tours
Steamship Tickets, Cruises, etc.
Aeroplane and Railway Tickets, etc.

Fifty years of travel experience and over 35 European offices.

Free helpful booklets on request

DEAN & DAWSON, Ltd.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York

Liberty Tours to Europe

featuring
the popular Tourist (III) Cabin
28 days for $280 and up
all expenses included
LIBERTY TOURS
500 Fifth Avenue, New York

Ask Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon Street, Boston, for space & rates in our department.

CARLETON TOURS
TO EUROPE
"Not Cheapest but Best"

Student tours covering all European Countries—tours that combine fascinating itineraries with comfortable travel accommodations. Excellent hotels, many of them de luxe, and ocean passage Tourist Third Cabin on fast Cunarders. (First Class if preferred.) College orchestras and the best of college chaperons. Limited membership. Independent travel also arranged. All-expense tours from $330-885 Sailings from June 8-July 20. Write for our booklet.

CARLETON TOURS, 522 5th Ave., New York, N.Y.

Where-To-Goblankets U. S. income tax payers who are the very best class of Travel prospects

SOUTH AMERICA
18 to 81 DAY TOURS

$250 AND UP. Cruises of rare delight to Panama Canal, Bolivia, Peru, Colombia, Chile, Equador and other South American countries. Grace Line offices and banks throughout South America to assist you. Optional stop overs for visiting attractive points. All outside rooms. Laundry. Swimming Pool. Unexcelled cuisine.

Send for attractive new Booklet "T" describing 22 SPECIAL Reduced Rate Independent Tours.

10 HANOVER SQUARE
NEW YORK CITY

GRACE LINE

TRAVEL-TOURS

"Dude Ranch" Vacations

Ranches high among the Rockies—with trout streams near! Riding—fishing—hunting—hiking—lots to do and lots to see! It's a glorious life—out in the open! Scent of pine trees in the air! Clean winds!

I'll be glad to send you a book—illustrated with beautiful pictures telling all about Dude Ranch Vacations—if you will mail the coupon to me.

Mail this coupon to A. B. Smith, 711 N. P. Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

MY VACATION TRIP

Name _____

Address _____

Books or trips I am interested (√) in	Round Trip Summer Fare from Chicago
☐ Yellowstone Park	$59.35
☐ Rocky Mts. [Helena-Butte]	61.95
☐ Inland Empire [Spokane]	85.05
☐ Pacific Northwest	Portland 90.30, Seattle 90.30, Tacoma 90.30
☐ Rainier Park	
☐ Alaska [Skagway]	190.30
☐ Dude Ranch Vacations	$57.95 to 66.90
☐ Burlington Escorted Tours [all expense]	$156.60 to 394.26

I'll make your Hotel or Pullman reservations.
"Route of the North Coast Limited"

NORTHERN PACIFIC

EUROPE in July and Aug.

Conducted tours incl. S. S. passage and eight countries. Select $1150. Standard $845. Student $025. Ask for Folder W.

MENTOR TOURS 942 Straus Bldg. Chicago

SPRING TIME
MOTOR IN ITALY
SUMMER TIME
CRUISE IN NORWAY
ALL THE TIME
SPECIAL TOURS
EVERYWHERE
THE BOYD TOURS, Inc.
724 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

RANCHES—WYOMING

The VALLEY RANCH Valley, Wyoming via Cody

Old established ranch in the Buffalo Bill Country extending hospitality to discriminating families. Homelike atmosphere with unexcelled table. Horseback riding, fishing, etc. For booklet write

LAZY J D

Valley Ranch Eastern Headquarters
70 East 45th St., New York

WIND RIVER RANCH Dubois, Wyoming

Healthful, invigorating climate. 80 miles from Yellowstone. A hunter's paradise—bear, elk, small game; trout streams. Saddle horses for each guest. Mountain trips. Roughing it or luxury, as you prefer. Excellent food. For booklet write

W R

97 N. Arlington Ave., E. Orange, N. J.

Where-To-Go for June closes May 1

TRAVEL-TOURS

GREAT NORTHERN LAND IS ADVENTURE LAND

COME
ride the Romance Trails of
Glacier National Park
Open June 15 to Sept. 15.

Come—ride horseback, fish, climb, tour in motor coaches and launches, or just loaf luxuriously in this million-acre Alpine playground. Inquire now!

Mail this coupon Now!

A. J. Dickinson, Room 712, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn. W-4

Send me free books about Glacier National Park and cost from this point of a——day stay in the Park for a party of——. I am particularly interested in

☐ General Tour of Park.
☐ Burlington Escorted Tour.
☐ Alaskan Tour.

Name _____

Address _____

A Specialized Annual Tour of
EUROPE
From New York in June with ILGARD
Visit 10 Countries—63 days
First class throughout, $1,690
Send for Booklet
Charles C. Ilgard
14 Beacon Street, Boston

Summer Tours EUROPE, WITH $350 to TUNIS IN AFRICA $1065
29th Year. Illustrated Red Book with Maps.
Johnston Tours, 210 E. Preston St., Baltimore, Md.

SCENIC CRUISES

$250 up One Way Water

$350 up Round Trip Water-Rail

CALIFORNIA
via Spanish Americas

Pleasant days aboard luxurious steamers. Interesting stop-overs in Panama, Colombia, Nicaragua, Salvador and Guatemala.

Luxurious oil-burning steamers. All outside rooms; beds, no berths. Broad Promenades. Deck Games. Orchestra. Swimming Pool. Laundry. Also monthly scenic cruises from California to Havana and New York. For further information and bklt. Address

PANAMA MAIL S. S. CO.
10 Hanover Square New York

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

TRAVEL-TOURS

mail coupon for Picture folder

Santa Fe

the Indian-detour

On your Santa Fe way to and from California—

Three days' personally escorted motor tour among the Indian Pueblos and prehistoric cliff-dwellings in the New Mexico Rockies, between Las Vegas and Albuquerque. Only $50, all-inclusive.

Lodging with bath every night. Santa Fe-Fred Harvey management.

Ask for picture folder.

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1145-A Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free picture folder about the Indian-detour.

Where-To-Go department for May is concluded on two pages immediately following.

Student Tours

Write for booklet now ready

Not an experiment—not the cheapest, but conceded to be the best.
INTERCOLLEGIATE TRAVEL BUREAU
2929 Broadway New York City

EUROPE - AMERICA TOURS

$395 and up.
DIXIE TOURS, Box 204, Eustis, Florida

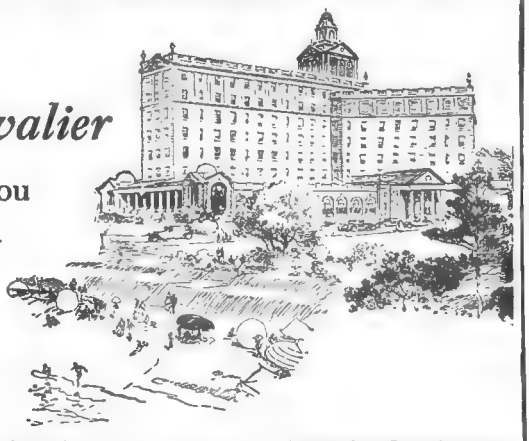
HOW TO EARN A TRIP TO EUROPE such as described in our other ad and $100 Cash for side expenses. For particulars write

HONE Tours Travel Agency
Delmonico Bldg., 44th St. & 5th Av., New York
95 St. James St., Montreal, Canada

VIRGINIA

The New Cavalier

welcomes you to the old South



Leisurely, carefree days of sport—then delicious Southern dinners—brilliant social life—everything you could dream of in hospitality and comfort.

All this and more is yours at the new Cavalier Hotel—the latest of the many well-known hostelries of Tidewater Virginia.

Smart — luxurious — thoroughly modern—the new Cavalier marks a new development in fine resort hotels. Situated at the famous Virginia Beach—convenient to one of the country's crack golf courses. Bathing beach—indoor salt-water pool—open porches, terraces and verandas. Superb Southern cuisine.

This is just one of the many fine hotels at Virginia Beach—Ocean View—Cape Henry—Norfolk—that offer excellent accommodations to suit the most exacting taste whether for a long or short stay.

The Tourist Information Bureau, Norfolk, Va., will be glad to provide you with complete information about where to stay—what to see and do to make your visit to this famous playground interesting and delightful. Write for booklet.

TOURS

TEMPLE TOURS
EUROPE

Shakespeare Country, Dutch Canals, French Battlefields, Alpine Mountain Tops, Swiss and Italian Lakes, the Rhine, Egypt, Palestine—Art, History, Literature—comfortable travel, moderate prices, wonderful sightseeing programs with best guides. Sailings by the Mediterranean Route in May. Round the Globe, October 8th, 1927.

STANDARD TOURS
EDUCATIONAL TOURS

Please send for the booklet that interests you

TEMPLE TOURS

447-B Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Where-To-Go Travel influence is world wide. Always advertise as widely as you are able Remember—small copy is Big in Where-To-Go

EUROPE

Take Your Car with you and See EUROPE Right!

An IDEAL & INEXPENSIVE Way. Booklet Free

MAKE your travel dollars buy you more! It is delightful and economical to drive your own car over the Highways and Byways of Europe, when the arrangements are made under our careful direction. If you are going to Europe, be sure to write early for our Free Booklet revealing the ideal way to see Europe. European Auto Travel Bureau, 173B Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CRUISES-TOURS

GRAND SUMMER CRUISE JULY 2

Norway-Western Mediterranean

Specially chartered new 17,000 ton Cunarder "Lancastria," 52 days, $600 to $1800, including hotels, guides, drives, fees. Fascinating itinerary including Spain, North Africa, Italy, Riviera, Norway, Sweden, Scotland, (Paris-London), Germany.

World Cruise, Jan. 16: 125 days, $1250 to $3000
Mediterranean Cruise, Jan. 25: 65 days, $600 to $1700

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., New York

The seven magazines The Where-to-go Bureau uses regularly are all quality publications.

RYE COLO.

HORSESHOE CANYON LODGES

Rye, Colorado, via Pueblo

"The Different Place to Spend Your Vacation." Horseback riding, tennis, fishing, etc. Good food and beds. Season June 1st to Oct. 15th. For rates address Horseshoe Canyon Lodges, Rye, Colorado.

CANADA

CANADA

Ask us about CANADA in general and ONTARIO in particular.

DOMINION TRAVEL BUREAU

PLAZA BUILDING
OTTAWA, CANADA

ONTARIO CAN.

NORTHERN ONTARIO
TIMAGAMI

WABI-KON CAMP
LAKE TIMAGAMI

A North Woods Bungalow Camp in heart of four million acres of virgin forest. 1,502 Lakes. Every comfort. Wonderful fishing. One night from Toronto. Booklet. MR. WILSON, 242 High St., Toronto, Ont.

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONTINUED

CRUISES-TOURS

Alaska

top o' the World

Cruises

This year see Alaska—top o' the world wonderland—with its living glaciers, quaint and romantic cities, curious Totem Poles and picturesque Indians.

Investigate these delightful summer excursions—the most interesting, attractive and economical in America.

Special Excursions

9 or 12 days; 2,350 miles of delightful voyaging; complete including berth and meals $100

19 days; 4,000 miles of delightful voyaging; complete including berth and meals $180

Weekly sailings from Seattle May 1st to September 30th.

Ask your local railroad or tourist agent, or write for literature

E. G. McMICKEN
Passenger Traffic Mgr.
1519 Railroad Ave. So.
Seattle, Washington

PACIFIC STEAMSHIP CO

EUROPE 37 Days $295 Booklets 200 Tours

Motor Tours $7 a day; Hotels Included.
ALLEN TOURS Inc., Little Bldg., Boston, Mass.

If you are going on a summer vacation, it is now high time to ask us to help you plan it.

NEW YORK CITY

109-113 W. 45th St. **Hotel St. James** Times Sq. N. Y. City.

Midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway. An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well-conditioned home. Much favored by women traveling without escort. 3 minutes' walk to 40 theatres and all best shops. Rates and booklet on application. W. JOHNSON QUINN.

ADIRONDACK MTS. N. Y.

DARTS ⁂ CAMP

"That Different Place"

In the heart of the Adirondacks. Elev. 1,800 ft. Season May to October. Hotel & Camps on our own lake. Baths. Electricity. Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Riding, Tennis and Dancing. For Booklet and rates write J. W. T. Leisure, Mgr., Darts, Herkimer Co., N. Y. Winter Season, Ivy Lodge, Camden, S. C.

MOHAWK *& Cottages* Garage. 4th Lake. Capacity 125. Latest equipment, electricity, running water every room. C. M. Longstaff, Old Forge, N. Y.

SWITZERLAND

IT SHALL NOT BE JUST A TRIP...

but a never-to-be forgotten experience

Here is a tour that will thrill you ... charm you ... for it covers the best that glorious Switzerland has to offer...

Historic Geneva, seat of the League of Nations, and Lausanne-Ouchy, city of learning. Then the Bernese Oberland with quaint Thun, Beatenberg and Gstaad. Interlaken, Murren, Wengen, Kleine Scheidegg ... up to Jungfraujoch, down to Grindelwald—and another excursion to Schynige Platte. Then Kandersteg and through the Loetschberg to Zermatt-Gornergrat and the Matterhorn.

Over the Furka-Oberalp to the wild, romantic Grisons with renowned St. Moritz. And then enjoy exquisite Lucerne with its enchanting lake and go via the St. Gothard to Lugano. ... And the railroad fare for this entire tour on a tourist combination ticket costs but $44 third class or $62.05 second class.

This and other tours are planned for your comfort and enjoyment. Any steamship or tourist agent can book you.

Write us today for free travel literature. Just ask for packet W, addressing:

SWITZERLAND

241 Fifth Ave., New York

TOURS

The **Leading Student Tours to EUROPE**

Chartered Tourist Class famous Cunarders
All expenses, sea and land, $255 up
College orchestras. Organized entertainments. Social delights; it's the new way of happy travel. 216 Colleges and 43 States represented on our 1916 tours. Find out why; write for 1917 program.

STUDENTS TRAVEL CLUB
1440 Broadway, New York

CRUISES-TOURS

Sail With the Sun

over the southern route into the flower-laden land of

HAWAII

COME, know the thrill of riding a racing roller ... of looking into yawning craters ... dipping into velvet waters and shooting par from a lava tee! Come rest, play and daydream the hours away in beautiful Hawaii.

Frequent sailings direct from Los Angeles on superbly equipped liners

3-Week Tours—Los Angeles back to Los Angeles $278.50, $323.50 and $406 and up, covering every necessary ship and shore expense according to accommodations selected. One way fare $90.00 and up. *Full particulars, any authorized agent or—*

Los Angeles Steamship Company

730 S. Broadway, Los Angeles

NEW YORK 505 Fifth Ave.
CHICAGO 140 S. Dearborn
SAN FRANCISCO 685 Market St.
SAN DIEGO 217 E. Broadway

NORTH CAROLINA

For Sport—

Golf, Tennis, Riding, &c.

Hotels of quality. Delightfully tempered climate. Only 16 hrs. through train, N. Y. C. Sports in full swing. All hotels open. Address, General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

TRAVEL ACCESSORIES

TRAVEL COMFORT

Gives positive relief, preventing all symptoms of distress from Sea, Train, Auto or Air sickness.

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct on receipt of price 3

The Mothersill Remedy Co., New York

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&-TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT

CONCLUDED

CRUISES-TOURS

SOUTH AMERICA

Via HAVANA

PANAMA - PERU - CHILE

Calling at Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Mollendo, Arica, Iquique, Antofagasta, Valparaiso—

by the oil burning liners

EBRO and ESSEQUIBO

Designed and built for the tropics. Fitted with every device to make life at sea comfortable and enjoyable.

Tours around South America Arranged

PACIFIC LINE

The Pacific Steam Navigation Co.

Broadway, N.Y., or your local travel agent

EUROPE ON CREDIT

"Allen Plan." Small down payment. Balance 9 months after your return. 200 tours $210 up. ALLEN TOURS, Inc., Little Building, Boston, Mass.

Quality Service to Advertisers

WHERE-TO-GO is welcomed everywhere to the reading tables of the best homes in North America every month throughout the year. Its pages are regularly read by families who can afford and always desire the best of everything. Even high class magazines present these departments, featuring a large variety of Travel invitations most attractively and effectively. They are the sign boards of clients whose success has been won by the excellence of their entertainment offerings.

Remember—small copy is BIG in Where-To-Go

For space and rates please write direct to the Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon Street, Boston.

CRUISES-TOURS

Parléz Francais?

LEARN WHILE YOU TRAVEL

5 Personally conducted tours to EUROPE with French University instructor. Study and pleasure combined. Sailing from New York, July 7th ss "Lapland" Visiting 25 European cities. 11-Day motor tour of France. Fete des Vignerons at Vevey, Switzerland. Lake Geneva and the Rhine by boat. $260 to $580 All inclusive. In co-operation with White Star Line. Particulars and literature on request. Under the direction of

HONE Tours Travel Agency

Delmonico Bldg., 44th St. & 5th Av., New York
95 St. James St., Montreal, Canada

Also all White Star and Tourist Agencies

EUROPE

TRAVEL BY AIR IN EUROPE

London, Paris, Basle, Zurich, Ostend, Brussels, Cologne, Amsterdam, etc., etc. Cairo-Baghdad Karachi service.

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS, Ltd.

New York office, 578 Madison Ave.
London office, "The Airways House"
or any travel agency

CRUISES-TOURS

SOUTH AMERICA

A wonderland that is so different!

BARBADOS — RIO DE JANEIRO
MONTEVIDEO — BUENOS AIRES

Also calls northbound at Santos & Trinidad

Fortnightly Service by the luxurious
S. S. VOLTAIRE S. S. VAUBAN
S. S. VANDYCK S. S. VESTRIS
Specially built for tropical voyaging

LAMPORT & HOLT LINE

26 BROADWAY, N. Y., or local agent

SEE EUROPE

Small select parties sailing June 11, June 22, July 2, August 1

De Luxe-Standard-Student Tours

Conducted N. Y. to N. Y. $300 up

Get the most for your money. Booklets-Literature Free.

CONCORD Y TOURS — Concord, N. C.

Quality Service to Inquirers

WHERE-TO-GO offers expert Travel advice to readers of the 7 publications we use monthly. This service is gratis, requiring only the enclosure of postage for our reply and booklets.

Consider—make sure your outing's success.

Please state your desires plainly and write to The Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon Street, Boston.

Get Acquainted

Before being admitted to the financial department of THE GOLDEN BOOK, every advertiser is very carefully and thoroughly investigated. The advertisements you see on pages 47 to 51 are those of reliable concerns. The offerings they make you are good offerings—real worthwhile investment opportunities. These advertisers are spending money to do you a service. Their suggestions and advice may prove invaluable. Write them for investment information. Get acquainted. These people are good to know.

On page 50 you will find a directory of Investment booklets that will be sent free of charge to all those interested in finding the right channels for the employment of surplus funds.

In addition the Investment Bureau offers its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters are treated confidential and are answered in full by mail. Address

GOLDEN BOOK INVESTMENT BUREAU 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Pikes Peak Ocean to Ocean Highway

The Marked, Improved, Direct Trail for Your Transcontinental Motor Trip

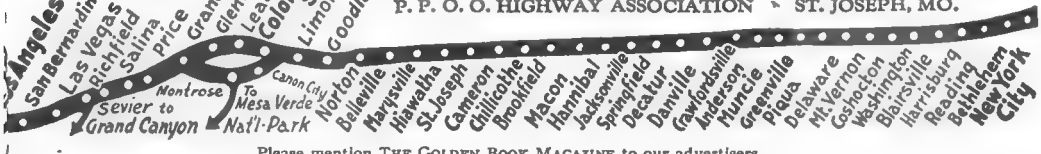
-Branches to Mesa Verde and Grand Canyon.

From coast to coast this Highway offers the short, historically interesting, remarkably scenic route east or west. Avoids traffic congestion of great cities; provides easiest grades across Allegheny and Rocky Mountains. Hard-surfaced 100% east of Mississippi River and 60% west.

Mesa Verde and Grand Canyon Branches from Main Highway—wondrously scenic in themselves—lead to greatest scenic and historic attractions in America. Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon and Kaibab Forest adjacent to Grand Canyon Branch.

Attractive Booklet D, containing maps and full information, supplied free on request to—

P. P. O. O. HIGHWAY ASSOCIATION ST. JOSEPH, MO.



Follow the Trail of the Heroes of Old

Niagara to the Sea

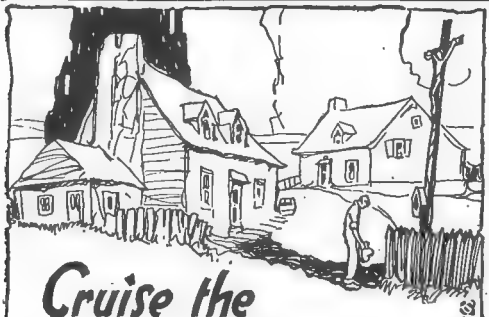
STARTING on the swift waters of the Niagara River . . . steaming across Lake Ontario . . . threading the narrow passages of the Thousand Islands . . . plunging through the foaming Rapids of the St. Lawrence River . . . swinging into the sheltered harbor of Montreal . . . thence on to ancient Quebec and the glorious Saguenay. A thousand miles of travel, a thousands thrills of pleasure.

No water trip in all America can match this for thrilling enjoyment

For booklets, rates and information, address the office nearest you. CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Ltd.: New York, *110 West 42nd St.;* Boston, *216 Old South Bldg.;* Philadelphia, *202 Liberty Bldg.;* Chicago, *112 West Adams St.;* Detroit, *312 Dime Bank Bldg.;* Cleveland, *Union Trust Bldg.;* Pittsburgh, *Union Trust Bldg.;* Cincinnati, *Dixie Terminal Arcade;* Rochester, *705 Temple Bldg.;* or C. C. BONTER, Passenger Traffic Manager, CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Ltd., 9 Victoria Square, Montreal, Canada

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

Owning and operating St. Lawrence River Route—"Niagara to the Sea". Northern Navigation Division—Great Lakes Service. Hotels—Manoir Richelieu and Hotel Tadousac on the Lower St. Lawrence.



Cruise the Lower St. Lawrence this Summer

A vacation you'll never forget—a trip on a palatial Clarke steamship from Montreal or Quebec to

Newfoundland—Gaspe or Canadian Labrador

A sea voyage of infinite variety; numerous stops at quaint, century-old French villages—hunting, fishing, bathing; dancing on board. Special week-end cruises start June 30.

Let us send you fully illustrated literature, or ask any travel agent. 13

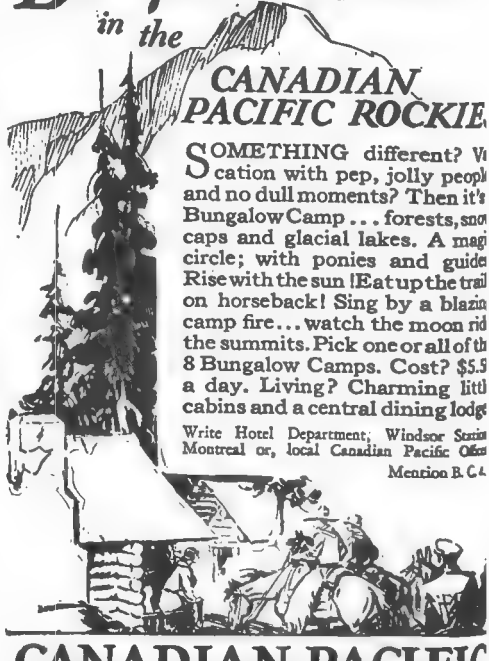
CLARKE STEAMSHIP CO. LTD.
103 Drummond Bldg., MONTREAL

Bungalow CAMP in the CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIE

SOMETHING different? V cation with pep, jolly peopl and no dull moments? Then it' Bungalow Camp . . . forests, sno caps and glacial lakes. A magi circle; with ponies and guide Rise with the sun! Eat up the trail on horseback! Sing by a blazin camp fire . . . watch the moon rid the summits. Pick one or all of th 8 Bungalow Camps. Cost? $5.5 a day. Living? Charming litt cabins and a central dining lodg

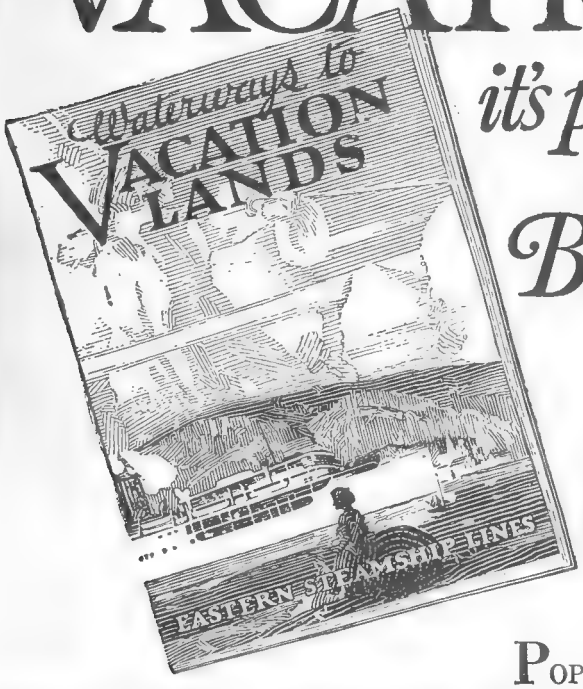
Write Hotel Department, Windsor Statio Montreal or, local Canadian Pacific Offic

Mention B. C.



CANADIAN PACIFIC

Your VACATION it's planned in this Booklet



Write now for this fascinating story of nearby vacation lands—and the way to reach them. There is no charge.

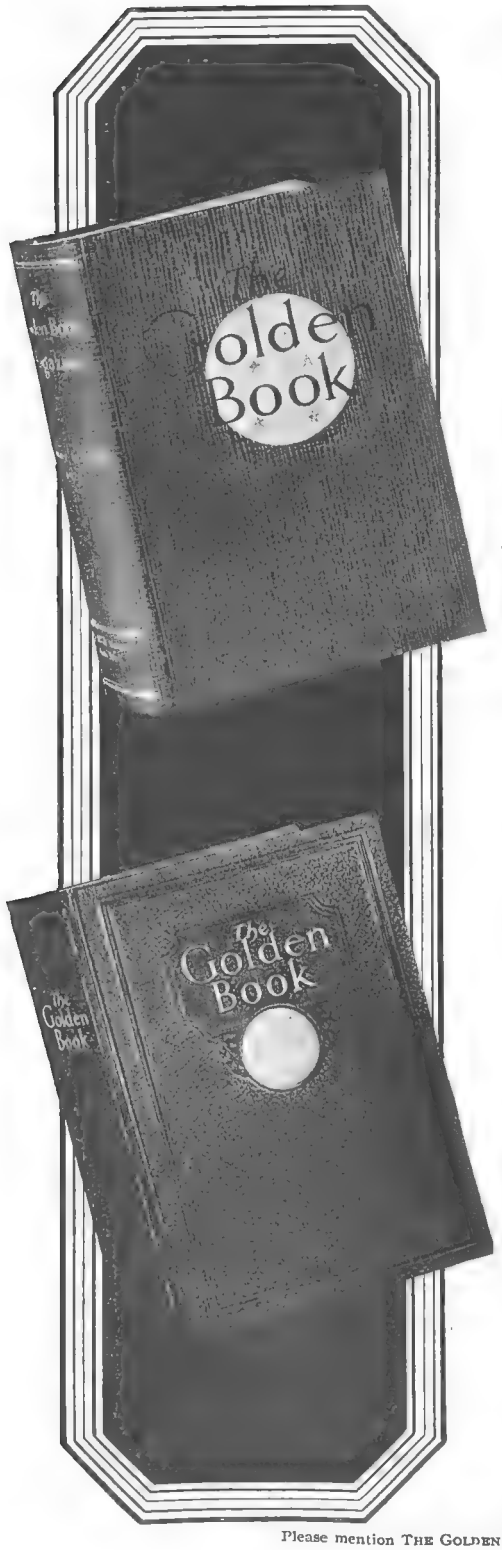
POPULAR resorts — with hotels and bungalows to meet every need. Primitive out-of-the-way places — where you can camp by lake or river. Water sports, mountain climbing, golf or tennis! Whatever means pleasure or rest, social or scenic variety—you will find in the famous playgrounds of Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the South. And the necessary traveling to the ideal spot can be an enjoyable, restful part of your vacation—instead of just a hot, dusty ride that tries your patience and requires a few days to rest up from.

The perfect route means happy companionship, dancing, the luxury of spacious decks and cheerful accommodations. It's inexpensive as well as delightful! Let the colorfully illustrated "Waterways to Vacation Lands" tell you more about it. Address Passenger Traffic Dept., 1-India Wharf, Boston, Mass.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

Boston - New York
Boston - Bangor
(*Bar Harbor Line*)
(*Blue Hill Line*)
Boston - Portland
Boston - St. John, N. B.
New York - Yarmouth
New York - Portland
New York - Richmond
New York - Norfolk
(*Old Dominion Line*)
Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Co

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.



Are You Keeping You Back Numbers of the GOLDEN BOOK?

More than any other magazine, a complete file of t Golden Book is worthy of a permanent place on t library shelves, because only the enduring writings the world's Greatest Masters are selected for preser tion in this convenient form. Ever since the publi tion of the first number letters have been received by editor suggesting the importance of providing a way build up a real library of classics out of the curr issues. Little could be done with the first volume cause the publisher's supplies were soon exhaust But we have two plans for the succeeding volumes

Plan I $2.50 Send us your back numbers of the six iss with check for $2.50. We will exchange th for a bound volume from new sheets contair the same issues. The binding is a high-gr green cloth with dignified gold stamping. T picture will give you an idea of the bea of the bound volume. Imagine the valu a series of such volumes on your bookshel

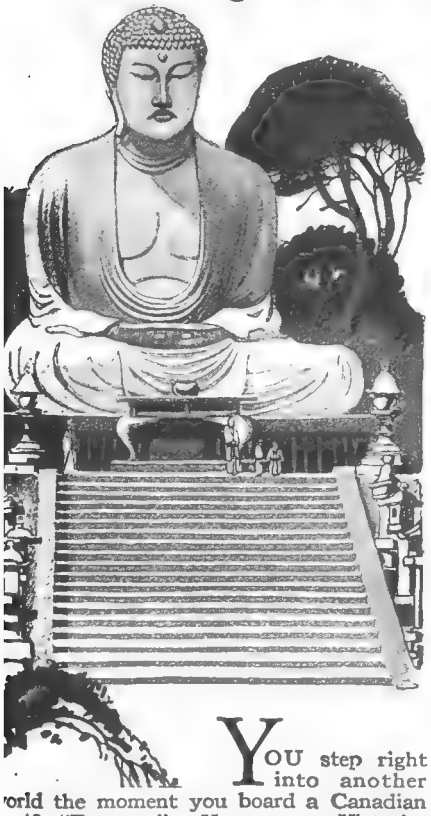
Plan II $3.00 We have made an adjustable binder suitable holding six numbers. You can place them in binder yourself, remove them and change th from time to time. The device is simple and e to handle. The material used for this binde more durable than cloth, looks like lea and harmonizes with your most costly bindi The cost is only $3.00 for each 6 issue bin The advantage of this method is that you preserve 6 issues and later if you wish repl them with 6 more. You can add other bin and keep the whole series for years and ye

***Everyone wants to keep the Gold Book,* the magazine which neve grows old or out of date.**

GOLDEN BOOK BOUN VOLUME DEPT.

55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YO

Step into MYSTIC JAPAN



YOU step right into another world the moment you board a Canadian Pacific "Empress" at Vancouver or Victoria. Fares left behind . . . lilting music, an inviting swimming pool . . . the joy of an exceptional cuisine and service. 10 days! And you are in Japan. Doll-like ladies in butterfly dress . . . temple containing 33,000 Buddhas; pagodas . . . graceful, curling, imaginative! You can't resist the shopkeepers' smiles . . . nor their gems, silks and lacquers. Shanghai and Hong Kong! . . . Tinkling bells, temples of blue and torch-lit boats. And Manila! . . . Where tropical night finds the old Spanish city in soft shadows . . . while noon day riots in exotic color.

To Yokohama in 10 days

Then on to China and Manila
by largest and fastest ships on the Pacific.

Always carry CANADIAN PACIFIC EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Canadian Pacific

Offices in all large cities, including

New York—344 Madison Ave.; Chicago—71 East Jackson; San Francisco—675 Market St.; Montreal—141 St. James Street

see these GIANT REDWOODS *on your trip to California*

THIRTY centuries ago, these redwoods were young. And *this* summer, if you plan your trip to California well, you can see them.

A scenic highway, 400 miles long, runs through the heart of all these famous groves, north from San Francisco into Oregon via Grants Pass. Whether you travel by rail, auto stage or your own car; the world's oldest living trees will shade your journey.

Giant ferns and rhododendrons; cool, sparkling streams; modern hotels; camping sites unsurpassed; fishing, swimming and boating are everywhere along your way.

You'll see so much that is new and delightful in the Redwood Empire that you will always want to come back and make it your home. Send this coupon, today, for the illustrated booklets on this vacation wonderland.

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLETS

Californians Inc.
AND
REDWOOD EMPIRE
ASSOCIATION
Headquarters R.E.-27
SAN FRANCISCO
140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 10

Please send me your booklets

Name _____

Street, City & State _____

CREDO

THE prevalent ado over the morals and *mores* of Youth, we feel, is in slightly bad taste.

We cannot perceive why a university student body should be subjected to the indignity of "investigations" . . .

. . . any more, let us say, than the congregation of St. John's the Divine . . .

and the findings duly published, as they not infrequently are, in terms of police blotters, maternity ward statistics, and court records.

For six years we have had the pleasure of close contact with these so much investigated youngsters . . .

with their essential decency, their fine sense of honor, their respect for the moral code . . .

with their dreams . . . their purple horizons . . .

with their light-hearted gaiety . . . their fragile loves . . . their laughter without bitterness and wit without rancor.

We have learned to know and believe in Youth—in its goodness, its glamour, its romance, its strength.

And in the pages of College Humor, we assure you, you will meet these charming boys and girls as they really are.

You will enjoy their delicious humor, burlesque and satire—contributed to our pages by *all* of America's college humorous magazines.

And no less the scintillating stories about young people by today's foremost writers.

In the May issue begins a sophisticated novel, "Love in These Days," by Alec Waugh . . . a query by O. O. McIntyre, "Are College Flappers a Flop?" . . . a story by Cyril Hume . . . with George Jean Nathan, Ben Hecht, John R. Tunis and Stephen Vincent Benêt contributing to the brilliancy of a sparkling spring number. On the newsstands now.

College Humor

ON ALL NEWSSTAN

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

HOOSE A CANADIAN NATIONAL VACATION THIS YEAR

Spend your Vacation in the Lake-dotted Playgrounds of the

HIGHLANDS of ONTARIO *Canada*

OME to this land of pine-scented beauty—this invigorating Northland. Stop at one of modern hotels, or live the carefree life of the aper. Muskoka, Kawartha Lakes. Lake of Bays. orgian Bay and the blue water country of Lake ron offer wonderful Golf, Tennis, Bathing and oeing. Timagami, Algonquin Park and Nipi- Forest Reserve provide unexcelled opportu- ies for fishing and life in the open. Let the Canadian National Railways help you choose your ideal vacation. Mail the coupon.

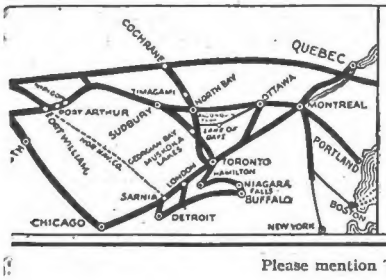
CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America

Canadian National operates 22,548 miles of line as well as hotels, coastal and ocean steamers, express and telegraphs. It employs over 100,000 people.

OFFICES

Boston *Washington St.*	**Cincinnati** *432 Walnut St.*	**Duluth** *430 W. Superior St.*	**New York** *505 Fifth Ave.*	**Minneapolis** *518 Second Ave. So.*	**Portland, Me.** *Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.*	**St. Paul** *85 East Fifth St.*
Buffalo *o. Division St.*	**Cleveland** *925 Euclid Ave.*	**Kansas City** *706 Grand Ave.*	**Philadelphia** *1500 Chestnut St.*	**Portland, Ore.** *122 Third St.*	**San Francisco** *689 Market St.*	
Chicago *W. Adams St.*	**Detroit** *1259 Griswold St.*	**Los Angeles** *607 So. Grand Ave.*	**Pittsburgh** *355 Fifth Ave.*	**St. Louis** *514 No. Broadway*	**Seattle** *1329 Fourth Ave.*	



Please send me your free booklet on the Highlands of Ontario, also Tourist Map of Canada.

QG-4

Name _____

(If student, state grade)

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

PHOTO BY FRED HARVEY

Santa Fe

the Indian-detour

You can break your cross-continent rail journey on your way to and from California with the Indian-detour—three glorious days by motor about the ancient Indian pueblos, Spanish settlements and prehistoric cliff-dwellings in the New Mexico Rockies. Personally escorted.

On the Indian-detour you are still the guest of the Santa Fe and Fred Harvey in every detail of accommodation and fine service. The low additional cost is all-inclusive. Lodging with bath every night.

Harveycars

Mail this Coupon for Picture folder

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr. Santa Fe System Lines
1135-A Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free picture folder about the "Indian-detour" and "Roads to Yesterday."

.....

.....

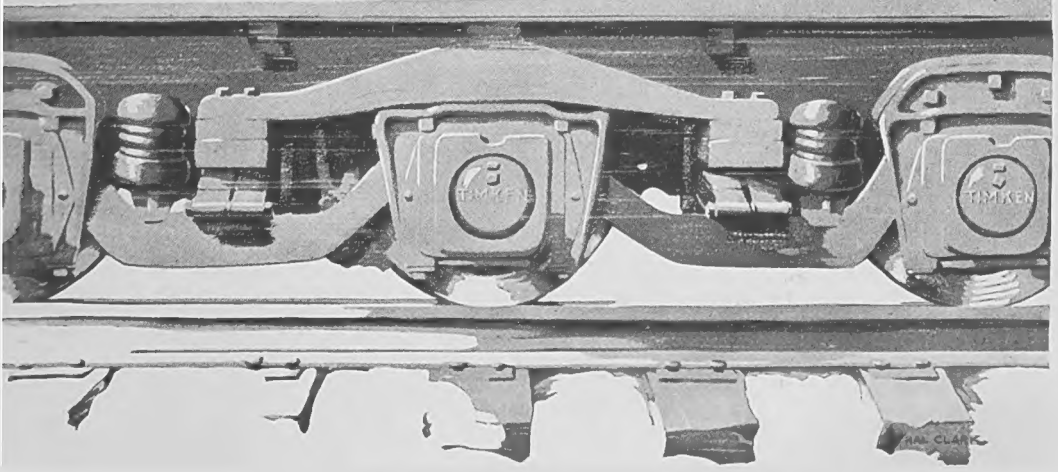
Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

NOT A RIPPLE in your coffee cup signals the starting of THE PIONEER LIMITED or THE OLYMPIAN on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. Serenely as ocean liners these crack flyers glide into motion. It is friction elimination by means of Timken Bearings which smooths your journey, effects an 88% power saving in starting, and ends the hot box hazard!

More than anti-friction bearings, Timkens permanently protect railroad journals against the effects of shock, side-thrust, speed, and weight. The railroads, like all other industries, find a far higher endurance factor in Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, tapered construction, and electric steel.

This exclusive combination of design and material makes it possible to maintain journals permanently trouble-free and wear-proof with the merest fraction of the lubrication and inspection hitherto required. A request gives access to Timken data, and brings any desired engineering counsel.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO



A WEEK EACH WAY —*two weeks to play!*

SAIL out into the far South Seas and back again this summer — the four-thousand-mile round-trip is a holiday in itself! The summer-cool South Seas—where palm trees wave over coral beaches—where dolphins frolic and flying-fish dart across the bows—where your ship spins a phosphorescent wake across the velvety Pacific.

And then at the end there's Hawaii, the world's kindly retreat from care and humdrum! Somewhere at the edge of the jade-and-sapphire bay you can see a palm-shaded hotel palace, or perhaps a bungalow half hidden by riotous flowering vines—your home in Hawaii for two weeks at least.

Every day is delightful! At sunrise a dash through the surf on Waikiki's tropic beach—just to put your appetite on edge. Then motor out to Nuuanu Valley for 18 holes of golf —and there are eleven other courses in the Islands. Tennis, quaint Oriental bazaars, the historic Pali—rich in barbaric legends of the time before Captain Cook, outrigger canoeing and surf-boarding . . . there are these and many other *new* interests to while away happy hours. At night perhaps a *luau* (native feast), and figures dancing in the cool moonlight to a haunting, chanted chorus.

So many things to do, if you've come for play! And so many new ways to *do nothing at all*, if you come to rest. For here you can find the *dolce far niente* that so charmed Stevenson. Bright days of lazy drifting; hours of delicious, refreshing irresponsibility!

$400 is enough for all expenses

The cost of a leisurely four or five weeks' round trip from the Coast —including first-class passage each way and all hotel, sight-seeing and incidental expenses for 2 or 3 weeks in the Islands — is surprisingly low.

Come now! See your local railroad, steamship or tourist agent—he can book you direct from home via any Pacific Coast port you wish to visit en route. Sail from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver, returning by another route if you like—and see the whole Pacific Coast! This coupon will bring you a 24-page illustrated booklet on Hawaii and a copy of "Tourfax," brimful of interesting and helpful travel information. Send for them today.

Hawaii Tourist Bureau
225 McCann Building,
San Francisco
or 353 Fort St., Honolulu, Hawaii
U. S. A.

Please send me your booklets, "HAWAII" and "TOURFAX"

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Hawaii

THE SCHWEINLER PRESS, NEW YORK